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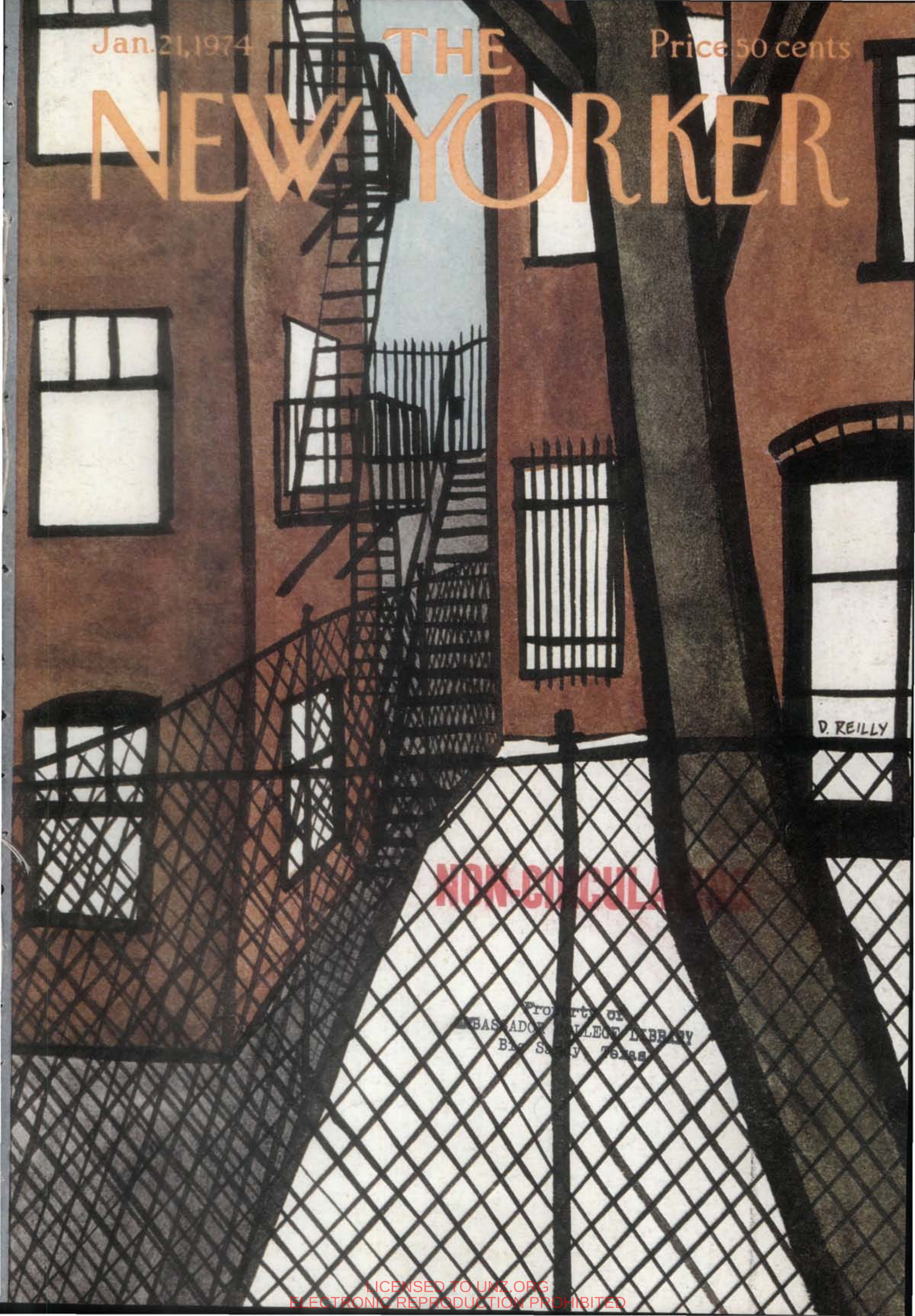

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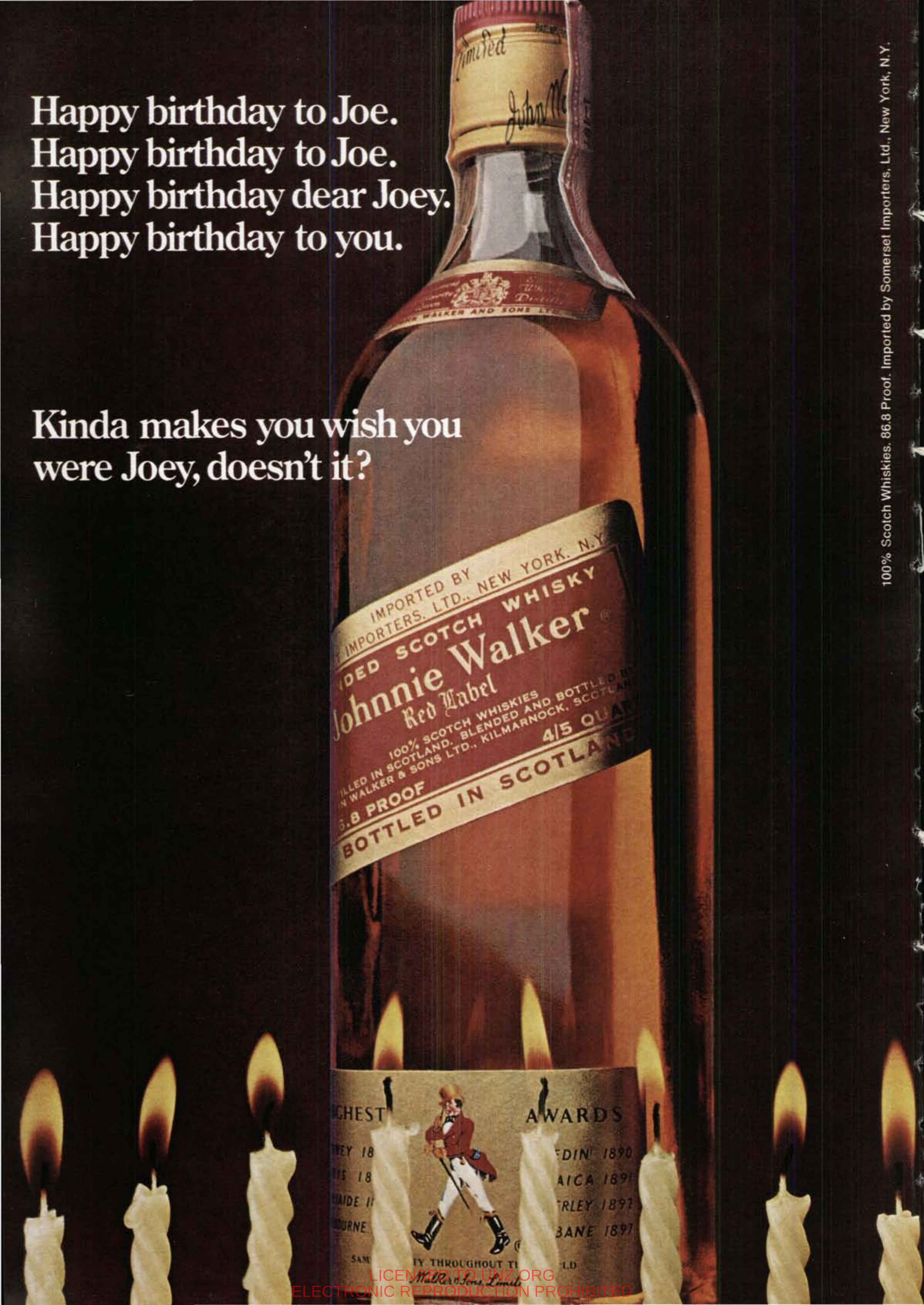
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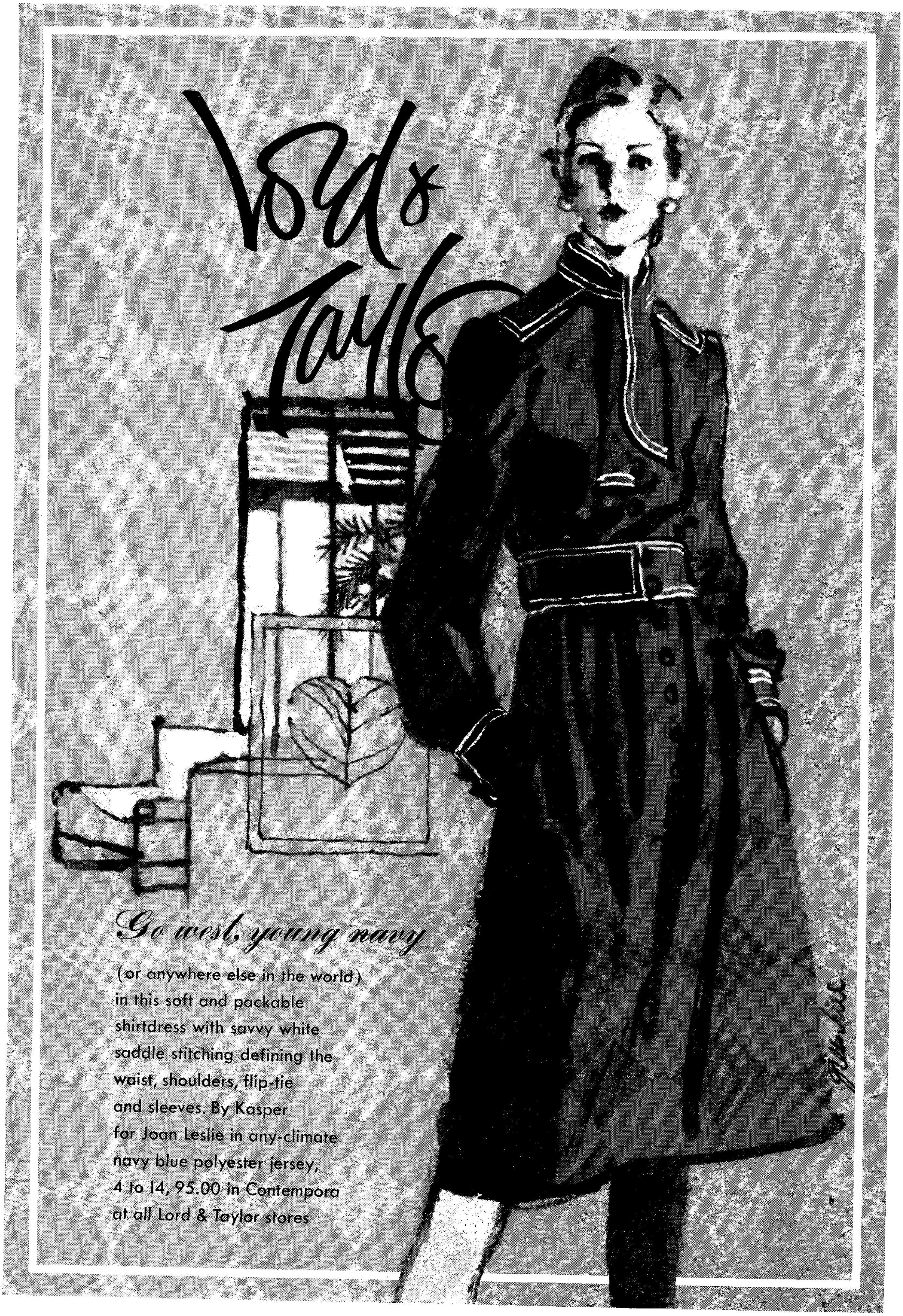

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of an Off Broadway Actors Equity strike next week, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANDORRA—A revival of the 1963 Swiss drama by Max Frisch, translated by Michael Bullock. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20. Free.)

THE AU PAIR MAN—Julie Harris and Charles Durning in a marvellous comedy by Hugh Leonard, who makes the English language frisk about as if newborn. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

BARBARY SHORE—This adaptation by Jack Gelber of Norman Mailer's novel (same title) about an old revolutionary in a Brooklyn rooming house back in the nineteen-fifties starts out well, but it lacks the dramatic strength to stand up for three acts. The performance, under Mr. Gelber's direction, is splendid. The four good actors are Rip Torn, Estelle Parsons, Lane Smith, and Lenny Baker. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BREAD—A play by David Scott Milton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

BRITISH THEATRE SEASON—A long engagement by three British companies. The Royal Shakespeare Company's RICHARD II will play in the B.A.M. Opera House through Sunday, Jan. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2. . . . ¶ The same company's SYLVIA PLATH will also play (in another part of the B.A.M. forest) through Sunday, Jan. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

CANDIDE—A revival of the Broadway musical. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince, a long, long way from home, directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Hugh Wheeler's revised version of his 1961 play LOOK: WE'VE COME THROUGH will be the fourth in this season's series of eight shows. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIND YOUR WAY HOME—A play by John Hopkins about a triangle—a husband, his wife, and his young male lover. An interesting and often amusing play, well acted by Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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THE FLIES—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GIGI—A pleasing cast, headed by Alfred Drake; charming sets by Oliver Smith; and pretty costumes by Oliver Messel, make this Lerner-Loewe musical seem far livelier than it really is. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Marsha Mason, and Frances Sternhagen. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

HARD TO BE A JEW—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

THE ICEMAN COMETH—Seventeen miserable wretches in a New York bar in the year 1912. The excellent cast is headed by James Earl Jones. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—A thirteen-week engagement. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT,** adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER,** adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 21-22, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY,** directed by Michael Montel: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

The Pajama Game—A musical well worth reviving, thanks to its marvellous songs. In the cast are Cab Calloway, Hal Linden, and Barbara McNair. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Removalists—A play by David Williamson; the second in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3 and 7:30; Monday, Jan. 21, at 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3 and 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,713 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir" (première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," "La Source," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 20, at 1: "La Source," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7: "Pulcinella," "Variations Pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," "The Cage," "Four Bagatelles," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Irish Fantasy.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Watermill," "Four Bagatelles," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Pulcinella," "Serenade," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Apollo," "Intermezzo," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Three Essays," "Pillar of Fire," and "Graduation Ball.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Napoli," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Napoli," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Graduation Ball.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Maids," "Apollo," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "Billy the Kid.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7:30: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Intermezzo," and "Billy the Kid.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Napoli," "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Apollo" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Pillar of Fire," "Intermezzo," and "Graduation Ball." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Four men, two women, in a single performance. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 19, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 20, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty and Saturdays from nine.

Ron Carter—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Bass, with pianist Mike Longo. From

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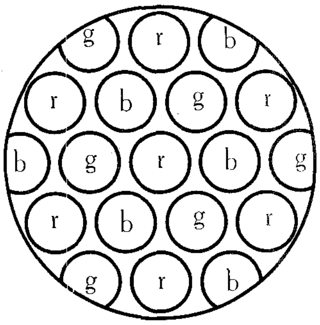

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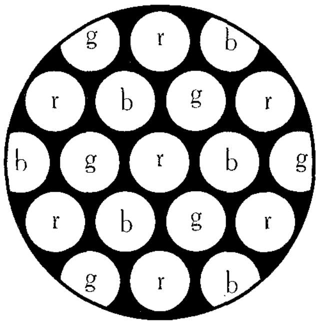

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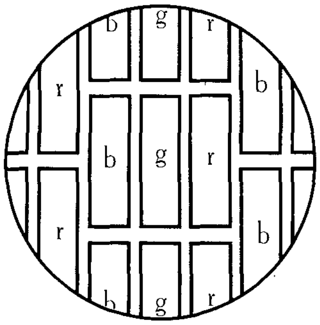

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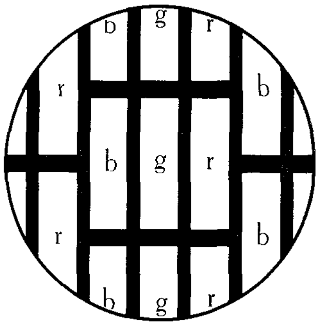

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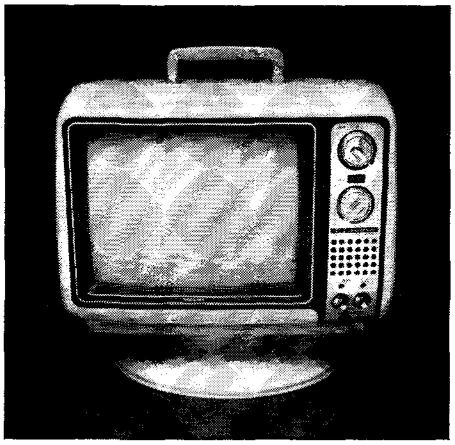

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nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Gene Bertoncini, Sundays, from ten to three-thirty.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three through Saturday, Jan. 19.

Jonah Jones—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, from eight, through Saturday, Jan. 19.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Cole Porter on Sunday, Jan. 20, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, beginning Monday, Jan. 21 (replacing Roy Eldridge).

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Zoot Sims—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty and Saturdays from nine.

Sonny Stitt—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Saxophone, leading a trio, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, from ten.

Happy and Artie Traum—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals and guitars. Beginning Thursday, Jan. 24, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Phil Woods—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Alto sax, leading a quartet, from ten. Through Sunday, Jan. 20.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Flugelhorn-player Chuck Mangione heads up his quintet through Monday, Jan. 21. On Wednesday, Jan. 23, country-rock-singer Jim Stafford arrives. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser known performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. Saxophonist Houston Person is here with his trio and vocalist Etta Jones through Saturday, Jan. 19. Sunday and Tuesday, Jan. 20 and 22, David Schnitter, on tenor sax, leads a trio. The Roy Brooks quartet begins a stint on Wednesday, Jan. 23. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the fine team of Ron Carter, the bassist's bassist, and Mike Longo, Dizzy Gillespie's pianist for several years. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones come in Monday, Jan. 21. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, Jaki Byard, who has a nice feel for stride and ragtime piano stylings, performs with bassist Major Holley.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, who's come a long way from Kansas City, has taken over here (while Bobby Short's away). She is aided by her bassist, Milton Suggs, from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays and Mondays. Pianist Julius Monk supplies cocktail music every evening but Sunday. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see, and sometimes hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably recreates sounds from the thirties, with the help of trombonist Mathew Gee, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple who was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band fills in Sundays through Tuesdays. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy occupies the center of the room now, along with bassist Morris Edwards. Eight to one nightly, except Sundays, when Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, most not.) The main attraction through Wednesday, Jan. 23, is the rock unit Elephant's Memory. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting nightly from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 20, the duo will play an all-Cole Porter concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays, Norma Shepherd sings at the piano with bass accompaniment by Johnny Williams. Tuesdays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. The Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma duo performs them Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering two well-established groups: singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral and tenorman Zoot Sims with his quartet. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, pianist Sir Harvell works with a quartet from nine to three.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. On Monday, Jan. 21, cornettist Jimmy McPartland replaces Roy Eldridge. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **52nd Street Room** is currently occupied by impressionist and pot-shooter David Frye. At nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the back room—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. Second-generation Chicago bluesman Luther Allison sings with his band opposite Valentine, a rock group, through Sunday, Jan. 20. Music nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Snacks. Mondays, various other musical types drop in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Wendy Waldman, a highly regarded twenty-two-year-old singer, musician, and composer from southern California, shares the bill with comedian David Steinberg beginning Wednesday, Jan. 23. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Singer and guitarist Kenny Rankin holds forth Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 17-22. On Thursday, Jan. 24, Happy and Artie Traum—singers, guitarists, composers, and brothers—come running down the Thruway with their supply of fine Catskill Mountain music. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Teddy Wilson collaborates with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, they will devote themselves exclusively to Duke Ellington compositions. Sometime clarinettist and Renaissance man Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Reedman Joe Farrell's quartet, which includes guitarist Joe Beck, performs Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Linda Hopkins does contemporary versions of Bessie Smith songs (and other material) through Saturday, Jan. 19. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 22, singers Ellen Greene and Marc Alan Trujillo share the stage. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills any gaps between shows. On Sunday, Jan. 20, singer Tally Brown is featured at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining. Mondays are showcases for new talent.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays subtle, chord-dominated pieces opposite Diane Leslie, a singer and pianist. Nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. On Thursdays, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, who is as adroit with his amplifier as he is with his mallets, works with his trio. Pianist Larry Willis's trio is in evidence Fridays and Saturdays. And Sundays are given over to bassist Ron Carter and guitarist Gene Bertoncini. The music is featured from ten to three-thirty. Snacks.

TOP OF THE SIX'S, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—This thirty-ninth-floor Stouffer's is replete with Early American knickknacks—china-filled china closets, hunting trophies, tapestries, and large dried-frond-filled urns. Pianist Boby Wetherbee sings and plays classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress is now presenting two noteworthy but quite different aggregations—Sonny Stitt's trio and the eight-woman swing-rock ensemble Isis. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19. Daphne Hellman and her trio play Mondays from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Phil Woods, among the most conspicuous and ablest of the post-Parker alto players, has spent considerable time performing in Europe, has been involved in music education, and has recently drawn recognition for his fusion of contemporary free music with the experimental jazz of twenty-odd years ago. He and his quartet are here through Sunday, Jan. 20. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, drummer Tony Williams, once a young dynamo (he played with Miles Davis in the early sixties, at the age of seventeen), descends the murky staircase with his quintet. Mondays are given over to the big-band seriousness of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, with singer Dee Dee Bridgewater. The music begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Pianist Brooks Kerr and most of his ensemble—Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette—troop across the park from their upper East Side base (Churchill's) to perform here Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, trumpeter Jonah Jones and his quartet (with drummer Cozy Cole) alternate with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing. The Jones boys finish on Saturday, Jan. 19, and beginning Monday, Jan. 21, the Morreales expand into a sextet and take turns with the Frankie Dash trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the CAFÉ with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Joseph Murello plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Mara Lynn Brown is the soprano in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The singing Barry Sisters are the dinner-and-supper tenants in this well-run mountain resort. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, from seven to midnight. Their final night is Sunday, Jan. 20. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, an Italian Fortnight opens, with folk dancers, strolling musicians, and a team of Italian chefs behind the scene.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE reopens on Tuesday, Jan. 22, to install comedian Dick Shawn during dinner and supper. The Anthony Terini orchestra will take care of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . LA BOITE RUSSE, a quiet glade, is dispensing violin-and-piano music, with vocal accompaniment by Russian singer Aelita, from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Pianist Emme Kemp is in residence in the ST. REGIS ROOM. Her hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Drawings for his neon sculptures. Through Jan. 31. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Expressionist paintings on paper. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-field paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

BEN BENSON—Geometric collages. Through Feb. 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SIMEON BRAGUIN—Abstract paintings suggestive of sailboats. Through Feb. 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Thirty painted paper collages done between 1964 and the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CAMACHO—Hard-edge paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Tapestries, gouaches, and lithographs. Through Feb. 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RACKSTRAW DOWNES—Landscapes of Maine and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACOB DRACHLER—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings, collages, assemblages, prints, and posters, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Jan. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR ELIAS—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FANGOR—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Jan. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER GAY (1856-1937)—Paintings of interiors of famous buildings in France, by an American expatriate. Through Feb. 2. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Paintings based on Spanish tile designs. Through Feb. 2. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Scenes in rural Pennsylvania and Maine, and interiors, in watercolor. Starts Saturday, Jan. 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRIS KAPLAN—Expressionistic figure paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE LASKER—Paintings, including landscapes and interiors of Yaddo. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS (1883-1944)—Cubist etchings and drawings. Through Feb. 2. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES E. MARTIN—Watercolors. Through Feb. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MCDERMOTT MILLER—Sculptures of the female figure in bronze and wax. Through Feb. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings characterized by vertical bands of color. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

REINHOUD—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures. Through Feb. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Paintings of imaginary American Indians. Through Feb. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

EVELYN TAYLOR—Romantic-realist paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

FREDERICK WARDY—Linear black-and-white paint-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings and drawings. Through Feb. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics from the Renaissance to the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: *American paintings and graphics by* Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Feb. 15. . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Examples by, among others, Arp, Ernst, Moore, and Picasso. Through Jan. 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nadir Afonso—Paintings by a Portuguese artist with a background in architecture; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 2. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Hans Bellmer—Eighty-four Surrealist paintings, sculptures, and drawings, most of them on loan. Through Feb. 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Figurative drawings and prints from 1925 to the present. Through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Clark—Paintings of building façades, people, and landscapes. Through Feb. 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Dill—Sculptures of concrete pillars, steel, and glass, by a young Californian; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from the thirties. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—A show of new work that is running concurrently with his show (ending Sunday) at the New York Cultural Center. Through Jan. 31. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ira Joel Haber / Hugh Kepets—Miniature sculptures of landscapes. / Realistic pencil drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Harrison—Color abstractions. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings from 1936 to 1940. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Small sculptures and drawings, most of them with religious themes. Through Feb. 2. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages by a veteran abstract artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Nam June Paik—Electronic constructions. Through Feb. 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosen / Patrick Ireland—Muted landscapes in oil and watercolor. / Large drawings on unstretched canvas, based on the Gaelic alphabet. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Six large steel sculptures and three smaller works in brass. Through Jan. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Vincent Baldassano and Robert Warrens and hooked rugs by Shari Urquhart, *all artists who have not previously exhibited* in New York. Through Feb. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of American folk art. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.). . . **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Le Parc, Tomasello, and others. Through Feb. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Sculpture—Six contemporary American sculptors. Through Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siri Berg / Robert Friedman—Paintings based on a circle. / Aluminum constructions and wall reliefs. Starts Saturday, Jan. 19. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the Happenings of the late fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St.)

Lois Dodd—Paintings of interiors of the artist's studio, as well as a series of views of woods adjacent to her summer home in Maine. *Related ink drawings and pastels are also there.* Through Jan. 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Michael Economos—Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

Robert Feldgus / Vincent Arcilesi—Paintings of box forms and rubber plants. / Realistic oils of landscapes and interiors with nudes. Starts Saturday, Jan. 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Eunice Golden / Sharon Wybrants-Lynch—Paintings and drawings of anatomical forms. / Paintings of women. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Grosvenor—Wooden sculptures and models, plus large drawings. Through Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Healy—Sculptures made of fabric. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Mashiko Kimura—Stone sculptures. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Konopka—Realist paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Li-Lan / Terry Fugate-Wilcox—Paintings of papers tacked on walls. / Sculptures of bolted metal plates, foam, or paper. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Lee Lubbers / Joe Pacheco—Sculptures. / Paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 18. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold—Minimal paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Superreal ink drawings of boxes. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Garry Rich / Charles Schucker—Color-field paintings. / Poured-color paintings. Through Feb. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Leatrice Rose—Realistic paintings of the artist's studio, concerned with light. Through Jan. 31. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynton Wells—Six double-panel paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Wofford—Large abstractions. Through Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **55 mercer street**: Three paintings based on a grid by Susan Smith, three wood sculptures by Alice Adams, and a floor sculpture of cast-concrete units by Julius Tobias. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: Works in various mediums by five women who have been associated for some years—Sarah Draney, Louise Fishman, Harmony Hammond, Patsy Norvell, and Jenny Snider. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by H. N. Han, sculptures by Bill Bollinger, and Conceptual work by Jerry Kearns. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Friday, Jan. 25. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dennis Kowal—Abstract steel and acrylic sculptures. Through Feb. 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ed Shostak—Wall reliefs and floor pieces of pressed cardboard and painted lumber, plus *drawings. Through Friday, Jan. 25.* (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Carol Weinstock (1914-71)—A memorial show of gouaches of New York done in the thirties, as well as collages of New York City, Italy, and Spain completed in 1969 and 1970. Through Feb. 1. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Cohen / Man Ray—Photographs. Through Feb. 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bedrich Grunsweig—Approximately fifty black-and-white photographs of Prague, including views of the old Jewish Quarter, taken recently by an expatriate. Through March 17. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Don Worth / Oliver Gagliani—Photographs of plant forms. / Abstractions based on nature. Through Feb. 16. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred *Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice* Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.). . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Casey Allen, Harold Jones, Philip Masnick, Jan Press, and Michael Smith. Through Jan. 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: In-

On the test track. Picture taken at 90 mph.

The 450 SE Sedan. This is the car that may finally prompt you to invest in a Mercedes-Benz.

It's only human. You see a Mercedes-Benz go by and think to yourself, "one of these days..."

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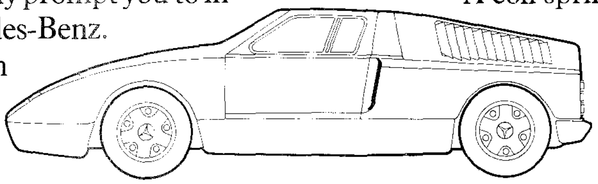

Front suspension adapted from experimental C-111.

The 450SE is powered by a unique engine. One which gives you better than 25 percent more power per cubic inch *and* better fuel economy than any domestic luxury car.

The secret is a 4.5-liter overhead-cam V-8 with electronic fuel injection. There is simply nothing like it in any other sedan in the world.

Suspension better than ever

Considering the Mercedes-Benz reputation for handling, that is quite a statement.

The front suspension of the 450SE is a direct lesson from our 180-mph experimental C-111 Coupe. Its zero steering offset gives this latest Mercedes-Benz remarkable straight-line stability. And this full 5-passenger sedan has a turning circle only 38.0 feet in diameter.

The fully independent rear suspension is exactly like that of the famous 450SL sports car.

A coil spring and gas-pressurized shock absorber mate each wheel to the surface of the road.

Remarkable handling is the result. So remarkable, that the Mercedes-Benz engineers consider the 450SE their best handling sedan ever.

The safest sedan in the world?

Mercedes-Benz would never say that. But the experts at *Autoweek* had no qualms. They called the 450SE "the safest car in the world available to the public."

No automobile manufacturer anywhere in the world is more concerned with safety. No one else has been more active in making it a part of his product for as long a time.

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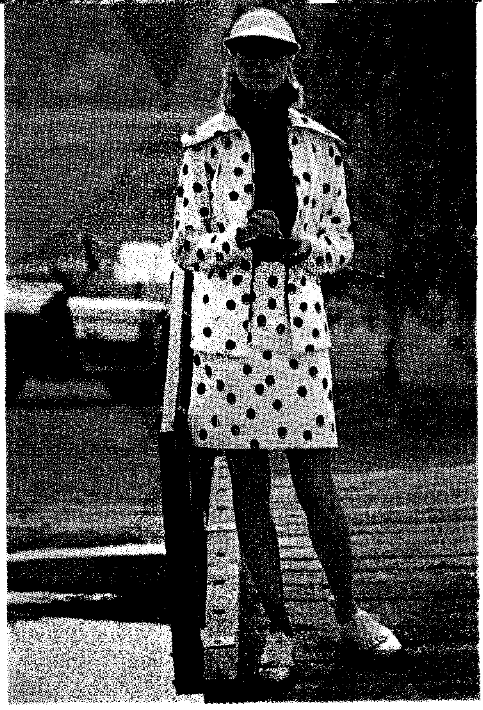
of life. Your way of
dressing for it.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

ventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away in the south wing on the second floor under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art.". . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Sunday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24. A complementary show is at the Feldman Gallery, 33 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by Joan Miró, dating from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials, by Barry Flanagan. Starts Friday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Starts Friday, Jan. 18. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by William Allan, a young Californian. Starts Thursday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Painted wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, wall hangings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by nine artists (Charles Hinman, Robert Indiana, and Agnes Martin among them) who lived on Coenties Slip between 1954 and 1967. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Feb. 17. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Twice as Natural: Nineteenth-Century American Genre Painting," another manifestation of the recent revival of interest in American academic realism. Through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Illustrations of John Milton's work by Blake, Turner, Arthur Rackham, and others, plus first editions of Milton's poetry. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

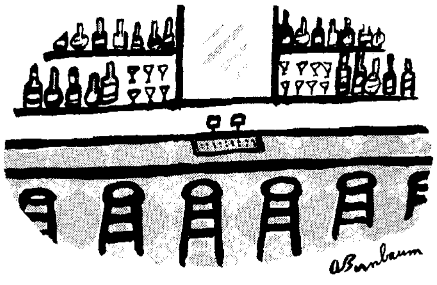
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles by American craftsmen. Starts Friday, Jan. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, last March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Sunday, Jan. 20. A complementary show is at the Myers Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document their life both in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Thirteen New York galleries, known for their encouragement of avant-garde art in this country during the past decade, are exhibiting works by the artists who earned them their reputations. Through Jan. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)



New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Klara Barlow, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1: "Tristan und Isolde," with Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Dominic Cossa, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; Jan Behr.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Morton Gould conducting on Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.

Warsaw National Philharmonic Orchestra—Witold Rowicki conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Roger Woodward, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Peter Frankl, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Walter Susskind conducting—Monday, Jan. 21, at 8: A varied program, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: A performance of Delius's "A Mass of Life," with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Jeral Becker, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; the Ronald Arnatt Chorale; and the Chorus of the University of Missouri—St. Louis.

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program entitled "Music for Shakespeare," with Rohan McCullough reciting texts from "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" Virginia Bitar, soprano; Colin Duffy, boy soprano;

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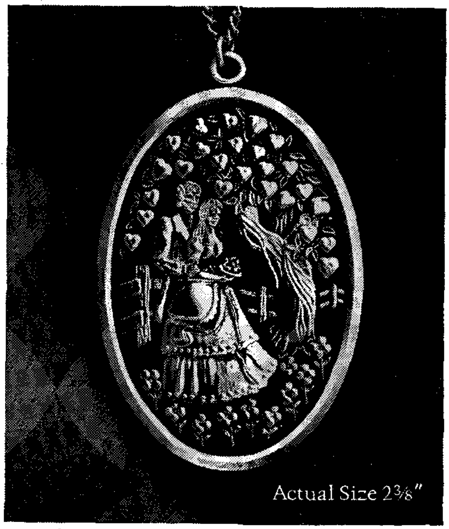

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Harris Poor, bass; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" in concert form, with Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Renato Bruson, baritone; John West, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Münchinger conducting the second of two all-Bach programs, this one with Rudolf Werthen, violin, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Stanley Ritchie, violin; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Anthony Miranda and Sharon Moe, French horn; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing an Ives-Schoenberg program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

George and Marc Neikrug—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Adrianne Greenbaum—Flute, in a program of German music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Zola Shaulis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Frederic Rzewski—Piano, in a program of works by Tom Johnson. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Justino Díaz, baritone; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Aurora Ginastera, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5.)

Galimir Quartet—With Harold Wright, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Gyorgy Pauk—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:15.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 27. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)

New Art String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)

New School Concerts—The St. Louis String Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5.)

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—The second in a series of programs of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands, with commentary. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5:30.)

Ingrid Dingfelder and Martine Géliot—Flute and harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

The Composer Speaks—In the third in a series of six concerts, Alberto Ginastera will introduce and discuss his own works, to be performed by Hilde Somer, piano, and the Aeolian Chamber Players. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Gabriel Chodos—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Boehm Quintette—The first in a series of three concerts of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Phillips and Renzulli—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—With William Masselos, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Quartetto Beethoven di Roma—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Pierre Pierlot—A program of concertos for flute and oboe. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Nibya Mariño—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Erick Friedman—Violin, with Alexander Tcherepnin, composer-pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Note—James Kreger will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 21, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 5:45: **NOVELLA NELSON**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 5:45: **NIKKI GIOVANNI**.

Liza Minnelli—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.

Salute to Gene Krupa—Lionel Hampton, Pearl Bailey, Buddy Rich, Teddy Wilson, Louis Bellson, Tyree Glenn, Cozy Cole, Johnny Desmond, Anita O'Day, and others, in a benefit concert. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Tommy Flanagan Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Raphael—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8 and 11:30.

Cecil Taylor—Three benefit performances. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-5011. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Charles Mingus—With Rahsaan Roland Kirk, John Handy, Charles McPherson, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Country in New York—The first in a series of five concerts, this one with Buck Owens, Susan Raye, and the Buckaroos, plus the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Harold Lieberman's Jazz Impact and the Traditional Jazz Band of São Paulo, Brazil—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Johnny Mathis—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8 and 11.

Stardrive—An electronic keyboard synthesizer (played by Robert Mason) hooked up with the Planetarium's star-projection machine. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. 873-1300. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30 and 11.)

Fleetwood Mac and Silverhead—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The first in a series of concerts, this one with Sy Oliver, Gil Evans, Charles Tolliver, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 25, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs.

Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7:35. . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Tuesday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 26.

Racing—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 19-20, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Jan. 26, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . FINE ARTS QUARTET: A program of chamber music, with commentary by Melvin Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . PRINCE STREET PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30. For tickets, call 865-9093.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

National Boat Show—The sixty-fourth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 16-18, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 19, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 20, from noon to 7.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, English, Chinese, and Continental furniture and decorations, plus several complete room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 18, through Sunday, Jan. 27. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2: Netsukes, from Ambassador and Mrs. William J. Sebald and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: French and Continental furniture and decorations, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 2: The Hodgson Collection of American pottery. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 2: American frakturs, Theorem paintings, and embroidered pictures; from the Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch Collection. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 10:15, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, Chinese Export porcelains, Staffordshire pottery, English glass, silver, and paintings; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 19.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 16 at 5:30: "Stakeout on Dope Street" (1957), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Yale Wexler. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5:30: "The Hanging Tree" (1959), directed by Delmer Daves, with Gary Cooper and Maria Schell. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "Bullitt" (1968), directed by Peter Yates, with Steve McQueen and Robert Vaughn. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5:30: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at noon: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967), directed by John Huston, with Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 3: "Woodstock" (1970), directed by Michael Wadleigh. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Damn Yankees" (1958), directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, with Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2: "Billy Jack" (1971), made by, and with, Tom Laughlin and Dolores Taylor. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5:30: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and Ward Bond. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Robards and Stella Stevens. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5:30: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5:30: "There Was a Crooked Man . . ." (1970), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Super Fly" (1972), directed by Gordon Parks, Jr., with Ron O'Neal. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Dreamwood" (1972) and two other James Broughton films; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 16: "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Jan. 17: "The Kiss" (1929), a silent film, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ Jan. 18: "The Merry Widow" (1925), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Mae Murray and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Jan. 19-20: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner and John Garfield. . . . ¶ Jan. 23: "Smart Money" (1931), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 23: One early short film each by De Palma, Scorcese, Lucas, Hancock, and Mallik. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 24: "Woman House," directed by Johanna Demetrakas; no one under eighteen will be admitted. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:45, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Jan. 16: "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ Jan. 17: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by, and with, Orson Welles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1966), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. . . . ¶ Jan. 23: "Henry V" (1945), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis. . . . ¶ Jan. 25: "King Lear" (1970), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield. (Showings at 8.)

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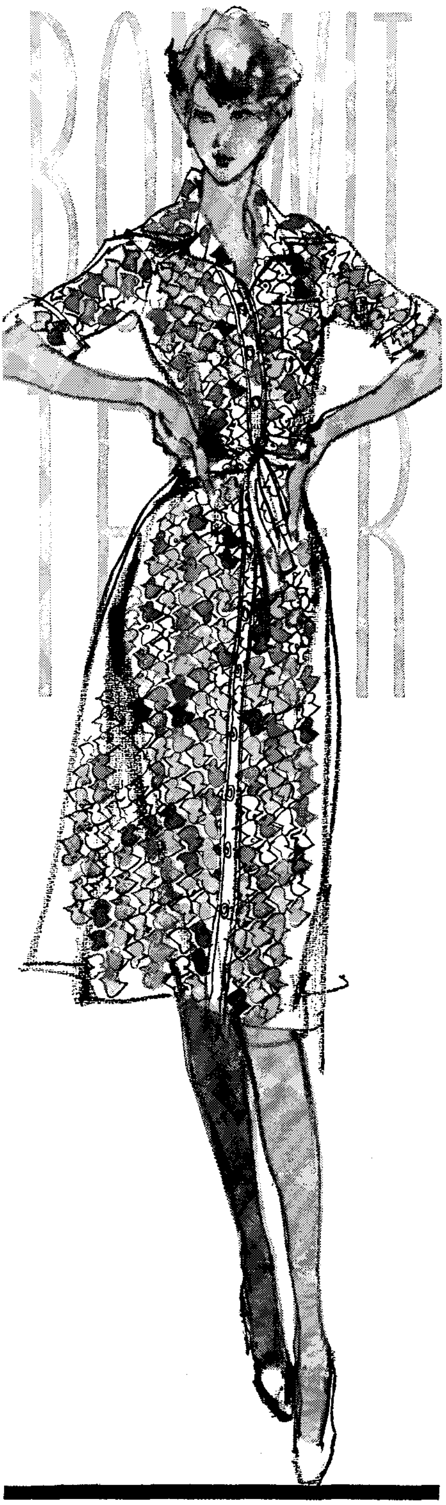


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 20: "American Graffiti."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "American Graffiti."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 19: "The Pirate" and "Broadway Melody of 1936."
Jan. 20-22: "Too Many Husbands" and "The Awful Truth."
From Jan. 23: "The Plough and the Stars" and "Flesh."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 22: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "Sleuth."
From Jan. 23: "The Long Goodbye" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A King in New York."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 20: "American Graffiti."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "American Graffiti."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 17: "Bone."
From Jan. 18: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Jimi Hendrix."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Jan. 22: "The Way We Were."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Jan. 22: "The Way We Were."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 20: "Cry of the Wild."
Jan. 21-23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Jan. 16: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "City Lights."
Jan. 17-23: "Limelight" and "Modern Times."
Jan. 24: "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"American Graffiti."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 17: "The Laughing Policeman."
From Jan. 18: "The Exorcist."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 20: "Billy Jack."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "Bang the Drum Slowly."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 22: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 22: "The New Land."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 20: "Mean Streets."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscriptions series).
From Jan. 23: "Mean Streets."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 20: "The Seven-Ups."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "The Seven-Ups."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Jan. 20: "The Sting."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "The Sting."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Jan. 22: "Five on the Black Hand Side."
From Jan. 23: "Hell Up in Harlem."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 22: "Hell Up in Harlem."
From Jan. 23: "Black Belt Jones."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 20: "The New Land."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "The New Land."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 22: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 23: "The Long Goodbye" and "Money, Money, Money."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 20: "The Way We Were."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 22 at one or another of the theatres: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy"/"A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," and "Let It Be"/"Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play"/"East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 16: "Let the Good Times Roll," "Wattstax," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," and "Gimme Shelter."
Jan. 17-23: "The Popeye Follies—His Times and Life" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Jan. 24: "Fantasia."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 20: "Cry of the Wild."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "The Way We Were" and another feature, to be announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 20: "The Seven-Ups."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 20: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" and "Charlotte's Web."
Jan. 21-23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: "Vanishing Wilderness."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (246-4600)
Jan. 16: "Robin Hood."
Jan. 17: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 18: "International Ice Revue." (Sundays at 1:30 and 6, Tuesdays at 7:30, Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at noon, 4, and 8:30.)

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 20: "The New Land."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "The New Land."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 17: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Death in Venice."
Jan. 18-20: "My Little Chickadee" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
Jan. 21-22: "Bizarre, Bizarre" and "The White Sheik."
Jan. 23-24: "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 17: "Children of Paradise."
From Jan. 18: "The Exorcist."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Jan. 17: "Cry of the Wild."
From Jan. 18: "The Exorcist."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 17: "The Paper Chase."
From Jan. 18: "The Laughing Policeman."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 22: "The Optimists" and "A Doll's House."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The New Land."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 20: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Frenzy."
From Jan. 21: Theatre temporarily closed.

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 20: "Mean Streets."
Jan. 21-22: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 23: "Mean Streets."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 20: "Playtime" and "Take the Money and Run."
Jan. 21-23: "Rhinoceros" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 24: "Playtime" and "Take the Money and Run."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 22: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "Child's Play."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 22: "The Optimists" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 22: "Cry of the Wild."
From Jan. 23: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Death in Venice."

NOTE—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 18-20: "Pack Up Your Troubles" (1932; Laurel & Hardy) and "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda). . . . **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

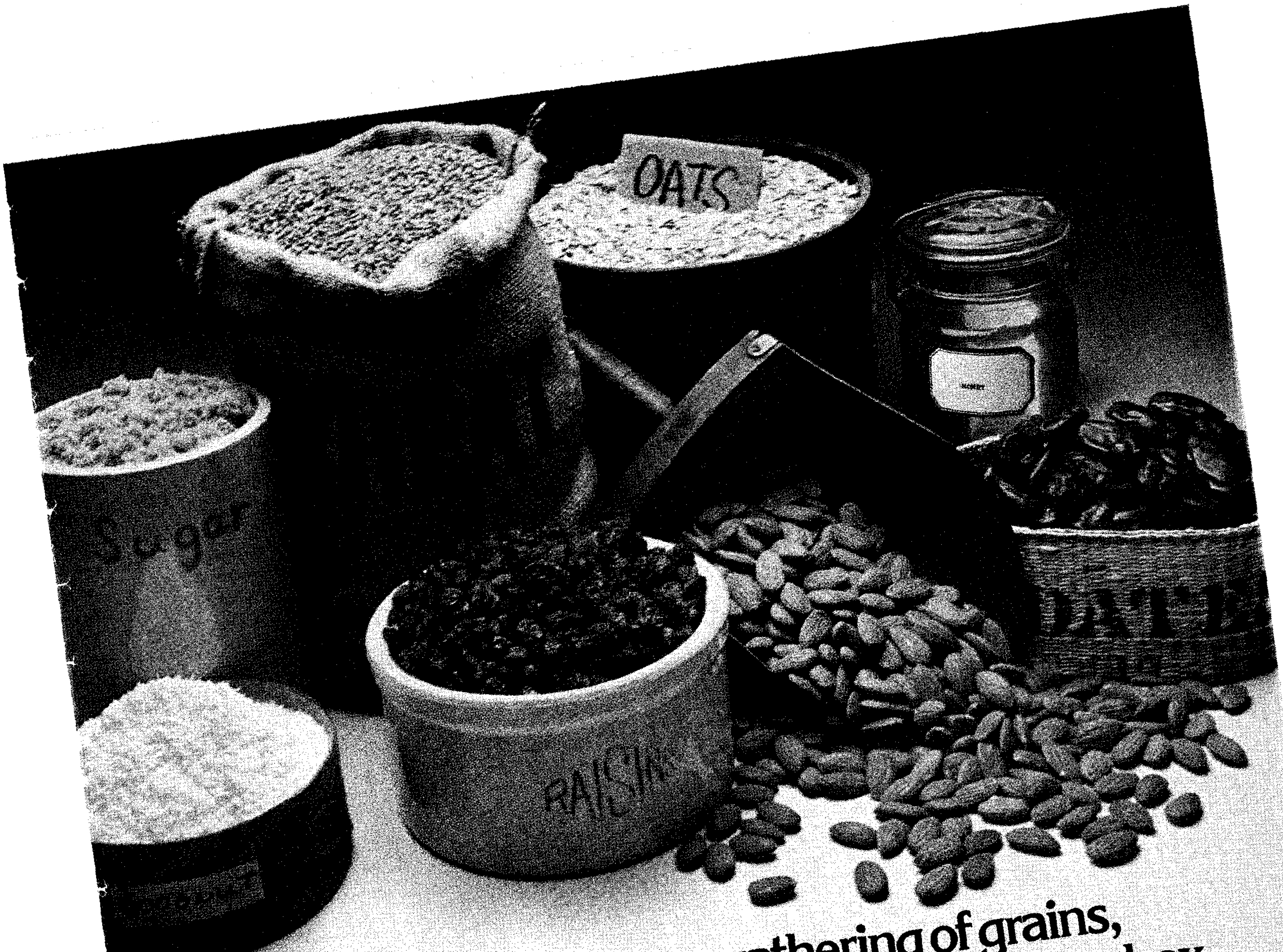
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALFREDO ALFREDO—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. In Italian. (Plaza.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Art, and Gramercy. No performances Jan. 21-22.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with



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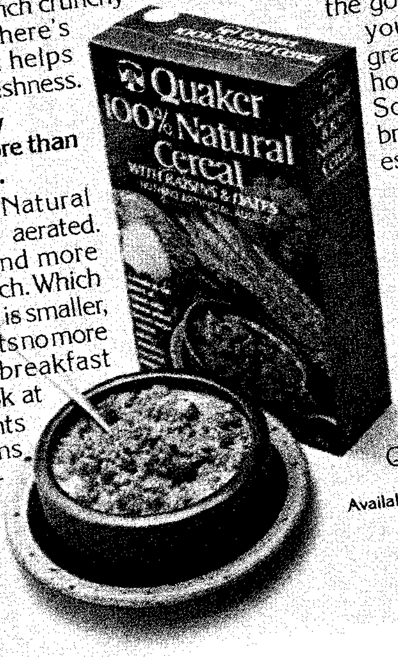
Quaker 100% Natural Cereal isn't puffed or aerated. So there's less air, and more solid food per cubic inch. Which is why, though the box is smaller, ounce for ounce, it costs no more than the ordinary breakfast cereal. Yet a close look at our table of contents shows that it contains a host of premium-priced ingredients.



We never really left the farm.

Quaker didn't make 100% Natural Cereal just to jump on the back-to-nature bandwagon.

For 50 years we've been as close to the good growing things as you can get. The great grains, the fruit of the vine, honey from the flowers. So the idea of a natural breakfast cereal seemed especially refreshing.

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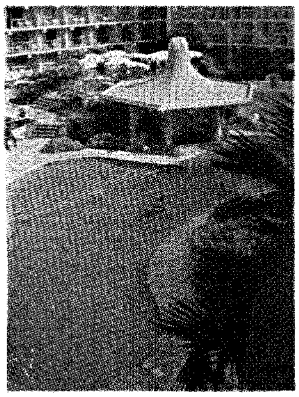

You can swim up to the bar for a drink.

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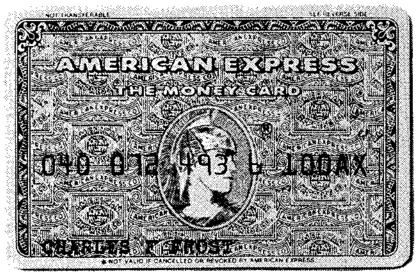

AMERICAN EXPRESS

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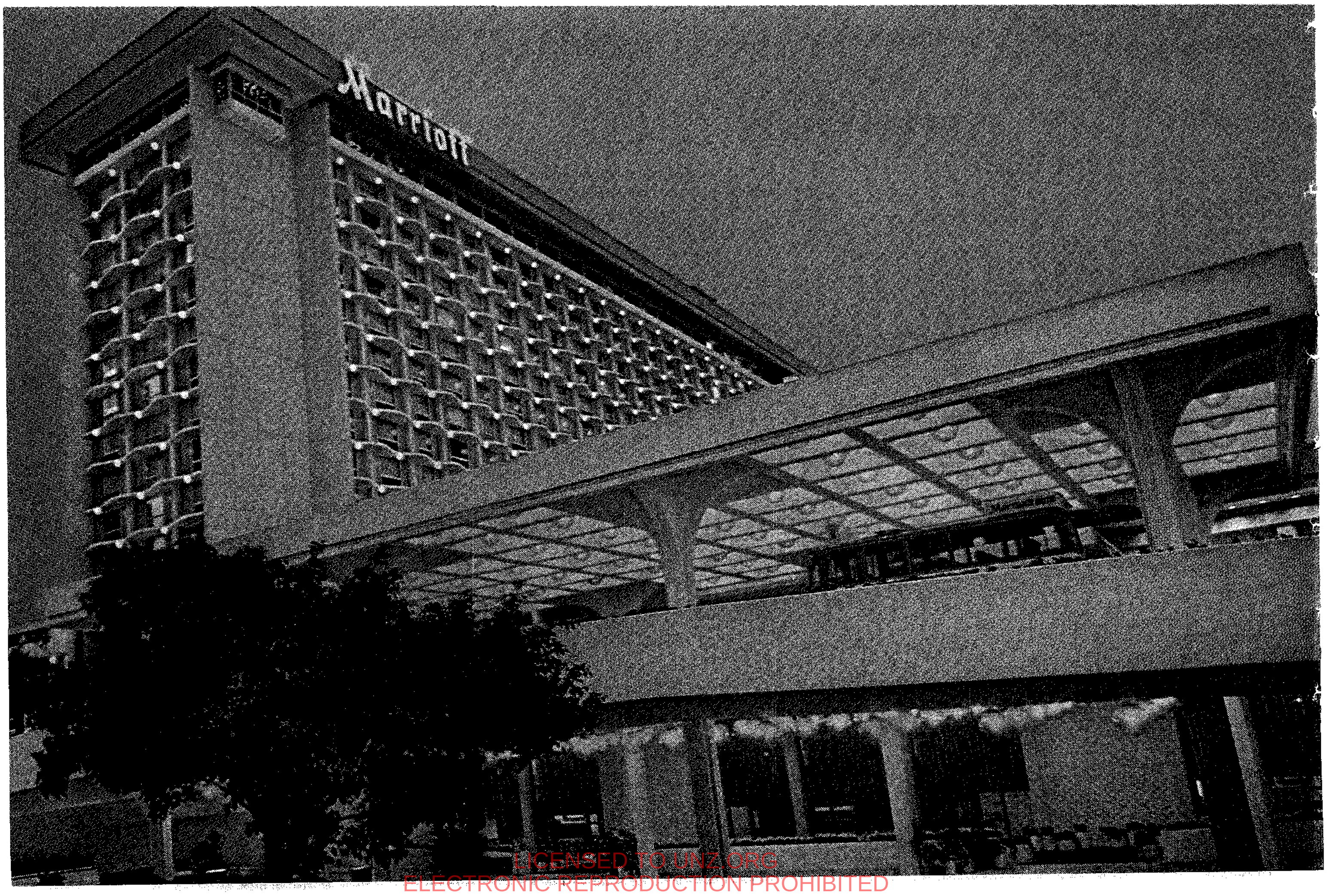
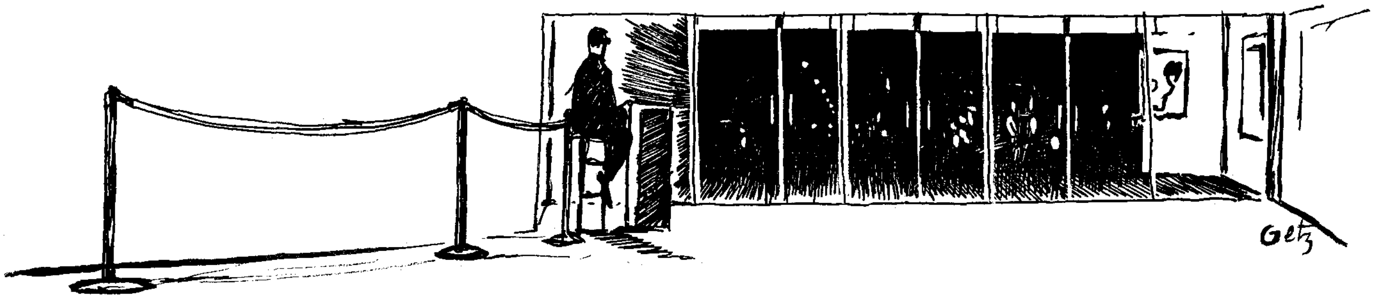


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 20-22.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 23.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (72nd Street East; through Jan. 20.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21-22.)

Black Belt Jones—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 23.)

Bone—With Yaphet Kotto, Andrew Duggan, Joyce Van Patten, and Jeannie Berlin; directed by Larry Cohen. (Eastside Cinema; through Jan. 17.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 19.)

Charlotte's Web—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild; through Jan. 20.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris; through Jan. 17.)

Child's Play (1972)—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Jan. 22.)

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Cinderella Liberty—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia I.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 16.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Olympia; starting Jan. 23.)

Cry of the Wild—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Paramount; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu, and 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 22.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (Ziegfeld.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 23.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Regency; through Jan. 22.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. (It would be sheer insanity to take children.) (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Beekman, Paris, and Paramount; starting Jan. 18.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Elgin; starting Jan. 24.)

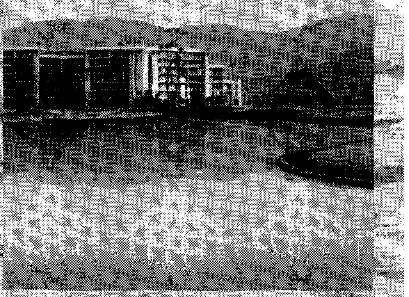
Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 17.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Jan. 22.)

Flesh (1932)—With Wallace Beery, directed by John Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 23.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Beacon; through Jan. 20.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, and especially at the disaster at Altamont. (Elgin; Jan. 16.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Hell Up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Jan. 23.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary. (Trans-Lux East.)

A King in New York (1957)—Don't be misled by the public-relations attempt to suggest that this Chaplin film has never before been shown in the United States because of its controversial political nature. It's about as political as a pratfall at the United Nations, and it wasn't shown because it's an incomparable dog—maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Cinema Village.)

The Laughing Policeman—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 18.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Let the Good Times Roll—A film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Elgin; Jan. 16.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 17-23.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 23.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (Elgin; Jan. 16.)

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (86th St. East.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St. No performances Jan. 21-22.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons—With Irm Hermann, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 24.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 17-23.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding

THE BRONX
BAR

theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 23.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 16.)

MOROCCO (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23-24.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West muttering and wambling, respectively, in a most unusual Western. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18-20.)

THE NEW LAND—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Playboy. No performances Jan. 21-22. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Jan. 22.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; Jan. 17-23.)

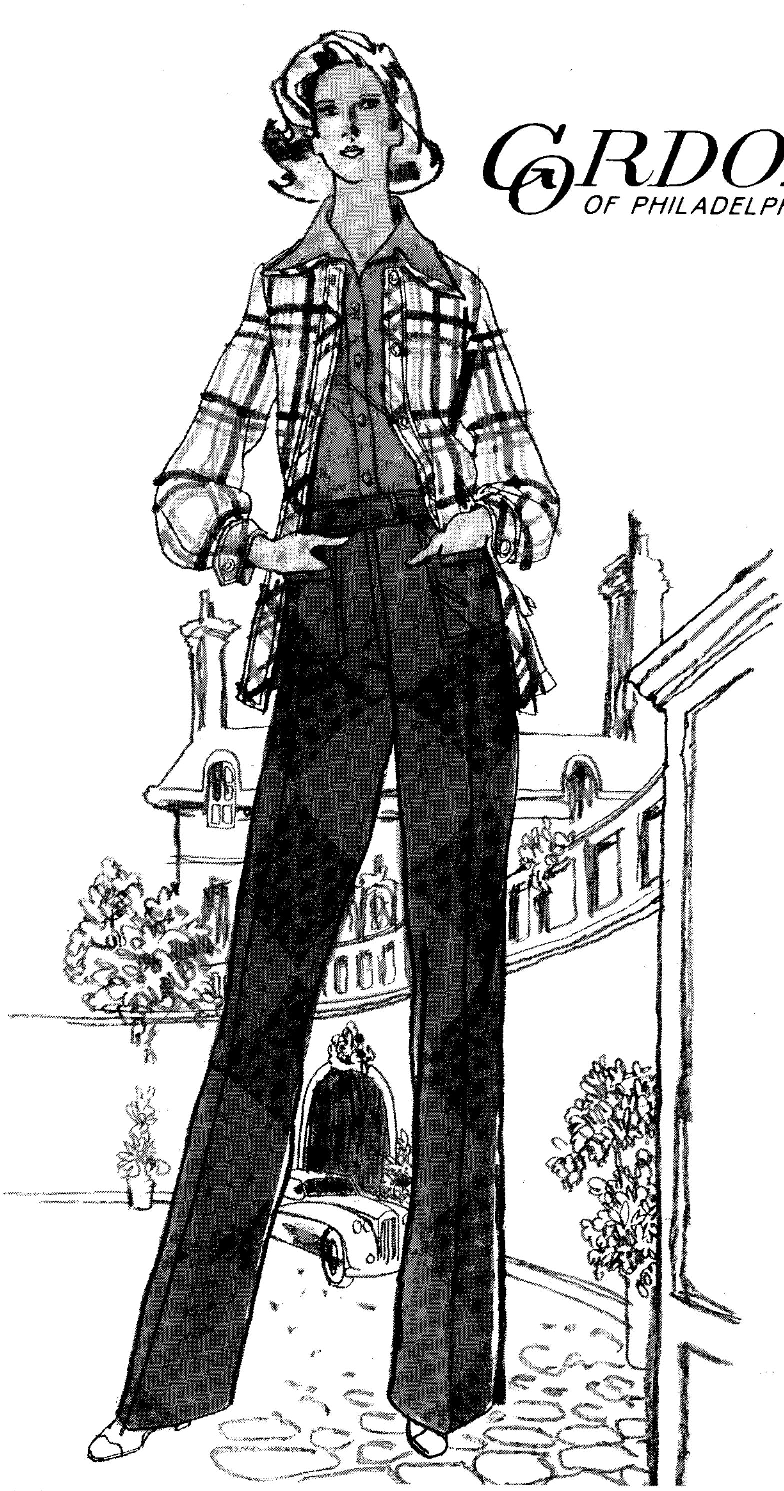
THE OPTIMISTS—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Regency, and Thalia; through Jan. 22.)

THE PAPER CHASE—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Juliet 1, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 22.)

PAPILLON—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

PETE 'N' TILLIE (1972)—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Beacon; through Jan. 20.)

THE PIRATE (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With



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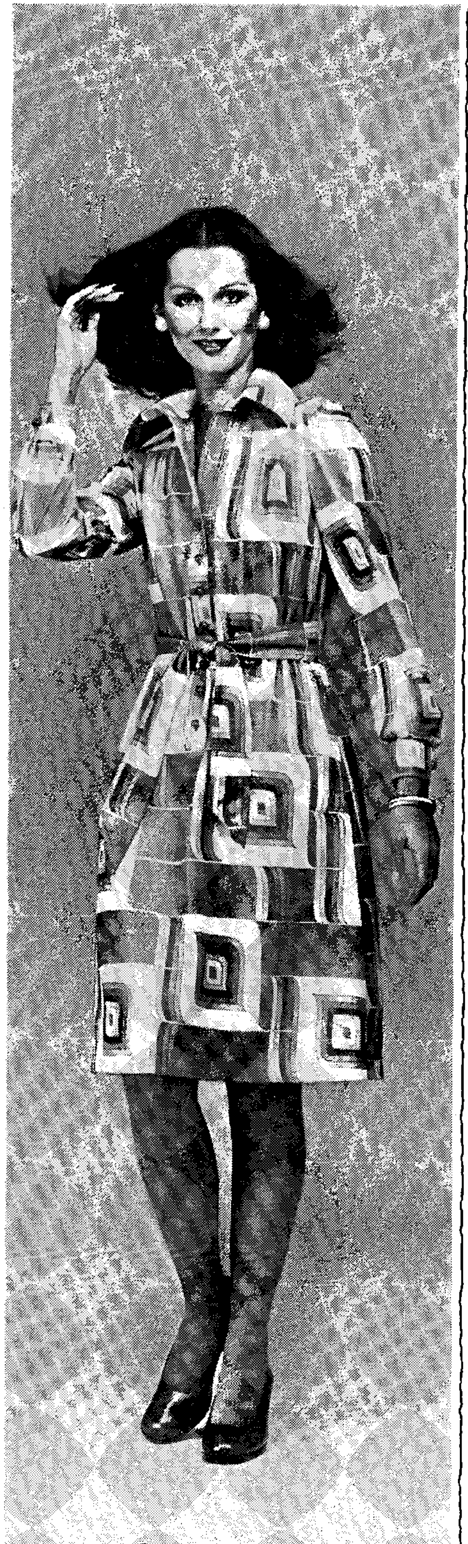

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 19.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Thalia; through Jan. 22.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968 is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (New Yorker. No performances Jan. 21-23.)

The Plough and the Stars (1937)—John Ford's commercially unsuccessful, rarely seen version of the Sean O'Casey play set during the Easter Week Irish Rebellion of 1916. It features an extraordinary cast: Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, along with Barry Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, Arthur Shields, Erin O'Brien Moore, Una O'Connor, F. J. McCormick, and many other celebrated Irish players. Dudley Nichols did the adaptation, and the legendary Joseph H. August did the cinematography. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 23.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Rhinoceros—From Eugene Ionesco's play. The fourth presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black, screenplay by Julian Barry, directed by Tom O'Horgan. The film will be shown on Jan. 21 and 22 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Loews Ciné, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Rivoli, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and Jan. 21-23, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall; Jan. 16.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (U.A. East. No performances Jan. 21-22. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Jan. 20.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23-24.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné. No performances Jan. 21-22.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker. No performances Jan. 21-23.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

Too Many Husbands (1940)—Jean Arthur, caught between Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas, and loving the dilemma. A well-written, light-spirited comedy, adapted by Claude Binyon from Somerset Maugham's play "Home and Beauty." The cast includes Harry Davenport and Melville Cooper, and Wesley Ruggles directed. (A musical version in 1955, also from Columbia, starred Betty Grable and was called "Three for the Show;" it was one of Grable's last and best pictures.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 20-22.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Wattstax—Filmed at the Stax record company's concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum in August, 1972. (Elgin; Jan. 16.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Greenwich; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 23.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21-22.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971)—A fantasy with music for children that never finds an appropriate style; it's stilted and frenetic, like Prussians at play. With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart; from the Roald Dahl story. (Guild; through Jan. 20.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18-20.)

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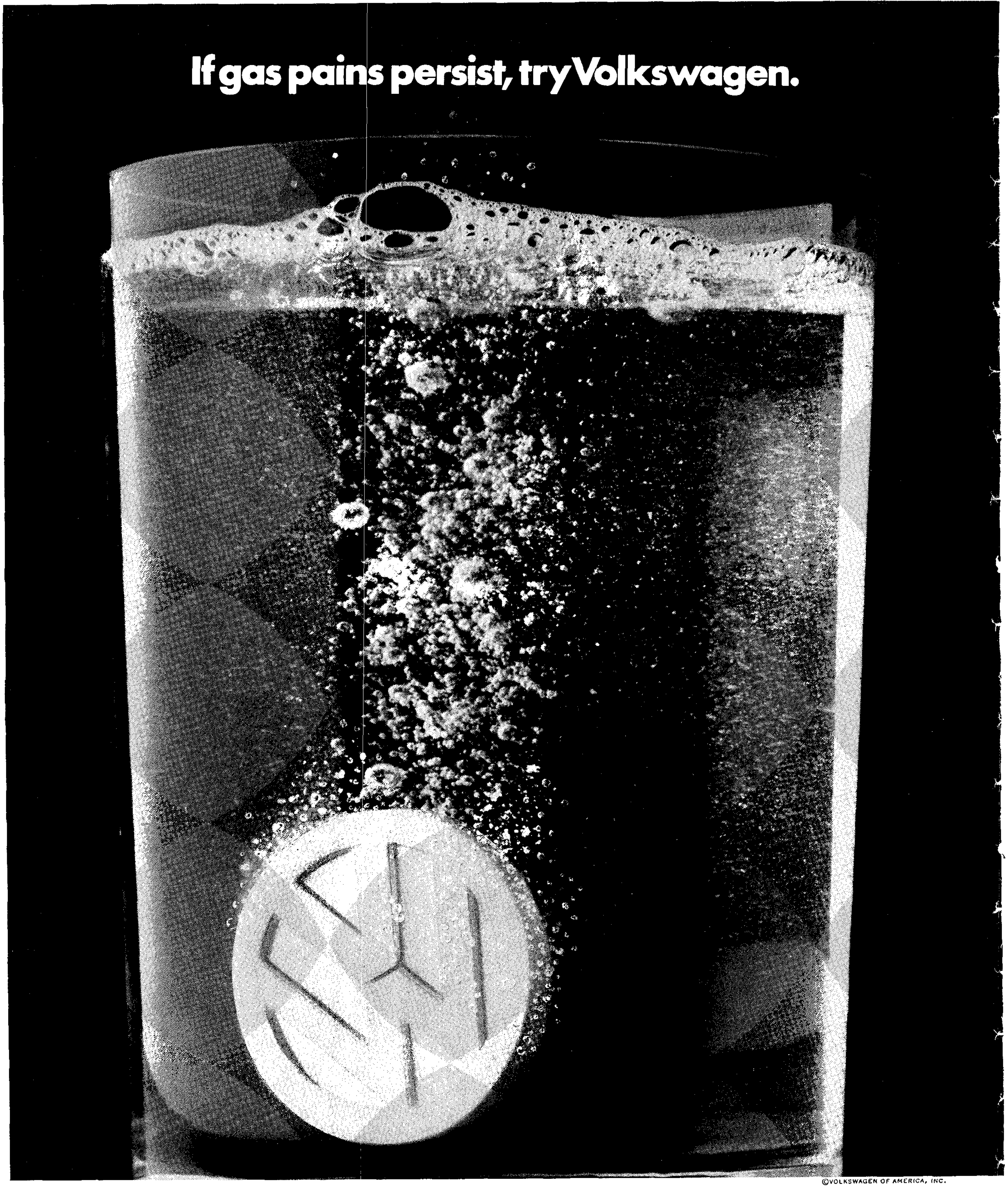

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THE
NEW YORKER

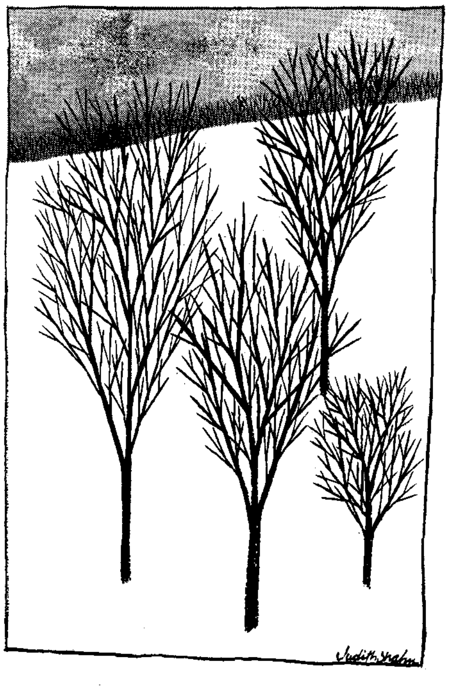
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OVER the last decade or so, two standard reactions to bad news seem to have developed in our country. One reaction is "It didn't happen," and the other is "They all do it." In the early Vietnam years, when the bad news about the war was just starting to come in, the tendency was to react in the first way. In those days, since the citizenry still had what politicians often call "faith" in our institutions, we tended simply to reject the bad news. It was not until about five years ago that the second reaction began to emerge. The historical moment when "They all do it" eclipsed the theme of denial may have been the indictment and conviction of William Calley. On that occasion, the public tended to believe, simultaneously, that there had been no massacre of innocents at My Lai and that there were massacres of innocents in all wars. In the press of the day, the theme "They all do it" took the form of the statement that all wars are equally brutal. A modish pessimism about human nature itself was revived for the occasion. Now the Watergate disclosures appear to have buried the inclination to believe "It didn't happen," and "They all do it" reigns supreme. (The President, who seems to grasp such changes instinctively, has gone to considerable lengths to spread the idea that Presidents before him engaged in illegal wiretapping, took questionable tax deductions, and secretly taped conversations. He seems to be saying that all Presidents did what he has done.)

The two standard responses—the one denying abuses, the other seeing them as universal and probably eternal—seem to be at opposite poles, but the fact that they often crop up at the same time and on the lips of the same people (for instance, the President's "I didn't do it"/"They all do it" defense) is a clue that the public, in its heart of hearts, means the same thing by both of them. Rendered roughly, the meaning is something like "Go away!" The man who sees no massacre and no Watergate and the man who sees massacres and Watergates as the inevitable lot of all societies in all times have one thing in common: neither of them can be expected to take any action. If "they all do it," only a fool would exert himself to stop them. There would be no need even to take the trouble to try to distinguish between people who did it and people who didn't. What's more, one might reason, "If they all do it, maybe I can do it, too." And if "they all do it," that leads on to a still more attractive idea: that "they" are responsible for everything, and "we" are responsible for nothing. The conviction that the energy crisis (which is going to change our lives for the indefinite future no matter what games the oil companies may be playing with the present shortage) is the product of a corporate or governmental conspiracy is only the latest example of the spreading half-baked shrewdness that sees the conspiracy of an omnipotent "them" behind every headline.

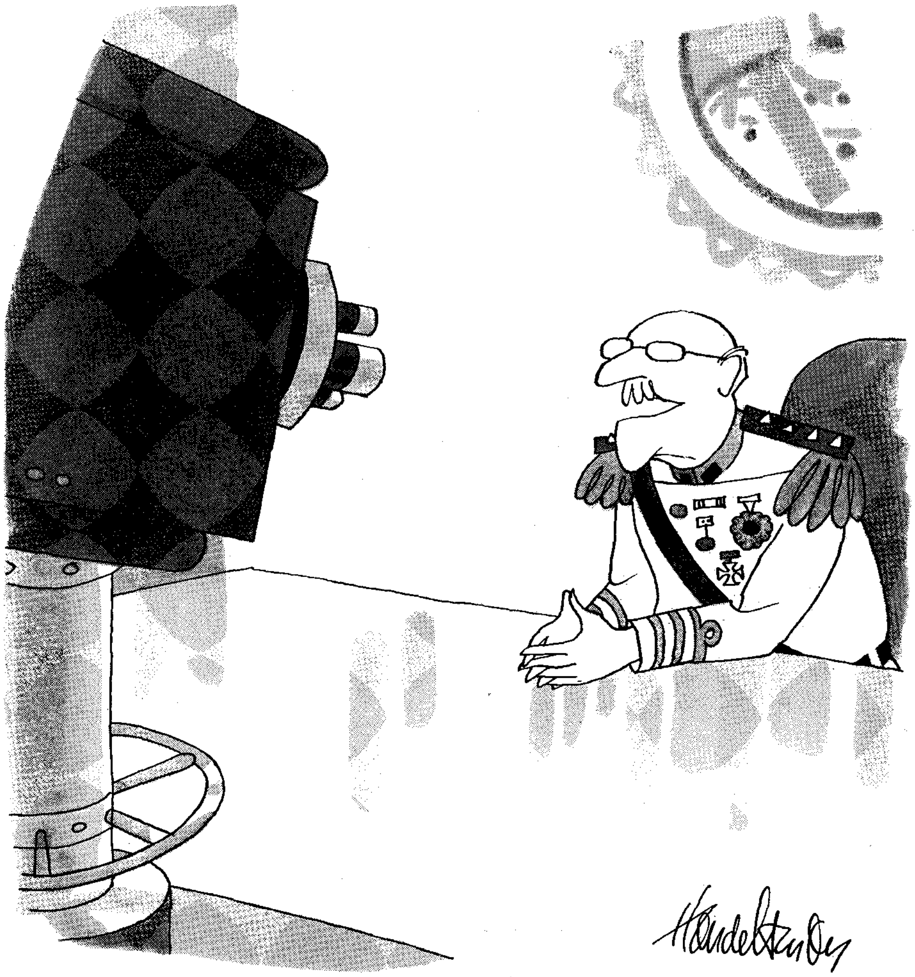
The world of undiscriminating cynicism, where no one is trusted and nothing is believed, is in many ways a comfortable one. Every citizen enjoys the automatic right to a sly, knowing, and superior attitude toward all authorities but has no obligation to do anything about them. What is the use of changing one for another when they are all the same? In this world of cynicism, the people complain about the authorities the way they complain about the weather. Everyone grumbles, but it leads to nothing. Politics is everyone's cross and no one's responsibility. "They're all crooks," the people say to one another, and go about their business. This state of mind is new to us in the United States. But it is all too familiar to anyone who has spent some time in Eastern Europe or in South America, or in any of the countless other places in the world where people have lost the bold, sometimes innocent spirit of the free and adopted the easy sophistication of the powerless.



Library's Bobst

WE'VE just called on Elmer H. Bobst, the major contributor to New York University's new Bobst Library, on Washington Square. He is, at eighty-nine, a former president of Hoffmann-LaRoche, of Nutley, New Jersey, and a former chairman of the board of the Warner-Lambert Company, of Morris Plains, New Jersey—both pharmaceutical companies—and he received us in Warner-Lambert's New York office, which is in the annex of the Metropolitan Club, on East Sixtieth Street. Mr. Bobst, now honorary chairman of W.-L.'s board and a member of its executive committee, is a ruddy, white-haired, husky-looking man. We asked how he got interested enough in N.Y.U. to give eleven million dollars to its library.

"I can no longer drive my own car, because of vision," he said. "I used to love to drive. I have a home on Sutton Place, another in Spring Lake, and a third in Palm Beach. I had the most beautiful home in Mont-



"And so, in the sunset of my life, I am resigning the Party chairmanship, the Premiership, and the Presidency. God bless you all. I will, of course, continue as Head of State."

• •

clair, built by Everette Lee DeGolyer, the oilman. I wouldn't say it was the most beautiful if I had built it myself. I lived at the Forest Hills Inn when I first came to New York, from Philadelphia, in 1920, but around 1928 I found it expedient to build a home in New Jersey—in Montclair. It wasn't quite large enough. I was happy in it but not quite satisfied. One evening in 1936, my first wife had some people in whom I didn't care too much about. The thought occurred to me: Why don't you go and see the DeGolyer home? I excused myself, and walked to the DeGolyer house. DeGolyer answered the doorbell himself, and I introduced myself. We had drinks in the library, and I said I had heard a rumor that he might sell his house. He said he was planning to move to Texas. 'Consider me as a possible buyer,' I said. He invited me to look around. Very spacious. Twenty-eight rooms, seven big fireplaces, a seventy-foot living room, walnut panelling, a wing of servants' quarters of five rooms over a four-car garage in the courtyard. The garden had three levels. The trees were old trees—not planted by anyone of our generation. 'I love the place, I just love it,' DeGolyer said. 'What is your idea of a price for your home?' I asked. 'It doesn't make much difference now,' he replied. 'My main idea is to have someone buy the place who loves it and who will permit me to revisit it.' 'Stay all night if you wish,' I said. 'I kind of like you,' he said. 'I feel you would have the same love for the place I have,' and he let me have it for a hundred thousand dollars. It would take three million to build it today. We shook hands on the deal, and I went back home. 'Where in the name of sense have you been?' said my wife. 'Well, you know,' I said, 'I didn't like those people. Moreover, I've bought a home.' I lived there until 1964."

"How about the Bobst Library?" we asked.

"I came from a relatively poor family," said Mr. Bobst, who was born in Clear Springs, Maryland, the son of a Lutheran minister. "We lacked grandeur, but we had intelligence. I first got really interested in books—medical books—around 1902, when I was a clerk in a drugstore in Philadelphia. I wanted to be a doctor, and to become a pharmacist first. I went to a library and borrowed ten or fifteen books that had to do with pharmacy, chemistry, and so on. I was soon able to mix prescriptions. I became a registered pharmacist at the age of twenty-one. Today, there's a five-year course in pharmacy, which is a lot of hooey."

Mr. Bobst never became a doctor, but he did become a pharmaceutical salesman and, in 1945, president of Warner-Lambert, which now has assets of more than a billion dollars. "I've read medical books for nearly seventy years," he said, "and I've also read Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Vergil, Cicero, and Caesar. I can venture to say that no one in our whole organization could quite equal me in general knowledge of pharmacy and medicine. I have taken a great interest in cancer, and have helped raise up to eighty-five million dollars a year for the American Cancer Society. President Nixon consults me about the Cancer Institute. I was influential in persuading him to leave California for New York in 1963, and I helped get him his job, and fix his salary, in his law firm here. 'Come where the action is, Dick,' I said. It's wonderful how words count in bringing people together. I used to address him as Mr. Vice-President, and one day he said, 'Look, your name is Elmer and mine's Dick.' That did more to establish our friendship than anything.

"Libraries have been very important to me," Elmer continued. "When President Hester, of N.Y.U., approached me—at the suggestion of one of his trustees, George A. Murphy, then chairman of the board of the Irving Trust Company and of N.Y.U.—I said I'd give six million dollars toward the Library. I gave it, in trust, in Warner-Lambert stock. Later on, when the stock had gone way up, it was sold, and N.Y.U. will benefit from the rise in the value of the stock."

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A TRANSATLANTIC traveller tells us that on a T.W.A. flight he took last week the sheep were separated from the goats by means of a printed notice on his boarding pass: "If it's a movie flight, the film you choose at check-in time determines where you sit. The mature movie is in the smoking section, the general movie is in the area for non-smokers.”

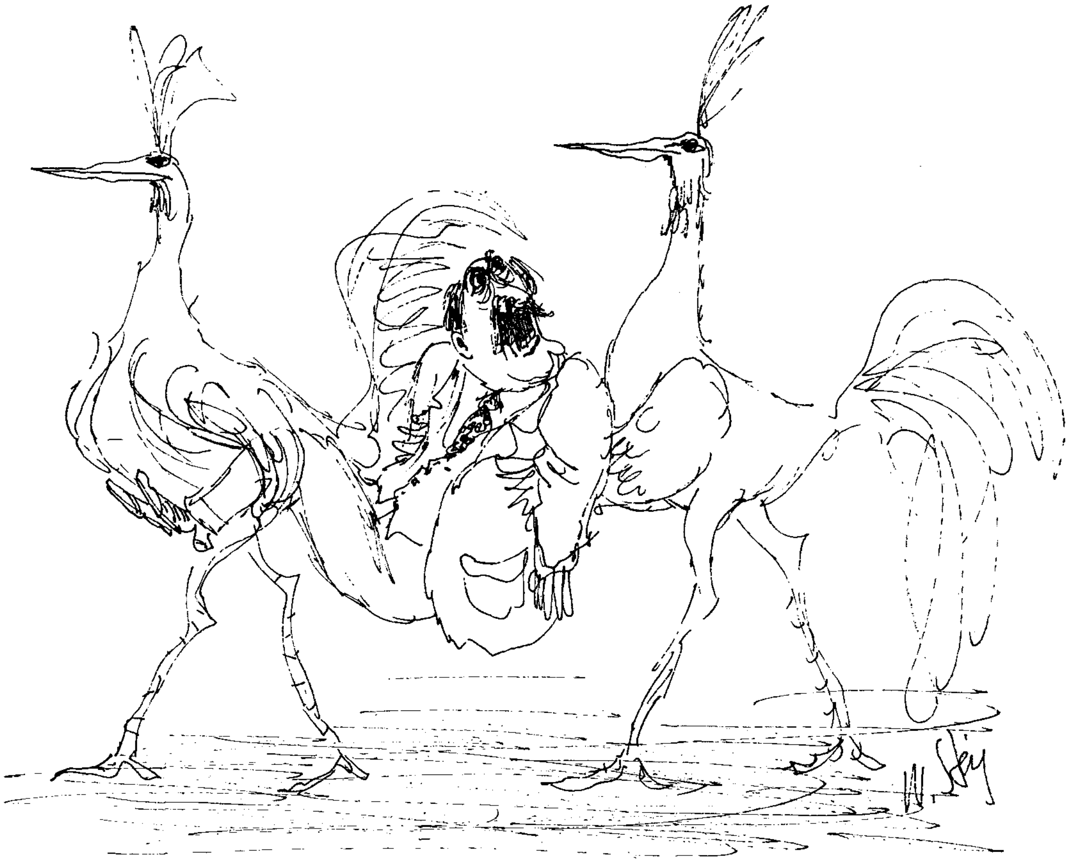
Dud

THE other day, at four o’clock in the afternoon, we took an elevator from the ground floor of the Empire State Building up to the eightieth floor, changed elevators for the trip to the eighty-sixth-floor observation deck, and hastened to the southwest corner, where we had arranged to meet Gilbert T. Schmidling, the chairman of the Optical Division of the Amateur Astronomers Association, who was going to try to find for us the comet Kohoutek. In September, astronomers had predicted that Kohoutek would be the greatest sky show of the century, with a brilliance fifty times that of Halley’s Comet, and a tail extending across a sixth of the sky; a shipping line organized a cruise to observe Kohoutek, an airline planned a week-long trip to pursue it, and a book was published to coincide with its arrival—“The Comet Kohoutek: Greatest Fiery Chariot of All Time,” by Joseph Goodavage. In November, some astronomers revised their predictions to say that Kohoutek would be merely *as* bright as Halley’s, which is no mean comet itself. But in December it appeared that Kohoutek would fall short even of that. Before it rounded the sun, on December 28th, its tail, which would soon begin to flare backward under the influence of the solar wind, had failed to extend beyond about seven million miles—a small fraction of what had once been expected. In early January, when the comet was most clearly visible on earth, its brilliance was considerably less than that of Venus and Jupiter, two planets with which it shared the evening sky.

While we waited for Mr. Schmidling, we examined our ticket to the observation deck, which said, “Souvenir receipt of a visit to the top of the world’s tallest building.” Far to the south loomed the twin towers of the World Trade Center, which even at that distance were clearly taller than the Empire State Building. When we pointed out the discrepancy to a guard, he said, “That doesn’t make any difference; it’s the *location* that counts”—a response not unlike that of some astronomers on the defensive about the comet, who insist that it is still living up to expectations as far as its scientific value is concerned. In any event, the Empire State Building still has the best view of Manhattan, and since Mr. Schmidling had not yet arrived, we took a turn once around the observation deck. The sky above was clear, but on the perimeter of our circuit a layer of haze lay low on the horizon, for the city’s pollution seen edge-on looked like a bank of clouds surrounding Manhattan, as though the island were in the eye of a hurricane. At four-fifteen, we returned to the southwest corner. The sun was just above the murk, and its reflection formed a pool of dull orange in Newark Bay; it jumped Jersey City and reappeared more dazzlingly in the Hudson as a blazing sheet of gold. Sunset was half an hour away, at four-forty-two; there would then be a chance of seeing the comet, which was trailing the sun down to the horizon by about ten degrees.

Mr. Schmidling arrived. A short man with a sandy mustache, he was wearing a brown-and-yellow plaid coat and cap, and carrying a stout walking stick; he looked like an urban leprechaun. We had last seen him in 1965, when he and some other members of the Amateur Astronomers Association brought a battery of telescopes to the roof of the Empire State Building to observe an eclipse of the moon. On an earlier occasion, we had spent the night with him and some of his fellow-members of the Association looking for red spots on the moon. We were delighted to see him again. He is a perfect example of a vanishing species, the amateur scientist, and, at seventy-three, he looked as lively as ever. He still teaches telescope-making in a room in the basement of the Hayden Planetarium, and he had invited some of his students to meet him on the observation deck that night. “The first year, we make the reflecting mirror; the second year, we make the telescope; and after that I like to get their feet wet with a little firsthand observation,” he told us. Amateur astronomy in the city isn’t what it used to be, he added; nowadays astronomers, who like to frequent rooftops at night, get mugged and their telescopes are stolen. The comet would be visible to the naked eye, and that pleased him, because he didn’t want to be responsible for a student’s losing a telescope. Mr. Schmidling peered at the southwest and said he didn’t like the look of the murk.

It was four-thirty. As we watched, the sun impacted into the murk, which elongated and distended it, so that it looked like an egg yolk dropping out of its shell; then, when the murk en-



“Is this some kind of a gag?”

gulfed it, the sun was distorted in the opposite direction, becoming a flattened ball, like a yolk hitting the floor. As it sank farther and farther into the cloud, it became round again, until it rested, a swollen dull-orange ball, on top of Newark. A small crowd gathered at the southwest corner of the observation deck. "What's going on?" a tall, stringy tourist in bluejeans asked, and when Mr. Schmidling answered him, he said, "The comet? There? Now? Wow! I hit it right!" He joined the group. Someone said he had seen the comet in South Carolina a month earlier, before it rounded the sun, and it had appeared at dawn as a tiny red sliver. Below, lights winked on along Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Bowery. Overhead, Venus was visible, as bright as one of the automobile headlights down on the streets; a few minutes later, Jupiter appeared—a fainter light, to the left of Venus. There was no comet. We asked how to compute ten degrees above the horizon, where the comet should be, and Mr. Schmidling replied that as the moon was half a degree in diameter, we should look for the comet a distance of twenty moon diameters above the setting sun—a method we found difficult, particularly since the moon was nowhere in sight. A middle-aged woman in blue who was standing next to us said that she had come all the way from New Jersey to see the comet; she could see the Empire State Building from her back yard, and she had long thought it would make a good observatory. She liked the looks of it better than the looks of the World Trade Center.

There was still no comet, even though it was four-forty—almost time for the sun to set. A bit of the sun made a fat dome over Newark, casting up an orange smudge against the murk. Above, the sky glowed with bands of yellow, green, and blue. "The hell with the comet! It's a beautiful sky!" Mr. Schmidling said. "It's a six-dollar show." The tall tourist in bluejeans corrected him, saying it was only a dollar-sixty-six show—the price of the ticket to the observation deck. The tourist took off a woollen cap he was wearing and used it to wipe off the window, which was getting steamed up; Mr. Schmidling asked him to wipe away the cloud of murk as well. It was a shame, he said, that the comet had received so much publicity—which he attributed to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's desire to keep space in the news. Kohoutek had not had the same advance billing in other countries. He hoped the comet's poor showing wouldn't have an adverse effect on the public's interest in astronomy.

The sky was getting blacker now; downtown, the twin towers of the World Trade Center glowed like a pair of fluorescent tubes standing on end. Still there was no comet. A helicopter hovered in the southwest, right where the comet should have been, but nobody was fooled by its blinking red light. It was after five, and Mr. Schmidling was sure the comet was well down in the murk. He was plainly irked. "That comet is bad news," he said. "People nowadays say comets *don't* mean bad news, as people used to think long ago, but since Kohoutek was announced, a Vice-President has resigned, we've had the Saturday-night massacre, a stock-market crash, and an oil crisis. It even has the power to erase tapes! In 1910, when Halley's Comet appeared, some people thought the world was coming to an end, and they put their houses on the market, but we've probably never been in such a dire predicament as we're in right now." He said he had had an easier time seeing Halley's Comet when he was nine. His father had called him out onto the front lawn of their house, in Milwaukee. "We looked in the west, and here was this great thing in the sky—it looked bigger than the house across the street," Mr. Schmidling said. "It was a beautiful apparition." He buttoned his coat, picked up his walking stick, and started to leave for home, saying, "I guess we'll have to wait until 1986, when Halley's Comet comes back again."

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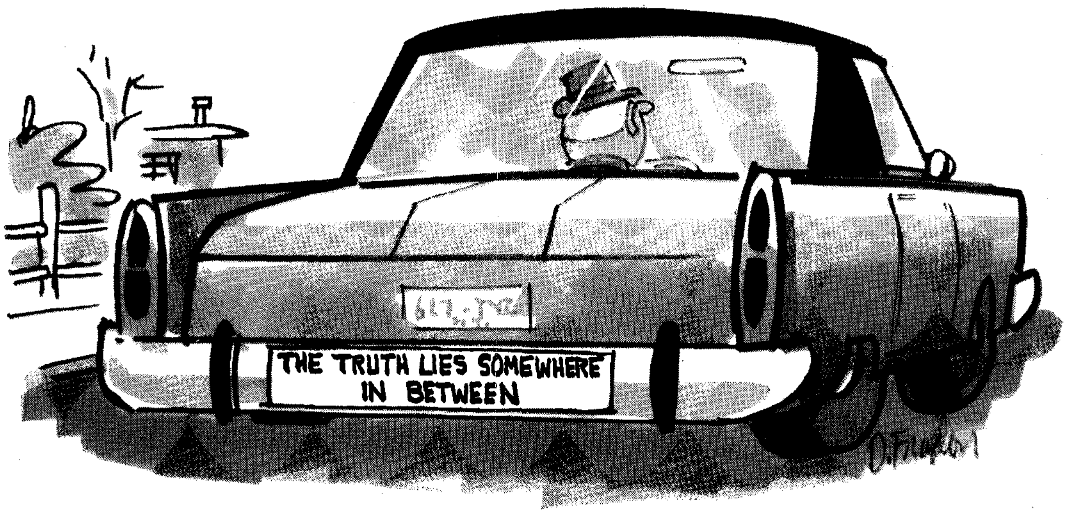
OVERHEARD at the Plaza's Oak Room bar, bartender to customer: "Within two hundred years, Australia will be as crowded as England. You watch."

Oath

WHEN public officials assume office in this town, they have to pay the City Clerk of New York a filing fee of fifteen cents. Some politicians think it's unlucky to pay this fee out of their own pockets, so we weren't surprised to find at the swearing-in of Manhattan Councilman-at-Large Robert F. Wagner, Jr., on January 6th, that fifteen of the new Councilman's friends had ponied up a penny apiece to make up the sum. Wagner called it his "slush fund."

The Councilman was sworn in at the hotel suite of his father, former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, who stood in the pantry mixing drinks. About thirty old family friends were on hand: Alex Rose; Congressman Ed Koch; Deputy Mayor Judah Gribetz and his wife, Jessica; Lou and Florence Harris; City University Dean of Urban Policy and Programs Julius C.C. Edelstein and his daughter Suzy; Herman and Irma Badillo; Jim West, a college classmate of the ex-Mayor's, and Mary Louise West, and their daughter Susan; Commissioner Alice Sachs of the Board of Elections; Councilwoman Carol Greitzer; Henry Stern, the other new Manhattan Councilman-at-Large; Professor Richard Wade, New York State chairman of the McGovern campaign before the primary; John LoCicero, district leader in the Village, and his wife, Jo; Mrs. Mary Gillan, the senior Wagner's secretary; Bill Nickerson, executive assistant to the chief of Inspectional Services of the New York Police Department; Marty Begun, a district leader on the East Side; Judge



Louis Kaplan, Commissioner of Investigation in the Wagner years, and his wife, Beatrice; Mrs. Mary Nicholas, a housing official in the last Wagner administration; Mrs. Bennett Cerf, who popped two batches of popcorn in honor of the occasion; Bernie Ruggieri, chairman of the New York City Democratic Committee; John Connorton, Jr., and Donna Shalala, *the people who* ran Councilman Wagner's campaign; and Judge Harold Birns, the man who administered the oath. People like that. It was Councilman Wagner's thirtieth birthday. It was also Lou Harris's birthday and Beatrice Kaplan's birthday. The Councilman said that his brother, Duncan, who was also there, taking pictures, had given him two birthday presents—a twenty-five-foot extension cord for his telephone, and a wristwatch. He said he had also received an alarm clock and a calendar.

Councilman Stern talked about *his* swearing-in, two days before, at City Hall, in front of four hundred people. He said that it had been "gargantuan." Councilwoman Greitzer talked about her recent swearing-in. She said that the judge had held her hand.

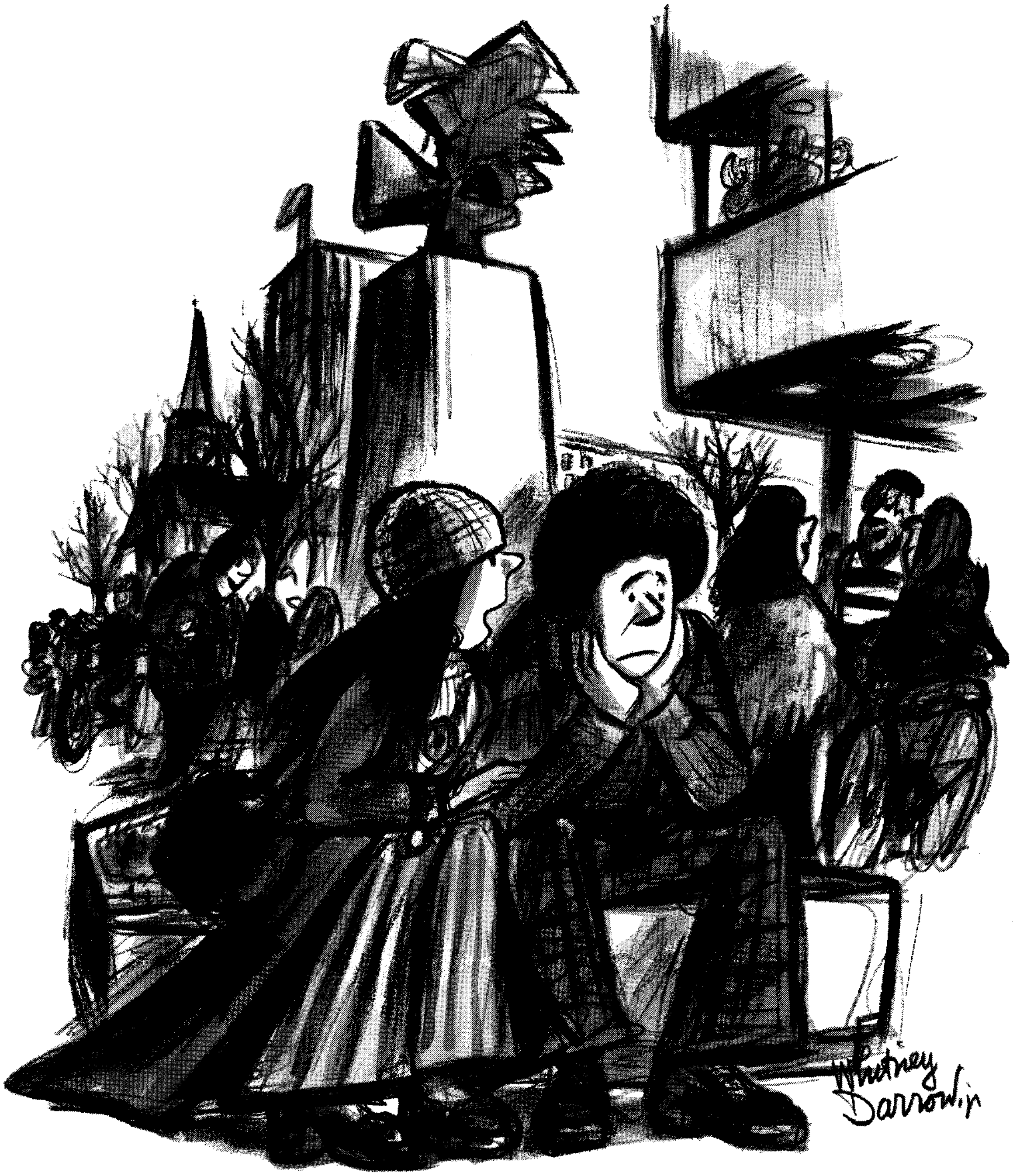
The ex-Mayor left the pantry to make a little speech. He said he looked forward to a good old age watching his son's career in public service. He said, "I know Bob's going to do a good job, and I think, in my humble opinion, that he'll make an outstanding public servant—if he can take it. He starts off much higher than I did. I started out as a minority Assemblyman, and there's nothing lower than a minority Assemblyman. Of course, I was only twenty-seven at the time. I want to thank Judge Birns, who served in my administration as Buildings Commissioner, for coming. He and I were talking about taking the oath, and he reminded me that I gave it to him three times."

"Yes," said Judge Birns, deadpan. "You gave it to me three times."

"Yes," said the former Mayor, who recovers himself quickly, "and you were late each time."

Then the Judge asked Councilman Wagner to hold the Bible. It was Duncan Wagner's Bible, and it had a purple ribbon in it at Micah 6:8: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The Councilman looked a little nervous, and the flaps on his jacket pockets were sticking out, but he took the oath in a firm voice. Then he said, "The Wagners—my father and my grandfather—have always had a concern for those who most need help. I will try to do well by that tradition, and by everyone in this room. Thank you all for coming."

The ex-Mayor had the last word. "I see my old friend Lou Kaplan is here," he said. "He helped me in my first primary fight—for the Assembly, back in 1938. He was a district leader then, and I just want to say that his two districts came in for me a hundred and seventy-five to nothing and a hundred and fifty to nothing."



"But people do like you, Herbie. My roommate likes you, my mother likes you, my therapist likes you. It's me. I don't like you."

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WHENAS IN GILT MY JULIO GOES

> Gold Thread Suit—£250.—A cloth with a genuine gold thread has been produced by a Yorkshire mill and a suit made from it would cost at least £250, it was stated today.
>
> The cloth, trade named Golden Cashanova, is a blend of worsted and cashmere in navy blue or dark grey with a pin stripe of fine gold thread made by a leading London firm of gold and silver wire drawers.... Mr. Walter Otten... of Wain Shiell & Sons, Ltd., London woollen merchants... said today: "Frankly, we have made a cloth with snob appeal. It is the man's answer to the women's mink coat. ...Our customers will probably be very wealthy people, businessmen and film stars, but even they will have to wait. The Americans are already after the cloth, but I have had to tell them that they can have enough for only four suits at the moment. That is what I call really exclusive."—*London Times.*

Of a wild and windy night this winter, any noctambule pausing to light his cheroot (or extinguish it; it comes to the same thing) outside a public house off Shaftesbury Avenue called the Haunch of Pastrami might have observed two individuals of no special distinction descending from an equipage before the premises. The elder and portlier, under whose luxuriant crêpe whiskers were concealed the features of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, preferred to be known as Theophilus Godall, proprietor of a cigar divan in Rupert Street. The younger, his confidant and Master of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine, passed under the sobriquet of Major Alfred Hammersmith, a currently unemployed member of the Fourth Estate. In the manner of a certain fabled Caliph of Baghdad, it was the Prince's whim, whenever threatened by *tedium vitae*, to thus disguise himself and his *fidus Achates* and to court such adventures as might befall them. The locale chosen by the pair tonight, however, seemed less than promising. None in the crowd peopling the bar was in the least eccentric or provocative in his conduct; and casting a keen glance about him as he finished his negus, Prince Florizel was constrained to remark how commonplace their existence in London had become of late.

"True, Sire," his aide concurred. "Still, it was in circumstances very like these that we encountered the young man with the cream tarts who led us into that extraordinary affair of the Suicide Club."

"Far from heartening me, your optimism only aggravates my ennui," the other returned. "There is nothing in the world so tiresome as those who persist in looking on the bright side."

"Forgive me, Highness," Geraldine apologized. "I was merely contributing some exposition to help the reader identify us—the sort of thing a housemaid is usually discovered prattling over a flower arrangement when the curtain rises."

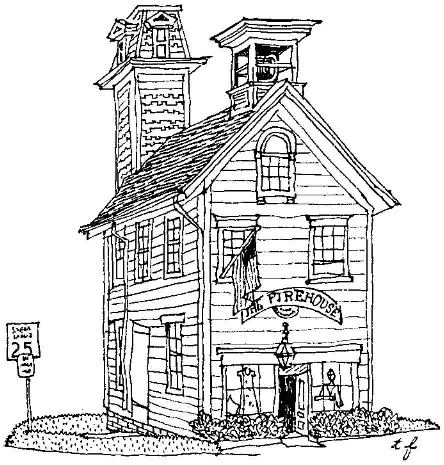
"In that case, I withdraw the rebuke," said the Prince graciously. "But what is this? A young person, his cheek mantled by a hectic flush, has just entered, bearing a tray laden with a dozen or so hard doughnutlike discs, heavily varnished and garnished with a fishy pink-and-white substance."

"Yes, and he is importuning everybody to take one free gratis," Geraldine chimed in. "Here he comes now. What can be his purpose?"

Pausing before their table, the object of their speculation bade the duo a civil good evening in an American accent and urged them to sample his provender. "Should you be toxiphobic, I can dispel your fears at once," he told them. "I have already eaten fourteen and, apart from a slight nausea, have experienced no noxious effects."

"They are tiptop," the Prince declared, chewing one meditatively. "What are they, if I may inquire?"

"As to that, I can best respond with a brief anecdote," said the young man. "Are either of you gentlemen familiar with Rivington Street in New York?" They shook their heads. "Ah, well, no matter. It is an area rather like your Golders Green, thickly populated by a particular ethnic group whose notables range from Gyp the Blood to Spinoza. At any rate, it appears that a UFO, a flying saucer, was forced down there, owing to failure of its landing gear. The pilot, a small emerald-hued Venusian with ears like catalpa leaves, roved about until he came upon a delicatessen, the window of which contained a panful of these biscuits. Entering the shop, he indicated them and said, 'I need a *couple of those wheels.*' The counterman regarded him pityingly. 'Listen, greenhorn,' he said, extending one. 'These aren't wheels—they're bagels. They're meant to be eaten.' The Venusian took a bite or two and stood plunged in thought. 'You know what would be real tasty with these?' he said. 'Lox and cream cheese.' And that, in a word, gentlemen, is what you are munching at the moment."



The Prince chuckled almost as though he grasped the point of the story. "I shall not conceal from you, sir, that you intrigue me vastly," he said. "Would it be presumptuous to ask why a seemingly rational American (unless that is a contradiction in terms) is engaged in distributing bagels in so alien a milieu?"

"Not at all," replied the young man. "There is, indeed, a cogent enough explanation, but, to be candid, it involves a somewhat lengthy preface, and the hour is late."

"You have our complete attention, to say nothing of our appetite," the Prince assured him, reaching for another of the delicacies. "Not having supped yet, my companion and I will gladly liquidate the rest of these. Pray enlighten us."

"Very well," the young man acceded. "Let me begin with a query. Do you believe in the power of suggestion—specifically, in mesmerism?"

"I most emphatically do not. I consider it so much tommyrot."

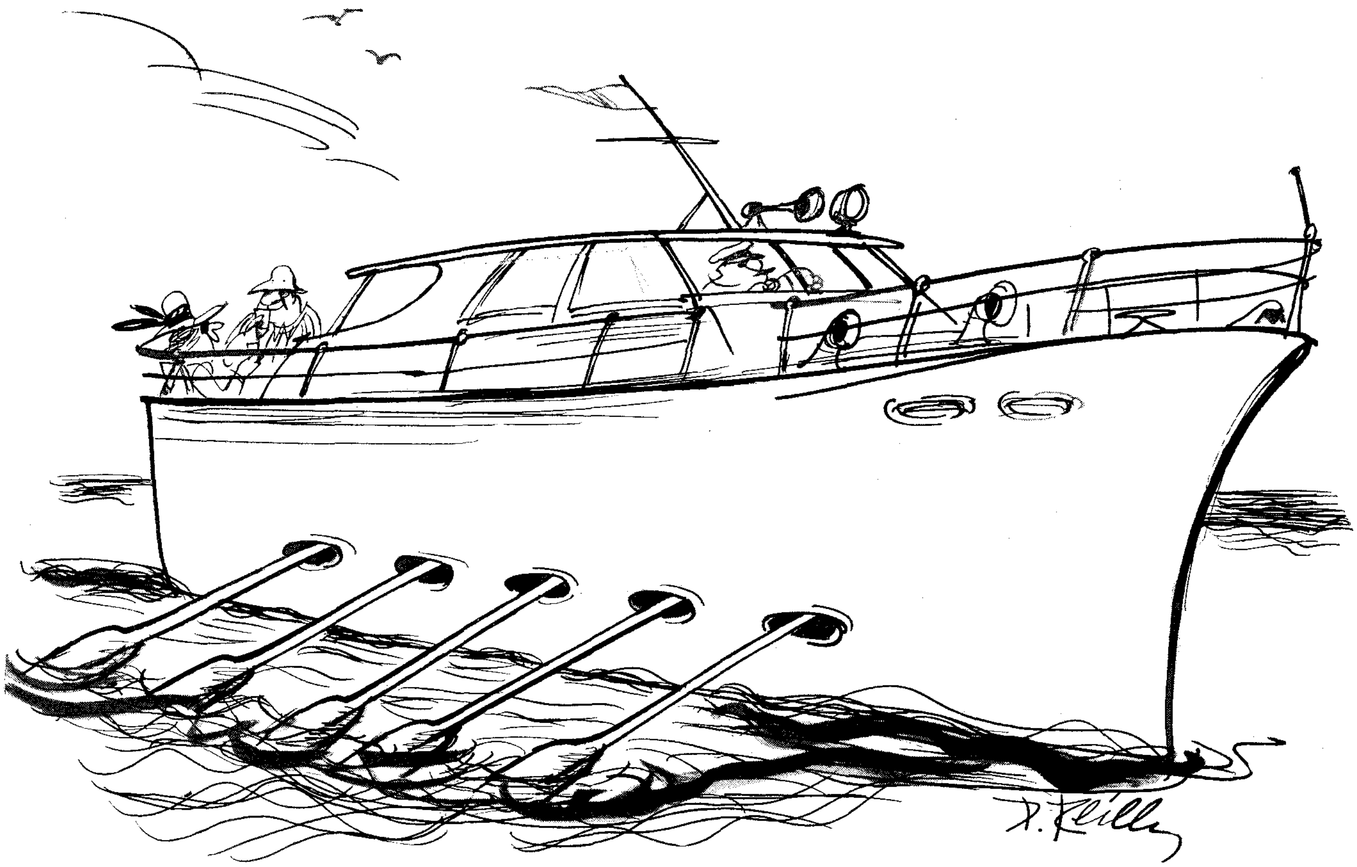
"Really? Then I fear I must differ with you, since it is my livelihood. My name is Julio Hoblitzelle."

"What!" exclaimed Geraldine in startled tones. "Not Hoblitzelle the Great, Hoblitzelle the world-renowned, Hoblitzelle the master hypnotist, who has been packing them in nightly at the Palladium to boffo grosses—"

"Enough already," the young man broke in. "Yes, I am he."

"Then I owe you a profound apology for my skepticism," the Prince averred. "I myself saw you hypnotize a chicken in Antwerp which subsequently passed through the audience and clucked out the serial number in people's watches. Is that fowl still part of your repertoire?"

"No, I ate him right after the performance," said Hoblitzelle. "But to resume my explanation. Did either of you, perchance, happen to see a jotting in the *Times* here relative to a gold-thread suit?" His auditors signified that they had. "Well, that item had a profound consequence. It set me to reflect-



ing whether the apparel might not prove tremendously valuable to me in my profession. Up till then, in order to hypnotize a person I had asked him to concentrate on a shiny spoon, coin, candle flame, or the like. Here, though, was an absolutely infallible means of inducing the hypnoidal state. Under ordinary stage lighting, the suit would appear to be merely a garment with tiny metallic accents. The instant I stepped into a spotlight, however, the material would sparkle and shimmer like a Burmese pagoda, automatically throwing my subjects into a trance. It was so simple I was astonished that I had never thought of it before. Conceive, then, of my frustration when, on hying myself to such prestigious tailors in Savile Row as Huntsman and Hawes & Curtis and Anderson & Sheppard, I found not an inch of this Cashanova fabric available—not even a swatch. To add to my chagrin, I was reminded with a taunting smile that the supply for America had been restricted to enough for only four suits, and that Dean Martin, Liberace, and similar peacocks were offering as much as one hundred pounds a yard for the goods. So daunting was the taunting that I was ready to abandon my quest, but destiny willed otherwise. The very next evening, I happened to be dining by myself in a Turkish restaurant in Old Compton Street."

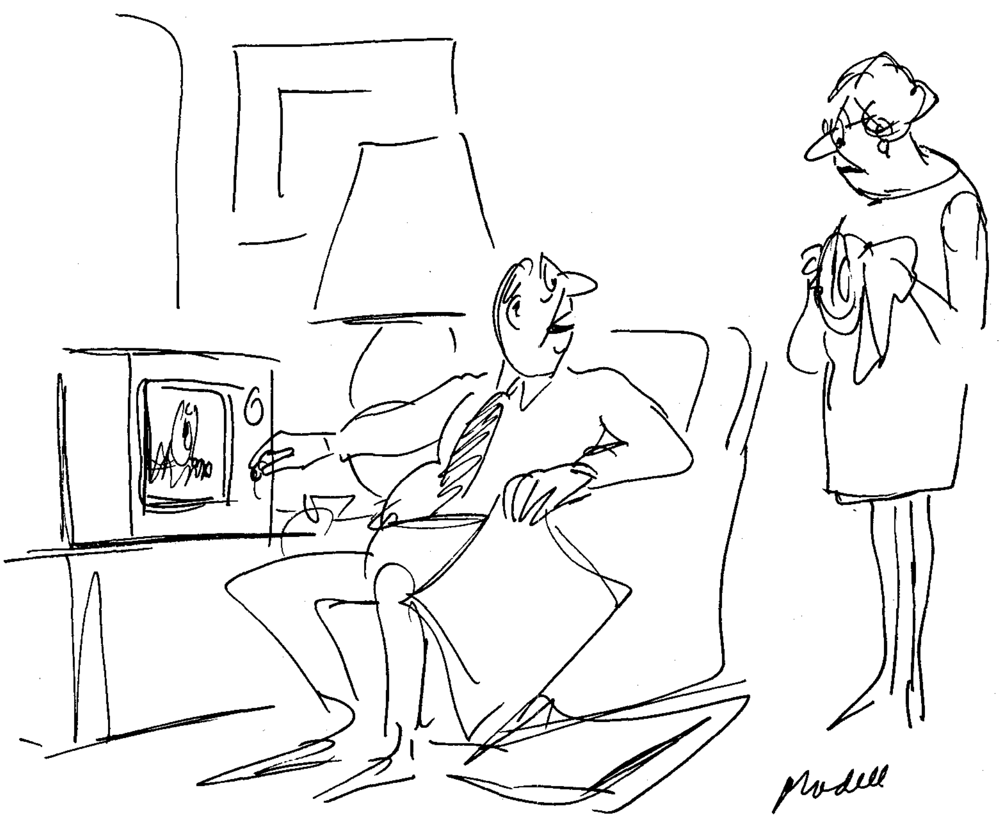
"I know it well," said Florizel. "It is called the Paunch of Hastrami. The owner is an Anatolian with a big fat belly."

"Correct," said Hoblitzelle. "Halfway through my dinner, a brash and patently offensive personage strode in, accompanied by a very pretty girl. They were shown into the booth adjoining mine, separated from me by a café curtain, and as they sat down I stiffened in surprise. The man was wearing a *gold-thread suit.* Need I tell you that from that second my meal went untasted? At first, their conversation dealt with the usual banalities—the choice of apéritifs, some heavy gallantry she evidently welcomed, judging from smothered giggles. Suddenly I was riveted; she was admiring the texture of his jacket, and he, fatuous booby, began to preen himself on his cleverness. The material was well-nigh unobtainable, he reported smugly, but he knew of a source . . . And at that exact juncture fortune smiled on me. The headwaiter's voice interrupted him, announcing that he was wanted on the phone. It was a heaven-sent opportunity, and I seized it. Allowing just enough time for him to lumber off, I extracted my silver cigarette case, thrust aside the curtain, and held it mirrorwise before the understandably astounded beauty.

" 'Do not be alarmed, lady,' I told her in a low, urgent voice. 'Just concentrate on this surface, this shining silver object. . . . No, no, not at me. Look right at the case—yes, straight at it. . . . Good—perfect. You are getting drowsy . . . sleepy . . . drowsier, sleepier. . . . Oh, so relaxed. . . . Fine! Now, listen to me. When your swain reappears, you will ask him where—*where*, do you comprehend?—he got that cloth. Repeat after me, "Where did that cloth come from?" . . . Right. . . . Yes, now wake up,' I commanded, snapping my fingers, and drew the curtain back into place."

"Your stratagem worked?" the Prince asked, his eyes sparkling.

"Like a charm," said Hoblitzelle. "Within five minutes after her escort returned, I had the requisite information and was speeding homeward. At eleven the following morning, in his dingy burrow in the Portobello Road, a dwarfish Pakistani tailor, richer by the sheaf of banknotes I had tendered him in advance, finished taking my measurements. That a sartorial triumph would emerge from such frowsty surroundings may seem incredible, but in fact the result was most gratifying. Indeed, when I confronted my image in the cheval glass, using a powerful lamp to study the effect of its rays on the gold thread, I was so dazzled I nearly sank into a trance myself. Hence you may imagine with what



"Remember, this morning, when I said things could be a lot worse? They're a lot worse."

• •

buoyancy—nay, with what glee—I awaited the première of my new costume. As luck would have it, it was a command performance at the Albert Hall. The whole Royal Family, numerous European heads of state, members of the peerage, ambassadors, and dignitaries of the court were arrayed in the boxes and stalls, and all the performers, if I may risk sounding vainglorious, were ornaments of our profession. One after the other, my colleagues went through their turns to tumultuous cheers. Never had we known an audience so appreciative, so unsparing of its applause; and when the time came for my specialty the assemblage was wax in my hands, to mold as I willed. Resplendent in my Cashanova, I sallied from the wings to a storm of handclapping, took a bow, and signalled for a spot to be thrown on me. The house blacked out, there was a flourish from the orchestra, and there I stood, the only figure visible, bathed in a cone of light."

The mesmerist paused, drew forth a handkerchief, and sponged his forehead. Openmouthed, their ears strained to catch every syllable, the Prince and his aide sat waiting for Hoblitzelle to continue. When he spoke again, it was in a tight, curiously flat voice, devoid of timbre.

"Do you know what it is like to be confronted by six thousand spellbound people? I don't mean fascinated or deeply absorbed—I mean people asleep with their eyes open."

"Are you trying to tell us—" Prince Florizel began.

"Precisely," said Hoblitzelle. "In my rapture at achieving the suit, I had underestimated its candlepower. Such was its effulgence, its sheer and blinding radiance, that the entire audience—even those already asleep—was hypnotized. The realization of what had occurred only dawned on me when, receiving no answer to my appeal for volunteers, I shaded my eyes and peered into the orchestra pit. Twenty-seven union musicians and their conductor, frozen like Madame Tussaud's waxworks, stared up at me; beyond them were row on row of mummified faces. In the same breath, the significance of the terrible power I possessed overcame me: with a few words, I could implant a command in these monarchs and ministers that would affect the lives of millions for good or evil. It was a responsibility no mortal should be vested with. I bent over the footlights, wrested the timp stick from the inanimate hand of the percussionist, and struck the kettledrum a resounding blow that freed the spectators from my thrall. Then, with the house lights on and all shimmer spent, I proceeded with my act—which, I may say without vanity, brought me the longest ovation in the history of the Albert Hall."

"Amazing! Unparalleled in my experience!" Florizel pronounced, exhaling slowly. "To think that for one instant you were as close to being divine as man has ever come! Do you agree, Hammersmith?"

"Er—yes, I certainly do," said the latter. "The only trouble is—the thing that confuses me—"

"What are you brumbling about?" the Prince demanded sharply. "Speak up, man. Get the marbles out of your mouth!"

"Well—uh—don't you remember?" Geraldine reminded him. "He still hasn't told us. I mean, why is he giving away free bagels?"

Hoblitzelle nodded patiently, gestured to the pair to lean closer, and gave them a sly wink. "I know," he said. "I was coming to that. You see, friends, it's like this. Between you and me and the lamppost, and don't breathe it to a soul, hypnotism is for the birds. It's kaput—finished—napoo. The real dough is in standup comedy—you dig? So now that you've enjoyed our little feed, I'd like to try out a couple of shticks on you. Purely for reactions." He arose, rubbed his hands, and in a plangent voice that embodied the less endearing facets of Jerry Lewis, Alan King, and Joey Bishop, saluted the occupants of the bar: "Good evening, folks. Say, I shot a little pool yesterday afternoon and a funny thing happened on the way to the taxidermist's. Yuk, yuk. I ran into a guy named Booth, who has a booth in the diamond center, and what d'ye think? He's got a wife named Ruth, forsooth. . . ."

—S. J. Perelman

WHAT SHE IS AND ISN'T

Her hair is dark free verse,
written, perhaps, by Cavafy.
She is a combination
of Turkish and domestic blends.

I first met her in the marketplace
and bought her like a slave,
like a can of allspice.

But Ptolemy
once shared his stars with her.
She's a winter constellation
as she weaves herself a veil
and sews me in a milkshirt,
where I can hide for weeks
in the Greek folds
of her outrageous silks.

—Alan Campbell

AN AMERICAN AT THE MOVIES

As a child, David Lambert had often gone to this theatre. It was uptown—one of the better ones in its day. A marble black-and-white checkered floor, gleaming brass railings, and red velvet ropes had embellished the lobby; gold leaf, lofty ceilings, cut-glass chandeliers, cherubs, and heavy red curtains had been splendid inside. Now, after decades of decline in the neighborhood, the theatre was chipped, faded, the paint peeling. The red plush on the chairs was bald. An odor of bathroom disinfectant and mold hung in the air. The theatre no longer showed comedies, cowboy pictures, and musicals. It had deteriorated to the point where it showed only pornographic movies.

David hoped no one had seen him pay at the box office and go inside. He did not understand why he had come. He had left home earlier to buy a small tube for his stereo set. After he made his purchase, he had driven through town as he had hundreds of times in the past, but tonight the brazenly lit marquee had enticed him.

He sank into a seat at the rear. Soldiers from a nearby Army camp sat in bunches, some with girls. And middle-aged men sat spaced about the theatre—motionless, surreal. David was not a soldier, nor middle-aged. He was an electronics-design engineer, just thirty. He was dressed neatly in a blue oxford shirt, navy slacks, and a dark-green nylon windbreaker. He sat still and tight in his seat. Suddenly his hands shook and were cold, and his heart beat wildly. He had never seen this kind of movie before.

On the screen, in Technicolor, a man with a microphone was interviewing people in a paper-blown street of a town David did not recognize, though it looked like a cheaply commercial part of Los Angeles. It had a fake-stucco, Old Spanish, two-story look. The man was asking people what they thought about the sexual revolution, about current sexual mores, about the availability of erotic material and its moral effect on America. The people were middle-aged or old, and expressed either listless indifference or a shrill, ecstatic anger. The man with the microphone said, "One of the forms this material is presented in is film. Let us examine some of it closely to better understand young Americans today and their changing, controversial values."

An explicitly sexual scene began. Two naked blond girls were doing strange things together to the sound of soft rock music. After a while, a strong dark man joined them in less mysterious rites. Nothing was left to imagine. It was all there.

Three men dressed in business suits and ties sat in front of David. They were heavy-shouldered, growing bald, and they wore glasses. Leaning toward one another, they whispered out of the sides of their mouths about the closeup shots on the screen, while handsome cinematic figures performed an awkwardly beautiful erotic ballet. The three men were having a good time.

David did not like to admit it, but in this bizarre atmosphere he was having a good time himself. Yet guilt was riding him hard, and he tried to throw it off. Why, after all, should he feel guilty?

He gazed around the theatre. The people were relaxed, lounging—aficionados.

And then his heart almost stopped. Eight or ten rows down, in a deserted section of seats, sat his father. His father!

Oh, my God.

Maybe it wasn't him. Yes, it was. He was tall and slim like David, his ears were very flat the same way, and he was wearing his small Tyrolian winter hat.

David's first impulse was to leave. But he could not get up. He felt as if he were a part of his shabby, tilted chair. Leaning on its loose wooden arm, he hid the left side of his flushed face with his spread left hand. He looked at the movie and tried to concentrate. There was another interview going on. A green palm tree stood stiff in the background near a drive-in taco restaurant. A few cars slowly passed. Old people, shy of the microphone and camera, mumbled, grimacing in the sunlight; young people were self-conscious but they did not hesitate to speak out in favor of sexual freedom.

David shook his head.

My father. Why? What is he doing here? What if Mother knew. How could he?

David leaned forward, squinted.

That's not my father. There's something in that man that isn't him. But the same shape head, the same *size* head, the ears, the set of the narrow, strong shoulders—unmistakable. Oh, God, what if it is. When he gets up and walks past me. When he recognizes me! After that, the knowledge between us forever.

Why did I come? What drew me here? Did *he*? Why is *he* here? Is their life at home so empty? They always talk pleasantly to each other. The loneliness. That's why everyone's here.

David did not like the shape and feel of these thoughts. The truth was that his wife, Elaine, was not a passionate girl. She never argued or lost her temper. She was always rational, always in complete control of her emotions. She

INTERNAL
REVENUE
SERVICE

COCKAIGNE: A DREAM

Chorus of All.: Then our Age was in it's Prime,
Free from Rage, and free from Crime,
A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.
(*Dance of Diana's Attendants. Enter Mars.*)
—"*The Secular Masque*," *by John Dryden.*

Coming around the corner of the dream
City I've lived in nights since I was ten—
Amalgamated of a lost New York,
A dead Detroit, a trussed and mummified
Skylineless Boston with a hint thrown in
Of Philadelphia and London in
An early age, all folded into a
Receipt (or a lost pawn slip) for a place
That tasted of a human sweetness, laced
With grandeur and improbability—
I passed the old cast-iron hotel where I
Had sat and talked and sipped a cheap cognac
In many a dream, and came out on the fore-
Side of a wide white river promenade
Crossed by a dun-green "L" stark overhead
And paralleled, across the river, by
Another larger elevated steel
Conception of sequoia girders—a
Throg's Neck usurping all the western air
And staining it its brighter green. The east
Bank, though, was still its unprogressed,
Arrested older self. To learn the time,
I detoured down an alleyway between
Two ranks of small, chapfallen shops, and of
A rusty paper rack chained to the steps
Of a moribund grocerette I bought—five cents—
A copy of the Boston *Morning Globe*
For April 7th, 1953.
Northbound again upon the promenade,
I caught an air of spring, a clef or key
Of untuned song, a snatch of melody
In untrained voices carrying no tune
But the light burden of the first warm day
Set loose, light-headed, in the open, to
Salute the single minute of the year
When all's forgiven life, the garroter
Who still stands sentry on the darkening stair
In every stifling rooming house. Alone,
But only literally, I proceed
Past faces that have all the love they need
For once, and can, for once, give some away,
As their smiles give away, their eyes betray,
Level, for once, with mine, and not cast down.
A great glass café, half a riverboat,
Half Crystal Palace, beckons; I step in
To ranks of white enamel tables, wire,
Wood-seated ice-cream-parlor chairs,
And, in the place of honor by the door,
A towering cardboard mockup, like a cake
Of a French battleship, the Richelieu,
Around which sailors cluster, jabbering
In French, which figures, since the French fleet's in.
Uproom, in the glass-ceilinged, vasty hall,
Quite like a Continental station, all
The places have been set at an oblong
Long banquet table. As I approach it, all
My dearest friends, looking, in 1953,
Precisely as, in fact, they look today,
Rise from some ambush and, laughing, welcome me
To the fraternal order of the spring.
A pause; an unheard drum roll; from the other side
Of the table steps forth, smiling, Anne, my wife,
And I awaken at twelve-fifty-five
A.M., according to the bedside clock,
On February 14th of this year,
Elated, desolate it could not spell
Me any longer, being but a dream,
Its only evidence being my tears
Of joy or of the other, I can't tell.

—L. E. Sissman

• •

had grown up in a small town in Michigan, in a house where life and feeling were tightly reined. He had been in the Air Force, stationed outside the town, when he met her, and he had spent painful evenings at dinner with her taciturn father, her loud, bossy mother, a frightened, silenced older brother. He could hardly wait to marry her and take her away.

Sometimes David's passion overpowered him for weeks at a time. Then it released him, and he felt liberated for a few days until it returned more strongly than before, held on, exhausted him. And yet he had married Elaine. Why? Why had he chosen her? Because she *was* passionate, warm and alive—he sensed it the first time he saw her. But her passion was hidden so deep within her that it had surfaced only a couple of times.

Never mind. He could go on pretending. Make believe to himself and his wife and the world that everything was all right. Was that what his father had done? Kept passion in tight control—thirty-five years of marriage like that? And then, these films. In secrecy.

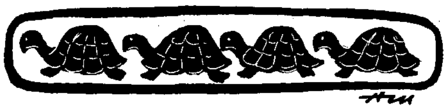
The film in front of him right now. A couple—their clumsy, yet intricately delicate movements, connections. At college, David had done these things; since marriage, he had to imagine them; imagining, he longed for them to be real again. And yet, seeing the acts accomplished here, all this startling flesh, a kind of ruthlessness close up, lit up, blazing . . .

He looked away. His father shifted in his chair, as if to stand. A sharp pain moved through David's chest. His father remained seated.

Why should there be this pain?

In front of him his father loomed—poised, threatening, a giant.

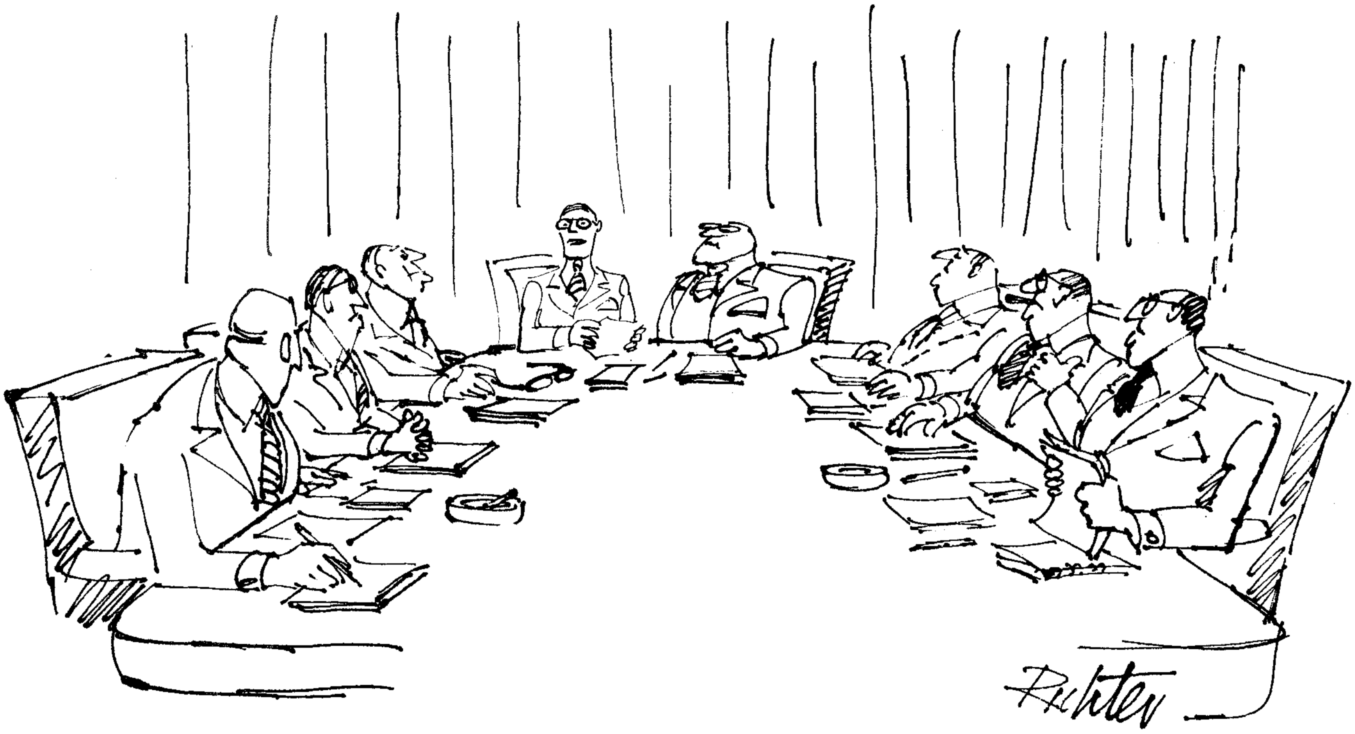
If he gets up, I can make it across the back of the theatre and down the other side—the far wall. Like a scorpion, tail erect.



David remembered sitting on the other side as a boy. He had always sat on the right when he went to movies with his mother, later with his friends. Now, when he thought of his mother's face *then*, her gentle expression seemed melancholy. She had smoothed things over well. He could smell the lavender in the handkerchief she had used for weeping at sentimental movies. And he could smell the rain and fog still clinging to his hair and winter coat after arriving at the theatre with her. He sighed and felt hungry. There was no getting up now for a candy bar. Not like when he was ten.

Elaine. Stillness. Distance. Her long blond hair. Her beautiful green-blue eyes, her slender body, long legs. Hurry up, I have to take a bath. Go to class. Read. Sleep. Perish.

On the screen, another body scene had finished and there were more in-



"Our recommendation, then, is that these plans be shelved till the post-Watergate morality blows over."

• •

terviews. The audience—quiet before—squirmed, commented, laughed.

Suddenly David's father got up. David stiffened, pressed his hand against his face. His father walked slowly up the aisle, turning once to look back at the screen.

It was not his father. This man had a thick, flat nose and a small mustache, big loose lips. He walked past lethargically—not the way his father would have. His father walked with determination.

David smiled, almost leaned forward to say to the three businessmen, "Hey, it wasn't my dad at all. It was just some guy." He could relax now, enjoy the rest of the movie.

But as the movie went on he felt more anguish than before.

How could I have thought that of him? Of course he would never come here, would never allow himself to be seen in such a place.

A lot of people began moving on the screen. It must be the finale. David stared, hardly seeing it.

If only it really *had* been him. And if only he had seen me. In that moment, in that second of shock, we could have embraced across the darkness.

The movie ended and the lights went up. The soldiers booed, hooted, clapped, and cheered. David hurried from the theatre.

Outside, in the cold, the wind was blowing a fine drizzle. Neon signs swayed across the street, winking over derelict Second World War bars that still did a little business. David looked up and down the wet street for his father but saw only strangers. When he got into his car, he thought of his father sitting alone at the movies, and he held back tears.

ON the way home, he wondered what to tell Elaine. She would ask where he had been all this time. He was afraid to tell her the truth.

I'll say I was at my parents' house.

His lies were usually preposterous. Once when they were late for the wedding of one of her friends, he had said to the groom, "I had to pick up my brother at the train station. He just came back wounded from the war." Elaine's mouth had opened. He didn't have a brother.

No. I'll say I was at Mike's house. She'll never question that or think anything of it.

Mike was a bachelor, a childhood friend who still lived with his parents; he and David often dropped in on each other, had a few beers, worked on the refinement of stereo components and on the restoration of Mike's 1928 Ford.

When David came into the house, Elaine was sitting on the living-room sofa, her legs tucked under her, and she was taking notes from a heavy blue textbook. She was dressed in her lemon-colored soft velvety housecoat. She had evidently taken a bath; her face was flushed.

"Hi," he said. His heart was going fast. He was prepared to tell the lie about having been at Mike's. "What are you doing?"

"The I.Q. environment study. God, it's boring." She looked up at him so frankly, with such love and sanity that he felt calmed. He waited. She went on writing. She was not going to ask where he had been.

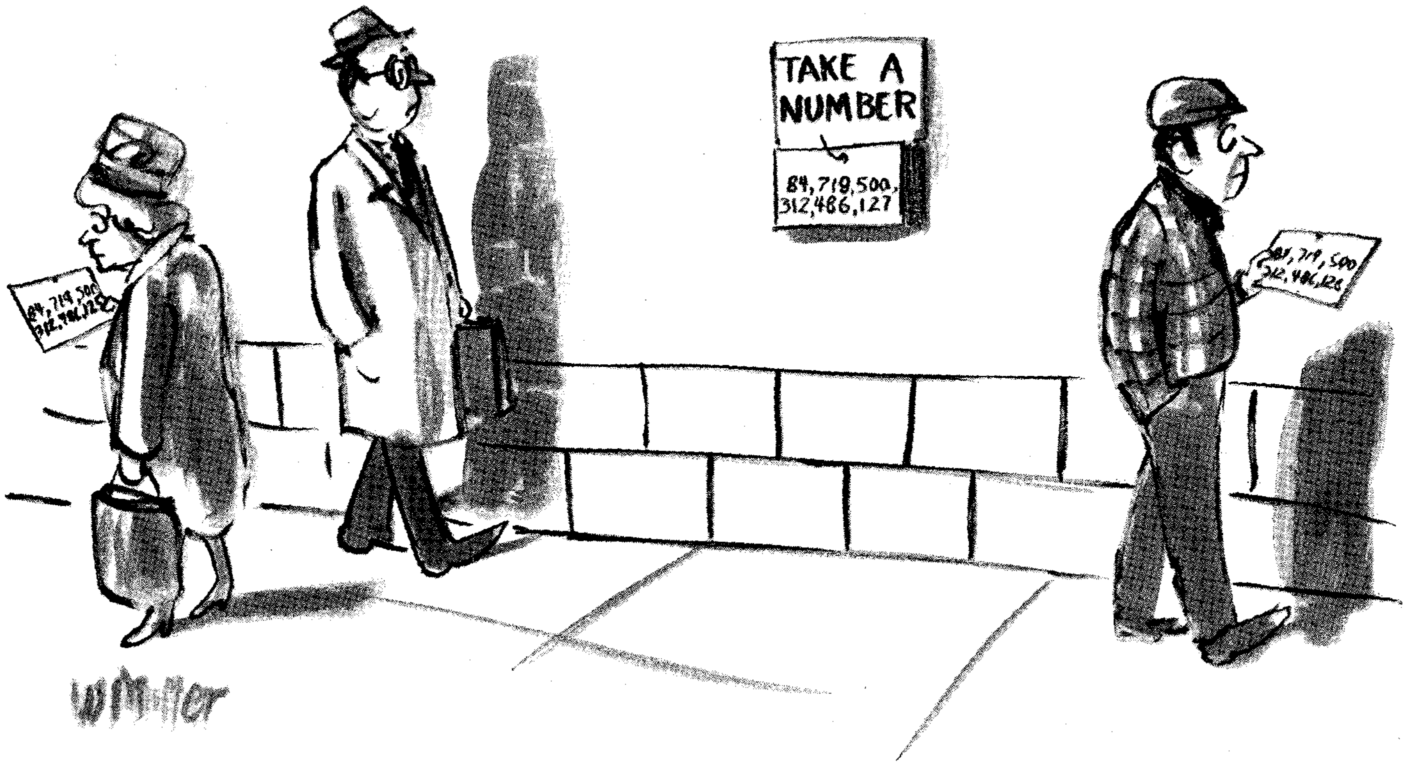
He sat on a chair across from her and put his left hand to his face, and the touch produced an immediate burning sensation throughout his body. He realized that he had sat through a large part of the movie in this position.

He said, "I did something stupid tonight."

She looked up casually, as though she expected to hear about the stereo tube.

When she did not speak, he said, "I went to see an X movie uptown."

She put down her pen. At first she seemed puzzled. Then her face grew hard. She looked directly into his eyes as if to say, "Well, that's *your* problem, isn't it." It was the way his mother had looked at him to force a confession when he was a child. He had been afraid of that look. He was afraid of Elaine now. He said, "Anyway. I thought about it on the way home. I thought about how those movies are nothing but a way to exploit lonely,



middle-aged men, men who have no one, or men with bad marriages who need explicit fantasies to feel loved—or just to *feel*, maybe. And I thought, I'm not like that. I *can't* be. I couldn't connect with much of the movie. The only thing I really connected with was that I thought I saw my father in the audience. But it turned out to be some other man."

After a long moment of silence, Elaine said, "At least you realize why they make those dreadful pictures. Maybe you're beginning to grow up." She did not speak vindictively.

"You know, I was afraid to tell you the truth," he said. "I was *afraid* of you. Do you realize that?"

"Oh, you just like to sound dramatic. You like that *idea*. You're not afraid of a thing and you know it."

"Yes, I am. I realize now how much I need you. Do you need me?"

"Of course."

She hated questions like that and she avoided them, and when he raised them she usually would just keep still and let him talk until he ran out of energy. Then she would go to bed and fall asleep instantly. He would sit alone in the living room in controlled rage and think about their lives until his anger became resignation, gradually subsiding into exhaustion. Finally he could go to sleep, too.

"I don't want to have to start going to those movies," he said.

Silence. Elaine picked up her pen, traced the margin line down the side of the notebook sheet.

He went to her. "Stand up," he said gently. "Stand up and put your arms around me."

Reluctantly, she did. And he put his arms around her and held her tight.

Something was beginning—now, this very second—in their marriage. He felt confident. Everything would be all right.

Elaine worked a little longer. Then she sighed, and, with an air of finality, she clapped her books shut, arranged them, and stood. Deliberately, precisely, she left the room.

In a little while, when silence had taken hold of the house, he went to the door of their room. She was in bed, under the covers, asleep. She had not even said good night. She seldom did. He had tried for three years now to get used to that, but he was still dismayed at the way she would leave a room and go to bed without saying a word.

He went back to the living room, turned off all the lights, and sat on the sofa for a long time in the dark. The film he had seen that evening surfaced, sank, flickered, sputtered, hesitated, focussed, then danced boldly, in bright celebration on the white wall across the room. His father got up, tall and ghostlike eight rows in front of him, walked up the aisle, looked at him sorrowfully, and left, in frightening slow motion, again and again and again. David wept in the car on the way home. He wiped his eyes and remembered a poem. He said, "It is Màrgarèt you mourn for." When he got home, Elaine, knitting something suffocatingly heavy in blue and white yarn, said softly, Where were you? He said, I was coming home from the shopping plaza, and a man holding a bleeding dog stopped me. I rushed them to the vet's. I stayed and calmed the man while the vet set the dog's right rear leg bone and sutured the wound above it. His name was Sand Prince. A beautiful boxer. The vet said it will take time but he's going to be O.K. Elaine nodded and smiled. A likely story, she said. Her head seemed loose, like a bright grinning death's-head waggling on a stick. Then David told her the truth—that he had really gone to watch forbidden, unspeakable, dreadfully lovely acts on Hollywood's great, dying, dingy silver screen. Elaine got up. Her soft bulky knitting fell from her lap. Her eyes burned, her mouth twisted. She shouted, You liar. You creep. How could you? Did you think of me when you sneaked through the lobby to see that filth? Did you consider my feelings? The pain it might cause me? Her words echoed. She broke down and, sobbing loudly, left the room.

David relaxed on the sofa, felt his shoulder muscles loosen.

No, he thought, we haven't yet come to the beginning. But it's there, ahead—vast, unavoidable—waiting in the dark. We will come to it.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

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Maria was born in Todmorden, England, in the desolate moor country where Charlotte Bronte's mad Healthclinic roamed.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

With its long waiting lines and its disturbed doctors.

REFLECTIONS

THE AMERICAN CONDITION—I

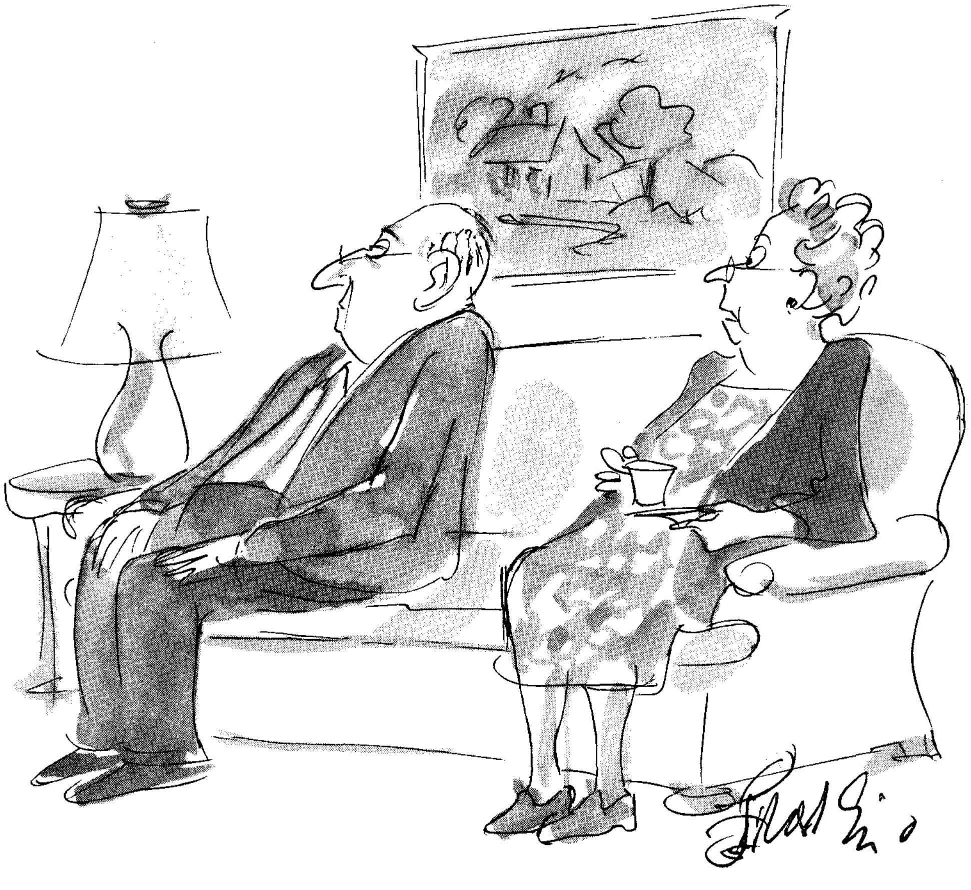
RESIGNING his commission after Yorktown, George Washington wrote:

> The Citizens of America . . . are, from this period, to be considered as the Actors on a most conspicuous Theatre, which seems to be peculiarly designated by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity; [and] surrounded with every thing which can contribute to the completion of private and domestic enjoyment . . . [with] a fairer opportunity for political happiness than any other Nation has . . . been favored with. . . . Treasures of knowledge . . . are laid open for our use, and their collected wisdom may be happily applied in the Establishment of our forms of government; the free cultivation of Letters, the unbounded extension of Commerce, the progressive refinement of Manners, the growing liberalty of sentiment. . . . If [our] citizens should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own.

The implicit confidence that human will can master the human condition characterizes those rare and short-lived historical flourishings of shared human creativity exemplified by Renaissance Florence, Elizabethan England, and the America of the Founding Fathers. The condition of our more uneasy time confirms Washington's narration of American advantages and justifies his unwillingness to promise without qualification that in this "most conspicuous Theatre" we would be "completely free and happy."

Washington spoke toward the close of a century in which the seeds of Galileo, having germinated for more than a hundred years, had begun to fissure the foundations of society: the time of the French Revolution and the steam engine; the American Revolution, the cotton gin, and the principle of interchangeable parts; the emerging possibility of monumentally ascending wealth and proliferating goods. Questions of property and its distribution had begun to move toward the center of thought, and during the nineteenth century a group of utopians diverged from the utopian's traditional concern with the forms of the state and concentrated on the elimination of material necessity. The most compelling promise of Marx, his predecessors, and his progeny was not the abolition of private property—a very old idea—but the elimination of material necessity, freeing the mass of mankind from toil and poverty. Through the just and rational organization of the productive forces, the human energy that had to be devoted to sustaining life might be reduced, liberating people to fulfill the more expansive possibilities of their humanity. "The realm of freedom begins, in fact, only where that labour which is determined by need and external purposes ceases," Marx explained. "Nevertheless, this [a Socialist economy] always remains a realm of necessity. Beyond it begins that development of human potentiality for its own sake, the true realm of freedom, which, however, can flourish only upon that realm of necessity as its basis. The shortening of the working day is its fundamental prerequisite." This Marxist vision had many antecedents, among them the idea of America. Pre-industrial in origin, the American idea had focussed on political liberty, the rule of law, and human equality. Men whose liberties were assured, inhabiting a social order charged with preventing unjust privilege, would be liberated to construct their own "realm of freedom" from the abundant material of a new continent. During the Federal Convention of 1787, the conservative Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, outlined the economic foundation of American freedom: "The people of the United States are more equal in their circumstances than the people of any other Country. . . . They have very few rich men among them—by rich men I mean those whose riches may have a dangerous influence, or such as are esteemed rich in Europe. . . . That vast extent of unpeopled territory which opens to the frugal and industrious a sure road to competency and independence will effectually prevent for a considerable time the increase of the poor or discontented, and be the means of preserving that equality of condition which so eminently distinguishes us."

Whether the early Americans believed, with Hamilton, in economic growth through industry and commerce or, with Jefferson, in the almost universal ownership of productive land, the assumption of American freedom was that all citizens would have the chance to attain a decent material standard; that there would be no great inequalities—no powerful exploiters and no mass of the exploited. There was no need for the state to provide access to abundance when God had already done so. Liberty, self-government, and access to material sufficiency were the means to an end. That end was not stated in the analytical or "scientific" terms later used by uncongenial thinkers from



"Tell me, Edgar, did you, at any of those times you went out for a loaf of bread, ever toy with the idea of never coming back?"

"Ever since his posthumous reputation began growing, he's been impossible."

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Central Europe. The American word was "happiness." The Declaration of Independence modified the traditional trio of rights by substituting "the pursuit of happiness" for "property." Pinckney explained, "A free society with such material possibilities is capable of making them [the people] happy at home. This is the great end of Republican Establishments." For Jefferson, America was a "chosen country," a nation whose political structure and economic prospects would eventually liberate citizens to pursue the arts and the refinement of manners. Almost a hundred years later, a contemporary of Marx, Walt Whitman, although he was more doubtful than those who had lived amid the powerful innocence of our beginnings, conceded that "our New World democracy [has been] a success in uplifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development." Yet, he added, "I say democracy is only of use that it may pass on and come to its flower and fruits in manners, in the highest forms of interaction between men, and their beliefs."

The present essay begins from the similarity between the Marxist utopia and the American dream: the belief that the entire body of citizens had a right to share in material abundance, and that, from this necessary base, people would enter the "realm of freedom," develop "human potentiality," or "pursue happiness;" the belief that a society that could provide its members with a decent standard of material life, founded on a diminishing necessity for labor and a just distribution of goods, would lead almost inevitably—almost in the nature of things—to the enlargement of human freedom in its fullest sense.

> So, then, to every man his chance—
> To every man, regardless of his
> birth,
> His shining, golden opportunity—
> To every man the right to live,
> To work, to be himself,
> And to become
> Whatever thing his manhood and
> his vision
> Can combine to make him—
> This, seeker,
> Is the promise of America.
> —*Thomas Wolfe*

> In communist society . . . each can become accomplished in any branch he wishes, society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd, or critic.—*Karl Marx*

These were the guiding assumptions of the most humane and progressive thought during almost two centuries of Socialist idealism and American liberalism. They have now been overturned. Amid unparalleled productive power, freedom is being eroded and confined. The golden prospect, the material liberator, seems metamorphosed into a spreading affliction that menaces the values and the relationships among men which are the basis of human fulfillment, the stuff of freedom. It is like the story of Jack, who marvelled at his unexpected beanstalk, only to glimpse, as he neared the top, the ominous form of an angry giant. Modern confusion and distress now reveal themselves as a consequence not of human evil but of the process that has provided material abundance. That process has acquired a form and a vitality of its own; its own imperatives of ideology, value, and organization impose themselves on the social order, and thereby define and constrict our social existence. The moment of liberation recedes as the "realm of necessity" continually expands, and the ideology and institutions devised to create the apparatus of abundance have so fused with our environment, life styles, values, and thought that it is no longer possible to know which is the instrument of the other's purpose.

Much of what I discuss here will have to do with American circumstances and institutions—especially those called "economic." It is not intended to be a general survey of American life. Its descriptions are designed to reveal the magnitude and the sources of modern oppression—or, in terms once congenial to American public thought, of the denial of our possibilities for happiness. Appraisal requires some criterion against which present realities can be measured: a standard by which to understand and judge the influence of the American social process on the quality of our existence—the extent to which, in Washington's words, that process discharges its "essential purposes;" namely, "the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States." The standard for appraisal is "freedom." Freedom as a social precept is intended in a particular sense—one that derives from the time men first began to think about the ideal state. It corresponds to Plato's "justice," to Marx's "return of man to himself," and to the "pursuit of happiness" of the Founding Fathers, and it incorporates themes that have come to dominate the modern search for an alternative to an order prescribed by divine will. Those previous historical judgments are fortified by what we have since learned of human nature and by our own intuitions. The desirability of freedom as a standard and ideal cannot be scientifically demonstrated. But it is self-evident.

I would begin to define freedom by describing it as *the use and fulfillment of our humanity—its powers and wants—to the outer limits fixed by the material conditions and the material capacity of the time.* This statement, with the elaboration it requires, diverges somewhat from those earlier descriptions of social purpose in which it is rooted. That is necessarily so. For the concept of freedom is not the creation of some ideal social order inhabited by a transfigured humanity. It is a statement of historical possibility, and therefore its content is influenced by the material conditions and the understanding of the age. The present time, for instance, cannot share Plato's tacit assumption of unchanging material realities, or Marx's faith that imposed changes in economic relationships would of themselves set society on an inalterable course toward freedom. Although this brief abstraction does not take us very far toward a definition of freedom, it does prescribe a direction for inquiry. It states that freedom consists of the relationship between the human being and the material capacity of his society, and that freedom requires that the material possibilities be fully exploited and totally devoted to the enrichment of human life.

One might look at that aspect of freedom referred to in the phrase "the outer limits fixed by the material conditions and the material capacity of the time." To take a simple example, American society has the capacity for providing every citizen with the necessities of a tolerable existence. Its failure to do so is a denial of freedom, made all the more oppressive by the fact that the task could be accomplished within the existing social structure and without any sacrifice of wealth or productive power. In many earlier societies, no form of social organization could have provided the mass of people with such a standard of life. Within such societies, therefore, freedom could be consistent with poverty, although perhaps not with inequality or bondage. This does not mean that the "outer limits" of material capacity are fixed by present achievements—by what we now produce, or could produce within the present economic structure. Were that so, freedom would be a problem of just distribution. We must distinguish between *present ability* and *capacity as a designation of potential ability*. Capacity is what could be accomplished with the currently available resources, technology, and knowledge if society were structured so as to be devoted to the enhancement of human existence. Capacity so understood cannot be liberated simply by changing the division of control over production, by creating greater wealth, as wealth is now defined, or by allocating resources to different objectives. Although capacity is material, it cannot be expressed in calculations of *national product or income*. These categories are themselves consequences and justifications of the present economic structure. The purpose of capacity is the creation of "social wealth;" that is, of those additions to production which, in the context of the economic structure as a whole, enhance the well-being of the members

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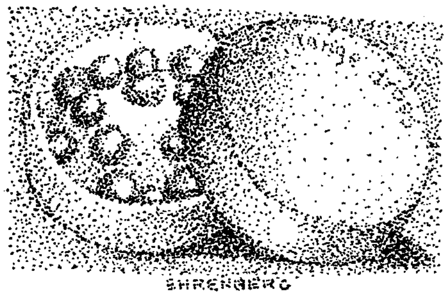
of society—which serve as the material basis for freedom. It should now be apparent that "the material conditions and the material capacity of the time" are not just a measure of our potential ability to satisfy wants—a description of means. Capacity also includes a conception of purpose. It is capacity *for.* Thus, we cannot know the full dimensions of "the material conditions and the material capacity" that enter into the definition of freedom until we understand what is meant by "the fulfillment of our humanity."

D. H. Lawrence writes, "Men are not free when they are doing just what they like. . . . Men are only free when they are doing what the deepest self likes. And there is getting down to the deepest self! It takes some diving." The barrier to "the deepest self" is not inadequate introspection or psychic repression; it cannot be surmounted by obedience to the admonition of Socrates and Freud to "know thyself." Rather, it consists of that subjection to external authority which is alienation. The concept of alienation has dominated all serious social thought and philosophy, along with much of literature, for almost two centuries. Freedom requires the overcoming of alienation: the elimination of the process whereby the individual transfers (that is, alienates) a portion of his own existence—of his will or his powers—to an autonomous authority. That authority need not be human (a slaveowner, say, or a capitalist); it can be an object, a process, or an institution. Once, it seemed that all alienation ultimately referred to human authority—for example, to those who owned the factories, the railroads, and the other instruments of production. "The alienated character of work for the worker," writes Marx, "appears in the fact that it is not his work but work for someone else, that in work he does not belong to himself but belongs to another person." But the individual who does not belong to himself need not belong to another person. The principal source of today's alienation is not a ruling class but a social process *dominated* by bureaucratic institutions that have transcended traditional concepts of ownership—that are unowned.

In order to gain access to the deepest self and its wants, it is necessary to eliminate external coercion and recapture existence now alienated; the condition for "the fulfillment of our humanity" is an end to alienation. This is not a truism of the order of, let us say, the statement that to attain freedom prisoners must escape from their cells. To eliminate alienation would require a transformation of the entire social process, a redirection of our social forces and institutions. Although the nature of modern alienation can be revealed only by an explanation of the specific institutions and the operation of contemporary society, awareness of the dominating role of alienation allows us to formulate a preliminary, incomplete statement about freedom: *The free individual is one who can direct his energies and his labor to purposes of his own choosing. He retains mastery over his social existence.* "The just man," writes Plato, "sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law, and at peace with himself."

These statements seem consistent with the purest kind of individualism. Nevertheless, freedom does not mean the pursuit of private desires—does not mean a condition permitting each person to constitute himself a society of one. A society of any complexity cannot be regulated by the fragmented will of isolated individuals. If individuals are not controlled by one another, as subjects and objects of a reciprocal authority that is derived from common values and from participation in the structures of a common life, they must be ruled from without—not simply by others but by insensate process, by the necessities of material institutions. The united will that is required to regulate the social process is necessarily transferred (that is, alienated) to an external authority.

Modern individualism, which had its inception in the rebellion against medieval order, has culminated in an ideology that equates liberty with the absence of all bonds, all commitments, all restraints upon individual action. The ideology assumes recognizable social form in the dissolution of the human connections traditionally sustained by social institutions such as family, community, common social purpose, and accepted moral authority. This reference to such dissolution is intended not to lament the past or to point out changing ways of life but to illuminate the progressive destruction of a necessary condition of freedom. Such institutions are the means by which individuals in society can join to create order and rule themselves. They are the alternative to that anarchy of desires which necessitates and nourishes an increasingly coercive social process, whose dominant structures are both the beneficiaries and the agents of fragmentation. We may, as many do, view these institutions of a common life as impediments to the free expression of the self, and struggle to escape their bonds. That does not alter the fact that the liberty to pursue purely individual wishes is paid for by the relinquishment of control over social existence. The conviction that social wants are made up of private desires is itself an important aspect of the ideology that sustains oppression. The reduction of freedom to preference and opinion is a sign of advanced social fragmentation and decay. Through the exercise of private liberty, we are made to forfeit the possibility of association and intimacy which is the premise of individual power; that is, of unalienated existence. Moreover, participation in a common life is more than a condition of freedom—more than the alternative to external coercion. Intimate association with others is itself an attribute of that humanity we wish to fulfill. It is part of human nature—of biological and evolutionary inheritance. Detachment from others—from shared existence—is diminution of the self, comparable to deprivation of perceptual capacities or of outlets for the sexual instinct.



This analysis compels enlargement and qualification of the preliminary statement about freedom: *Not only does the free individual establish his own purposes but they are consistent with the purposes of his fellows. He seeks to satisfy his own wants and to cultivate his own faculties in a manner that is consonant with the well-being of others.* ("Let us," exhorted Jefferson, "restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things.") To modern Americans this statement seems calculated to confuse the meaning of freedom more than to clarify it. It appears a paradox: If the individual sets his own purposes, how, except by chance, can they coincide with those of society? And must not social purposes be imposed by social authority if they are to govern individual behavior? Individual liberty and social responsibility appear to be imperatives that are balanced, an increase in one resulting in the diminution of the other. Yet for much of human history individuals did not look upon their wants as distinct from those of the social order to which they belonged. In Plato's Republic, the greatest good is the "bond

Chas Addams

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of unity," in which "there is community of pleasures and pains"—in which "all the citizens are glad or grieved on the same occasions of joy and sorrow." More than two millennia later, Nietzsche spoke of a society whose members view "a social order as the goal of the individual." These phrases are not exhortations to self-sacrifice or Christian brotherhood but descriptions of a social condition wherein common values and shared inclinations are experienced by the individual as his own. Not only does he inhabit society but the society inhabits him: he is not the individual within the commonwealth but social man. Within such a "bond of unity," the apparent contradiction in our description of freedom is dissolved. If one exists as part of an organic community, its wants and necessities are not external. The individual who serves social goals is not alienated any more than one is alienated from one's own senses and thoughts. The will of the individual contains the social will, which is, then, an instrument of personal fulfillment rather than of external coercion.

The historical possibilities of our present existence and therefore the meaning of freedom are contained within the same social order whose structures, institutions, and ideologies bar us from their realization. We cannot observe this society from without. There is no vantage point beyond the historical circumstances that contain and entrap all existence and all reflection upon existence. I do not pretend to give an "overview" of the society, to provide a judgment that is "well balanced" or "evenhanded." We can study our society only from within those very conditions that confine and diminish our human possibility. We can give content to the idea of freedom only by indirection—by examining the sources and the nature of oppression. Oppression is the extent to which we are barred from fulfillment—cut off from our humanity—by the process that constitutes society and by our condition within that process. The state of oppression is not subjective; it can coexist with a sense of contentment, even of happiness, within the confines of a limited existence. The instruments of coercion are designed to make us perceive shackles as the objects of desire. But their power to make us do so is never complete. Always, the buried awareness of larger possibilities strains against settled realities and provokes a general discontent, which makes its appearance as unrest, anger, or despair.

The varied forms of contemporary discontent—grievance without apparent object—help demonstrate that the source of oppression is not simply a condition that can be changed directly. For social fragmentation and oppressive authority—atomization and coercion—are different aspects of a single process, with roots in more than three centuries of Western history.

ON January 17, 1905, in a letter to Henry Osborn Taylor, Henry Adams wrote:

> The assumption of unity which was the mark of human thought in the middle ages has yielded very slowly to the proofs of complexity. The stupor of science before radium is a proof of it. Yet it is quite sure, according to my score of ratios and curves, that, at the accelerated rate of progression shown since 1600, it would not need another century to tip thought upside down. Law, in that case, would disappear as theory or a priori principle, and give way to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence. Disintegration would overcome integration.

As the latencies of ruin are contained in the energy of creation, our present condition was implicit in the earliest and most heroic statements of modern man's power, freedom, and unity. The centuries of Michelangelo and Columbus, Dante, Cervantes, and Leonardo, Galileo and Shakespeare were labelled the Renaissance to express a widespread belief that classical culture had been reborn. From our own more remote and less confident time, we can see that it was not a Renaissance but a creation—the emergence of the modern world. Western man had begun not to rebuild Athens, Alexandria, and Rome but to draw the plans for London, Berlin, New York, and Moscow. This new world was to be centered not on the mild and sensual lands encircling the Mediterranean lake but on countries of uncertain and hostile climate confronting the "ocean sea." Its ideal was to be not man in harmony with the "polis" or with the nature of things but, finally, man alone. And it was to culminate not in the Transcendence of Christ, followed by the barbarian invader, but in the rational mysteries of Newton, followed by inward brutalization. It was to endure until sometime in the twentieth century.

Almost all the elements of modern civilization can be found scattered through the centuries that preceded the Renaissance, and some of the earlier forces are of special relevance to our own condition. The most influential were the technological advances of the Middle Ages. Aside from the still unconcluded present, there have been two periods of technological progress which re-formed and extended the fundamental possibilities of human life. The first came sometime between the eighth and the fourth millennia B.C., when prehistoric geniuses devised ways to grow crops and domesticate animals, and so made it more productive to stay in one place than to keep moving. The hunter-wanderers were transformed into residents of communities, cities, and empires. The second shaping period for the West occurred during the Middle Ages. New technology had been produced by classical civilization, but though these innovations had changed individual lives and the history of states, they had not reshaped the basic structure of life for the mass of mankind; that is, they had not greatly modified or enhanced the production of wealth. Advances in war and seamanship had created and undone nations and empires. Roman roads and Athenian ships had helped to concentrate the wealth that nourished power and art. But the foundation—the soil and its produce—had gone almost untouched by innovation. Classical philosophy and science shattered the limits of earlier thought, and still mark the boundaries of much of our own, but they virtually ignored the technology of everyday life. The problems and possibilities simply didn't exist, for they lay beyond the assumptions and the framework of the time. This was the case partly because in élitist societies, fuelled by slave labor, the man of learning and ideas was intellectually and spiritually apart from the world of work. Ancient thought nearly always assumed that the nature and dimensions of necessary labor were permanently fixed, and that the search for utopia involved establishing durable relationships among individuals, classes of men, and their occupations. It is the possibilities of technology which measure the gap between the communism of Plato and that of Marx, between justice as order and justice as equality, between the

"What I'm looking for, basically, is someone who can make me laugh. Within the bounds of good taste, of course."

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The 1974 Porsche 2.0.

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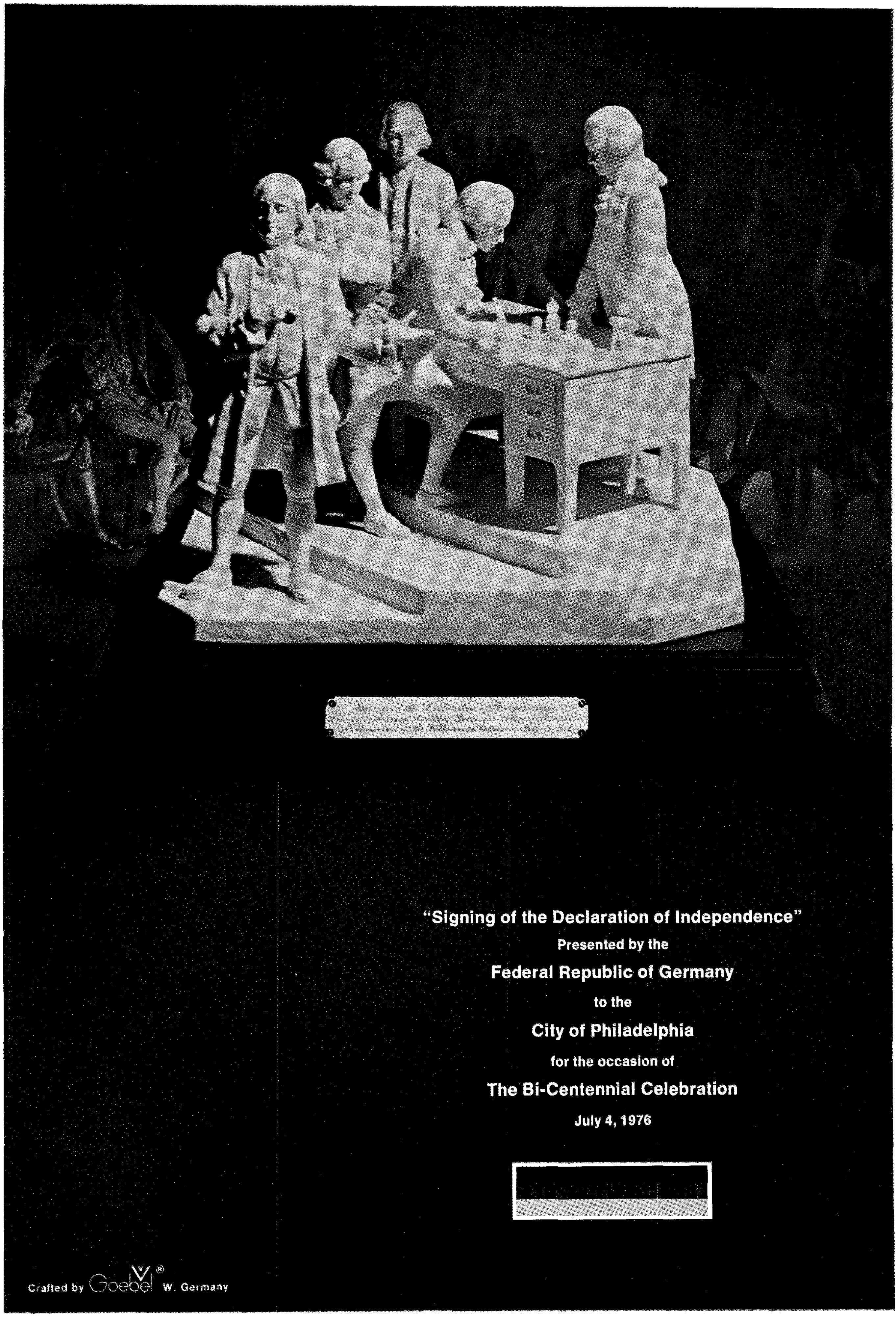

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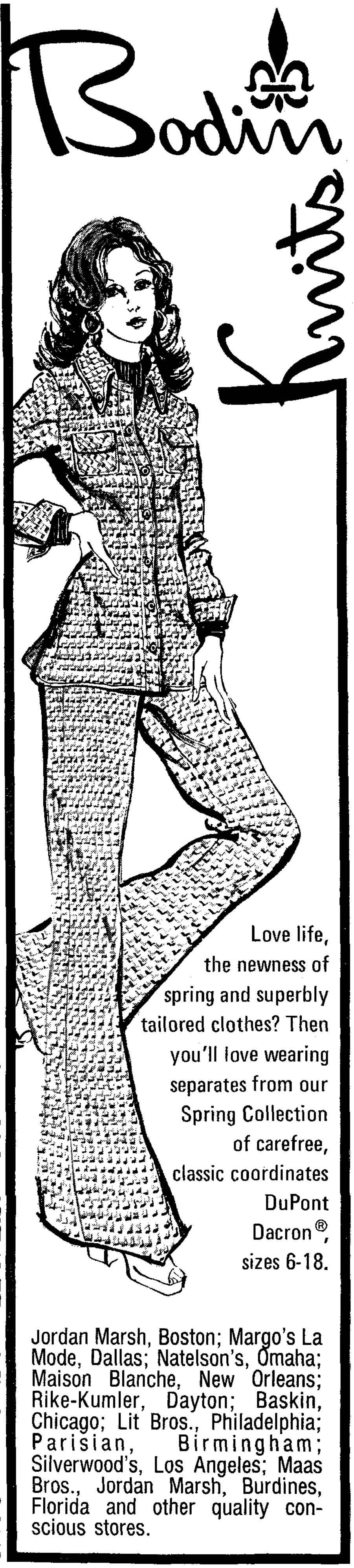
state as hierarchy and the nation as process. Only when classical societies collapsed into the almost universal poverty of a fragmented and ignorant Europe was the new technology born.

During the Middle Ages, and especially after the tenth century, a stream of anonymous inventions was clearing the way for the modern world. Someone designed an iron plow; unknown men uncovered the enriching possibilities of crop rotation. The forces of moving wind and moving water were captured by extended blades that turned wheels to perform various labors. Fabric and clothing accumulated more rapidly than ever before, owing to new looms and spinning wheels. Artisans contrived sophisticated methods of working and shaping ancient raw materials such as iron and glass. These and other inventions proved deeply subversive. For the feudal hierarchy was an agrarian order whose parts were linked by a barter economy. At every level, from serf to king, individuals were obliged to make payments in kind to those above and below them in the hierarchy. The serf paid in labor or in the produce of the fields that he worked, and received the right to farm the soil and to be protected from external violence. At higher levels, men were obliged to provide soldiers, horses, or equipment for war, or grain to replenish the treasuries of the kingdom. These obligations were intensely personal, running between man and man. For centuries, the concept of private ownership of land was vague or undefined, since each man's place in the hierarchy was contingent upon his fulfillment of his obligations. One held the land only as long as one performed one's role and acquitted one's duties. This hierarchy was a practical order for a chaotic society of severely limited resources. The land, the only source of wealth, had to be worked, and it produced little more than was needed to sustain life, prepare for inevitable violence, and provide varied tributes to God. Ordered social hierarchies seem characteristic of civilizations—from Egypt to the Incas—that depend largely on subsistence agriculture. What we might view as oppression was also security; within the strict framework could be found food, a place to exist, a community, and some small protection against an ungenerous, uncertain, and violent world.

The new technology did not assault the medieval social structure directly but, rather, began to modify the conditions on which it depended. New devices and techniques helped to increase production, creating wealth that was surplus to former necessities, and so making increased trade inevitable. A surplus of wealth must be translated into goods or the capacity for acquiring goods; the excess produce of the land becomes a larger home, better dinnerware, or a new pair of silver stirrups. The trader and many whose occupations touched commerce were separated from the land, and therefore from the elaborate structure of reciprocal obligations. Both their status and their occupations required the use of money. Their ties to producer and consumer were not personal but commercial, and to function effectively they concentrated their enterprise in trading centers, usually on caravan or water routes. All this required a new class, of neither lords nor serfs, neither landholders nor farmers, but people who were—much later—to become known as the bourgeois, or middle, class.

The new class and urban life developed together, but surplus wealth in the form of money began to corrode the medieval structure far beyond the ports and the centers of manufacture. As money took on independent value, personal obligations could be fulfilled through payment—cash instead of services, gold instead of horses and bowmen. Deeply personal ties, which had extruded the consciousness of the age, a mode of thought, and a structure of values and perceptions, metamorphosed into commercial bonds. You no longer owed yourself; you owed money. The spirit of commerce gradually infiltrated extensive regions of social life which had not received the benefits of increasing wealth; ascendant beliefs overtook those who were excluded from the new possibilities—who were still captive within feudal relationships. This invasion came armed with the powerful, liberating idea of value. Once obligations had value, once they could be priced, then the fact of payment overshadowed, and ultimately displaced, the identity of the debtor. The new kind of debt was impersonal, and even transferable. Lordship over the land was no longer one of the mingled strands in a web of personal obligations but something of calculable value whose earning, in part, could be used to pay taxes rather than homage. But value was not the thing itself. It implied exchange, and the power to exchange was ownership. The lord who held the land became the landowner. The earth was



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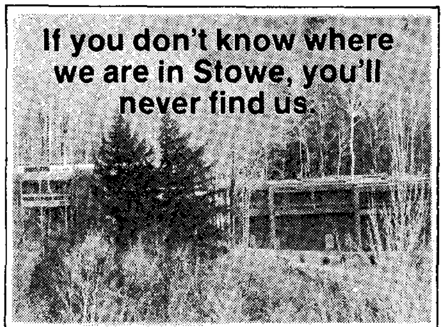
transmuted into capital, its produce into income, and income into goods—not only to maintain life but to bring comfort, pleasure, luxury, beauty. The powerful sought ownership in addition to power and, finally, as a source of added power. Since to own became the authority to exclude, most peasants were steadily denied their right to the land they worked or held in common. Inevitably, their expressions of discontent and their occasional rebellions were crushed. They were defending the past against the future.

The surplus of wealth and the evolution of new occupations expanded the possibility of survival outside the agrarian order. There were other ways to make a living, and perhaps—for the most ingenious and energetic—to escape from poverty, even to rise in importance and power. It was more than anything else money-and-bourgeoisie, inseparably linked, then and forever, that made possible, likely, and at last inevitable a growing individualism—a sense of the power of personality—which was fatally opposed to a hierarchy wherein man's consciousness was dominated by *what* he was rather than by *who* he was. For centuries, the values and the ideology of personal hierarchy uneasily coexisted with the new ways, in continually changing proportions. And never were the old feudal values more intensely proclaimed in art and public loyalty than when they began to go under. The change came late to England, but, as one would expect, it was conducted there with a high thoroughness. A standard history of that country explains, "In the medieval centuries land was used mainly to produce the means of livelihood for the people who lived upon it. . . . Then . . . English merchants began to look abroad for export opportunities. . . . Men began to invest money in lands in order to be able to grow crops for profit. They were no longer mainly interested in producing agricultural goods merely to make an agrarian economy self-sufficient. They wanted to make money." The new merchant-landlords evicted tenants and combined small holdings. They seized and enclosed open fields and the traditional "common land" surrounding a village. Communism yielded to capitalism. Because the Renaissance began in Italy, we associate it with that country, but it had a large and influential flowering in England after the Italian Renaissance had ended and Italy had fallen into the hands of foreign conquerors. Not only were the achievements of Shakespeare and Newton unsurpassed but those achievements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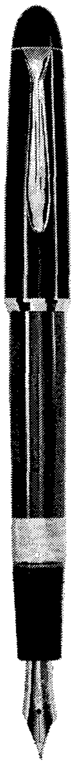

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more powerfully formed and reflected the modern temper than did those of their Continental predecessors. And England was to exceed all other nations in realizing the potential wealth and power of the new economy.

MODERN thought—the modern vision—took shape in the late Middle Ages and is today, as it was then, compounded of two major elements: mysticism and scientific reason. However different their premises, both mysticism and scientific reason are fatally opposed to social hierarchy and the authority that sustains it. Neither the mystic nor the man of scientific reason can permit any institution—any collective and historical authority—to mediate between him and the truth. God or the world is the revelation of his own experience, and what is revealed may stand in contradiction to the beliefs and perceptions of the entire race. The true philosophers, says Galileo, "fly, and . . . fly alone, like eagles, and not in flocks, like starlings." The medieval mystic and devout Christian Meister Eckhart wrote, "When a free mind is really disinterested, God is compelled to come into it. . . . The soul imbibing God turns into God as the drop becomes the ocean." To experience God directly is to experience uniquely, to contract the community of believers to oneself. The man of scientific reason who is led by logic or observation to contradict all received knowledge has nonetheless found the truth not for himself alone but for all men. In the early days of modern science, before men had contrived technical and mathematical language to mask the ambiguities behind scientific thought, the process of reason was more openly determined by experience. The most original astronomer of the Renaissance, Johannes Kepler, justified his advocacy of the Copernican system by saying, "Since I have attested it as true in my deepest soul, and since I contemplate its beauty with incredible and ravishing delight, I should also publicly defend it to my readers with all the force at my command."

Not because of their conclusions but because of how they reached them, mysticism and scientific reason participated in the slow dismemberment of the medieval order. They allowed one to approach knowledge of the truth through one's own experience, senses, and thought. The knowledge so attained was not simply a matter of preference. (That evasion did not appear until the modern decay.) It was reality—a description of the spiritual and material world. This manner of

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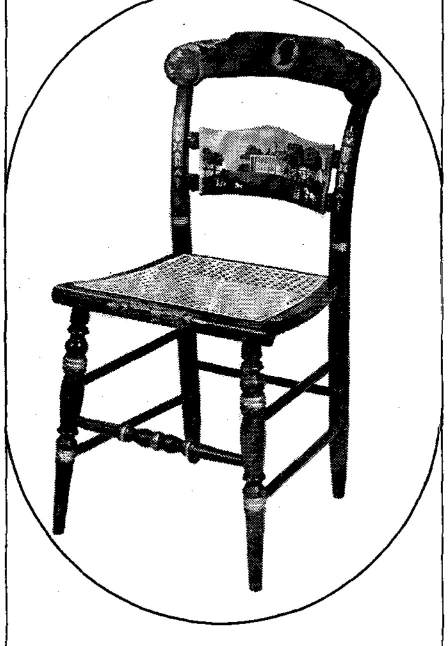
thought severed the single mind from a collective consciousness, a community of belief—indeed, was possible only to one already set apart. Man was separated *not merely from his contemporaries* but from the community of the past, whose laboriously constructed code of authority and belief had justified and illuminated human society. The constitution of the universe was opened for revision by anyone brilliant enough or blessed with a guiding inspiration. "I do not wish to be counted as an ignoramus and an ingrate toward Nature and toward God, for . . . they have given me my senses and my reason," wrote Galileo. "Why should I defer such great gifts to the errors of some man?" Omit the reference to God and the assertion carries the same force. Or why should the mystic, in direct communion with God or the infinite, defer to the authority of popes and conclaves, old philosophers and ancient scientists, or to another's interpretation of the Gospels, which finally had to mean to the authority of the Gospels themselves? Stripped of authoritative interpretation, the Bible becomes a document of convenience—a kind of Constitution perpetually awaiting new appointees to the Supreme Court.

Mystic and scientist steadily accumulated followers in the name of freedom, striking at an order and an authority newly felt to be oppressive. A new *truth was arising from a new reality*: from technology and commerce, value and money, exploration and ownership. That new truth materialized a new man. Malraux has said that the art of Renaissance Italy displayed "the honor of being a man." Yet preceding *centuries had not thought it* dishonorable to be a man. It was simply a fact, an aspect of existence—not the most important. The village of serfs was not merely a community of men and women who tilled the soil; the tilling of the soil also created the village of serfs. Men were their relationships with others, and they existed in—were defined by—their function. The self was bound to others by natural law to form units of existence linked with the infinite through space and time in an ordered process. All that men thought or believed could be contained by this same universal pattern, ultimately incomprehensible, approachable through faith alone—a pattern whose earthly manifestation was the hierarchy and authority of the social and spiritual order. All thought was in the service of this order, not as a consequence of coercion but as a matter of necessity. Thinking, believing, feeling man existed



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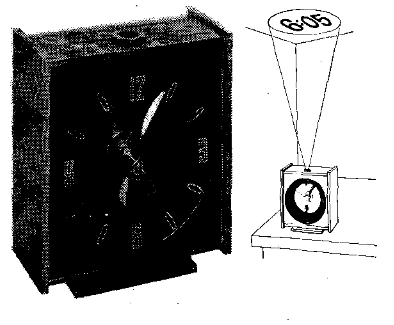

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only as a fragment of the pattern. How, then, could the brick defy the building, the thread abjure the fabric?

Did mysticism and scientific reason, the ideological tools of emerging individualism, lead to an enlargement of freedom? We cannot enter into the mind of medieval man and replicate his consciousness—that conception of one's existence, of what it is to be human, which bounds historical freedom. From within our own consciousness, the end of the feudal and divine orders must be viewed as liberating. And so it seemed to the men of the Renaissance. To them, the changing boundaries of thought were weapons against an authority that obstructed new forces of liberation—the rise of individualism, the growth of commerce, the dissolution of hierarchy, the defiance of supranational authority. The ice-out was at hand. The fissures of the world were one with the fissures of the mind. The men of the Renaissance could not foresee that shared existence, social man, might collapse into a fragmentation so complete that the isolated individual, man alone, would be driven to seek new authority, whose binding force would be more coercive because, lacking inward roots, it must be imposed.

The thought that helped to liberate men from the restraints of the medieval order also contained the possibilities of new enslavement. Because the mystic and the man of science devised truths not just for themselves but for all men, such truths, if they were joined to power, could be enforced on all. Once the constraints of tradition, received authority, and divinely ordained social institutions were dissolved, the potential for tyranny and enslavement was increased. Mysticism was more threatening than scientific reason. The conclusions of scientific reason, at least, were subject to analysis, criticism, and correction. What could not be challenged was the process of reason itself. Its truths might be disproved, but they could not be refuted by nonrational authority—by Scripture or the senses, the intuition or aesthetic urgencies. Technology, moreover, provided the belief-compelling miracles of scientific reason. It pumped riches from the earth, illuminated the night, carried men into the skies: it worked. This dazzling success was the key to power. The metamorphoses were ready: first, it works; then, if it works it must be true; and, finally, if it is true then it alone must be true.

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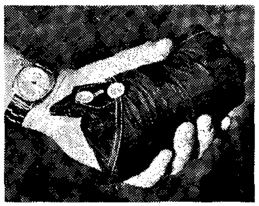

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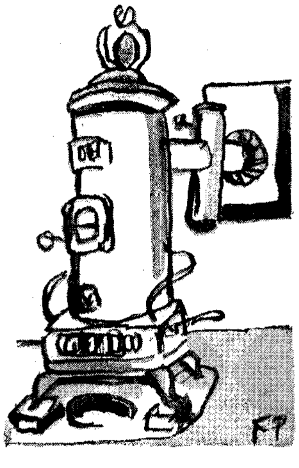
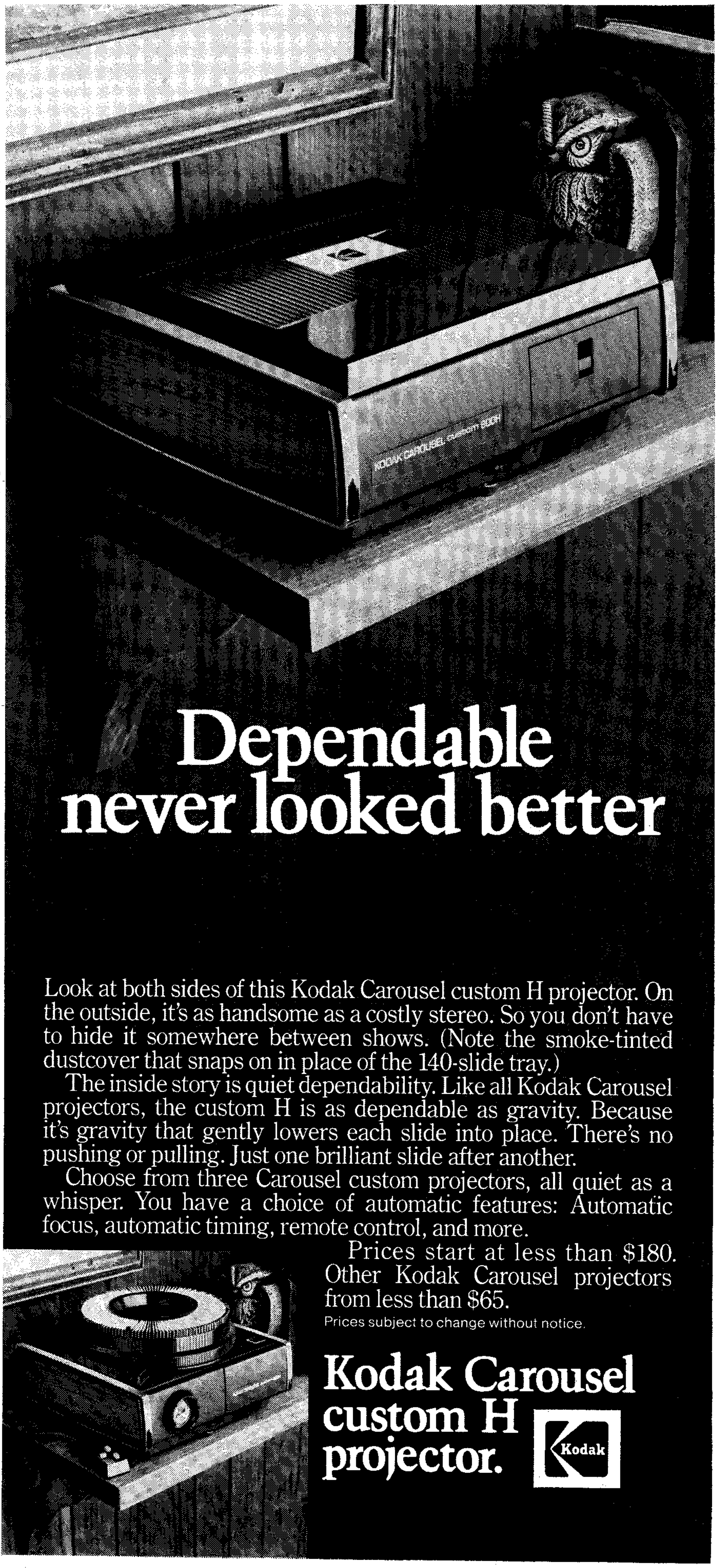
reason. A statement was valid not because of its content but because of the mental technique used to produce it. What we call scientific reason—the logical process of inferring conclusions from fact, observation, or assumption—is not the same as plain reason or rational thought or rational behavior, which means to come to terms with the world through use of the intellect. "Reason" in the latter sense can include motive, justification, cause, and excuse. Although values cannot be prescribed by scientific reason, they can be a product of rational thought. It may be rational to be a pacifist, love your neighbor, exercise compassion, and seek love, but *that it is so* can't be proved. Yet by the nineteenth century many believed that the whole of existence could be compacted within the framework of scientific reason. And some still believe this. The claims of scientific reason transcended history, asserting truths and a way toward truth which would be forever valid—a prerogative theretofore reserved for the Bible and its theological elaborators. Galileo's message was for all men. Every man, whatever his station or his scars, contains a spark of logic, an unextinguished ember of analysis. Scientific reason was necessary to the emerging age of individualism and mass desire. It expressed and justified the one and helped satisfy the other. Its simplest litanies evoked the common response and belief requisite for a successful creed. It provided the feelings of domination and control necessary to individuals severing life-defining bonds. To calculate was to rule; to understand was to exploit; knowledge was power. To reason about the world was to incorporate it within the mind.



Resistance to the emergence of science has sometimes been explained as a reluctance to admit that man did not hold the center of a finite universe—as a proud refusal to be reduced, a defense of mankind's collective ego. On the contrary, the pioneers of scientific reason sought not to diminish man but to glorify him. Their temper was exultant arrogance rather than humility. Man's position in the medieval cosmos was the counterpart of a material universe subordinate to spiritual powers. In the center of the world, the human creature toiled, encompassed by light-festooned spheres, his destiny controlled by a nameless power whose mysteries he might approach or worship but never question or fully comprehend. "We are owls attempting to see the sun," wrote Nicholas of Cusa, perhaps the greatest medieval mind. By the late Middle Ages, men had begun to look at the world around them with a vision lost since the end of classical civilization. Nature reappeared in art, poetry, and thought not as a symbolic abstraction of the divine but in concrete and vivid form, as bounty and challenge. During the Middle Ages, the natural world had existed as evidence of things not seen, as a diversion, or as a guide to the inward gaze. Now history's newly created ruler, man the individual, sought to impose his personality on that which, like him, had an existence that could be perceived. As a creature compounded of sense and skill, he could have no greater significance than the world he understood and used. That natural world, and no other, was the assurance of his own reality and power. The long transition from discovery to conquest to devastation had begun.

A builder who saw his cathedral as only a dim and transient translation of divine majesty could not think of himself as a great architect. Nor did Moses pride himself on his engineering ability when water flowed from the stone. Since men now wished, needed, were compelled to honor themselves, they must necessarily esteem their world and perceive it as concrete, sufficient reality—as "the real world." It was the Irish—the Celts—whose poetry first departed from the medieval vision of nature as symbolic abstraction. In their early rhythms the Homeric sea reappeared as "heavy waves over the glittering ocean." The significance of man and his personal world is the theme that links the paintings of Michelangelo, the inventions of Leonardo, the Portuguese explorations, Kepler's computations, and the man of La Mancha. To strip humanity of its focal position in an eternal symmetry and to place it on a tiny, circling globe carelessly lodged in endless space was not exile but liberation. It did not matter where man was situated if his brain could contain the universe. And if the universe was infinite there was no place beyond—no tangible home for a divine or satanic order. We could not be in transition to the infinite if it was already our home. Man was no longer fixed in time and space and possibility. Now he could think of himself as he wished, extend himself as he could. If the labor of individuals was what defined society, it followed that those of the highest talent were great men. In the Middle Ages, the often anonymous artist was important only as the vessel of a collective spirit. The onset of the Renaissance brought the modern idea of creative genius. The great talents of that age thought of themselves as geniuses, and we think of them that way, too, since our experience is bounded by the same consciousness: then new, now old; then beginning, now ending. In many respects, these first modern men have never been surpassed. Their advantage was to see the new world for the first time—ambiguous, amorphous, liquid, its extravagant substance latent with abundant forms.

A man abandoned at birth in a dark cave, reared by some benign spirit of the inner earth, emerging after twenty years—what is the sun to him? Painful fierceness and warmth, a lantern to ease his path and a disturber of his sleep, the eye of God and the fires of Hell, a distant beacon and an encroaching apocalypse? It is all these, until he knows what it is. Then it can never be the same. In those early days before traditional authority became aware that scientific reason wished not to win God's favor but, rather, to usurp His kingdom, the new spirit was openly confessed. Kepler, the first to describe the elliptical orbits of the planets, wrote exultantly of technology's all-time triumph: "O telescope, instrument of much knowledge, more precious than any sceptre! Is not he who holds thee in his hand made king and lord of the works of God?" The scientific mystic Giordano Bruno asserted that the denial of traditional cosmology "has given freedom to the human spirit and made its knowledge free." He explained, "It was suffocating in the close air of a narrow prison-house whence, but only through chinks, it gazed at the far-off stars. Its wings were clipped, so that it was unable to cleave the veiling clouds or reach the reality beyond." Freedom was not a blessing or a gift of grace but was within the reach of intellect and will. One who could announce the orbit of the earth might also extinguish the flaming sword. Galileo, the supreme technician-explorer of the Renaissance, discoverer not of one new world but of thousands, dispensed with metaphors about winged spirits and divine sceptres: "To apply oneself to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great inventions, starting from the smallest beginnings, and to judge that wonderful arts lie hidden behind trivial and childish things is not for ordinary mortals: these are concepts and ideas for superhuman souls."

The defiance and the human assertion contained in the origin of scientific reason help to explain why its progress has been companioned by mysticism—brother and enemy, reflection and shadow. Mysticism is a belief in realities that are beyond the reach of intellect or of normal perception but are accessible to the individual through a process of intuition, communion, or heightened experience. Mysticism and scientific reason not only have common origins but, in their purest form, contain dangerous possibilities, which have come to their most devastating realization in our own time. The ideological background of that devastation was analyzed by the Nobel laureate Werner Heisenberg, who was the director of Hitler's uranium project, with what would have been irony equal to the best of Swift or Beckett if he had not been sincere. He records his remarks to a scientific colleague as the two men emerged from an air-raid shelter at the end of an Allied bombing attack and began the long walk from Berlin's Potsdamer Platz to suburban Dahlem: "Perhaps we Germans, of all people, have a special part to play in this area [science] precisely because the absolute exerts so strange a fascination on us. . . . If Germany has made scientific or artistic contributions that have changed the world—we have only to think of Hegel and Marx, of Planck and Einstein, of Beethoven and Schubert—then it was thanks to this love of the absolute, thanks to the pursuit of principles to their ultimate consequences." Suddenly, Heisenberg's reflections were interrupted, because "as I was speaking, my right shoe had caught fire again, and it took me quite some time to scrape off all the phosphorus." One of the creators of modern physics, the truth at his feet, love of the absolute sputtering and smoking only a sole's width from his own body.

The increasing and increasingly justified apprehension that scientific reason had destroyed forms of order which it could not replace opened new frontiers for mysticism. Some forms of secular mysticism are relatively benign—humanism of all sizes and shapes, organic gardening, Reverence for Life. But other manifestations of secular mysticism contain unparalleled possibilities for repression and control. Earlier leaders—popes, priests, and kings—had

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been compelled to justify their deeds as obedience to a divine will and a divine nature set forth in holy books, and to act within some large and complicated institution. They were constitutional dictators. And even though human ingenuity was capable of outrageous constructions, the divine constitution was a restraint (as our own Constitution, despite vast changes of meaning, has given us a great deal of protection against the willful use of power). At the very least, to flout the general understanding was to increase the danger of rebellion. No pope, for example, could use the Church for purely personal ends, disregarding the prerogatives of cardinals and conclaves, without endangering the foundation of his own power. Once divine authority was displaced, many of these restraints disappeared. New creeds could establish their own morality, their own goals, and their own institutions. If religion had been the opiate of the people, nonreligious mysticism became their locoweed. Moreover, modern mysticisms, such as imperialism, racism, and national destiny, were able to strengthen their hold by incorporating elements of the scientific faith. If a revelation claimed scientific support, it was doubly true; for example, the "demonstrations" of Nordic or Teutonic supremacy. In this way, too, was scientific Marxism blended with Russian destiny.

The alliance of mysticism and science also took more subtle forms that were very effective. Given the mystical end to be gained—maintaining the British Empire, say, or defending freedom, or advancing American self-interest—scientific reason could be used to prove that certain policies and actions were required. The rational pursuit of a mystical idea is not rational, however, and if it is carried far enough, it loses whatever reason it once claimed. The war in Vietnam is an instructive example. The war began as the rational pursuit of an unexamined—that is, mystical—premise: It was in our national interest to help any government threatened by any group that was known or believed to think of itself as Communist. Why? Because. This idea seemed to be but was not related to an entirely different policy—that of containing Russia and China. We can see the lack of relationship between the two in the absence of any felt necessity to demonstrate that a Communist government in Guatemala or Cuba or Indo-China would in fact increase the Soviet or the Chinese reach. There was almost no important debate over precisely this issue. In retrospect, none could rea-

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sonably have been expected—just as one would not have expected Winston Churchill to compare the economic benefits of maintaining the Empire with its cost, or as one would not expect a priest to submit a Communion wafer for laboratory analysis.

The policy in Vietnam was "given;" that is, it conformed to a reality that was apprehended neither by logic nor by the senses. Thus, it conformed to the definition of mysticism. At some point, probably late in 1965 or during 1966, our acts in Vietnam exceeded even their own internal logic. The rational superstructure crumbled, and then the conduct of the war became the irrational pursuit of a mystical idea. Confronted by the fact that military victory in the classic sense was impossible—and our leaders even admitted the fact (Why not? What difference did it make?)—we stepped up the fighting. Knowing that South Vietnam could survive as a stable society only under a politically skilled and broadly based government, we installed corrupt military dictators and helped them to suppress and destroy all the vital political forces of the country. Once faced with the inevitability of our withdrawal, we widened the conflict to include Laos and Cambodia, and so made it likely that our departure would result in the total collapse of three countries rather than one: if it was necessary in order to prove the theory, we would set the dominoes up ourselves. As the war took such an enormous toll of the American spirit and America's economic well-being that no rational process could conceive of an outcome that would be of greater benefit to America than a withdrawal, we still kept on.

The advocates and leaders of the war were undergoing a classic mystical experience. The war for Vietnam was the war for America. South Vietnam *was* America. All the rest—domestic turbulence, economic decline, the decay of shared social purposes—was an incidental annoyance, or a subversive obstacle to the pursuit of a compelling destiny across the Pacific. And then, just as it seemed that we had reached the outer limits of imagination, the story soared into a further fantasy. The chambers of power-clutched debated the chambers of power-longed-for over the time and method of surrender. The great question of world policy became: How many more people should be killed before we release Indo-China to its inhabitants? How high a price should we pay for their victory? To future historians, the war

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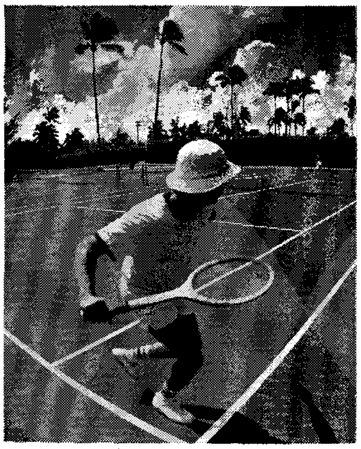

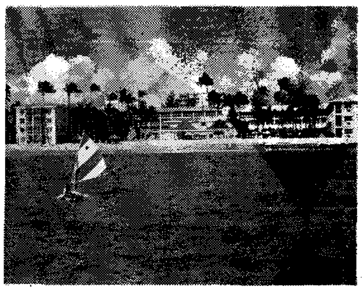

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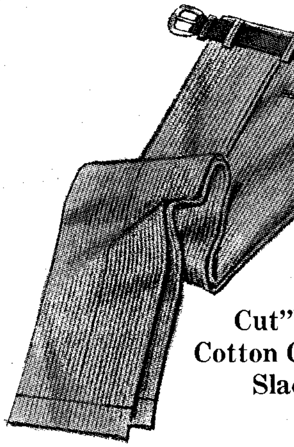

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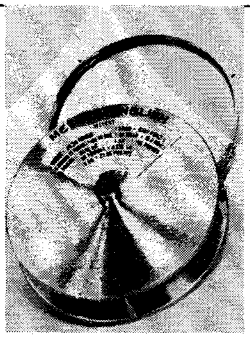

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in Vietnam will probably seem to have signalled the transformation of the second American century as the Civil War did of the first—symbolizing, accompanying, and evoking shifts in the substructure of society. It is discussed here as an illustration of one way in which reason can become unreason, step by logical step. Just as scientific reason and mysticism originate from a common impulse, so they can finally merge, not in a blending of two distinct substances to produce a third but in a biological mating whose outcome is determined by the dominant genes—the mystical ones. This transformation into mysticism is latent in the process of scientific reason itself. Wherever it expands its claim of authority to include the social process, and is then carried to its "logical" conclusion, scientific reason becomes a form of secular mysticism. We have given the offspring of these unlikely parents a special name—ideology.

The ordered universe of Newton, a system of causal forces and obedient objects, was in harmony with the emerging age of reason and industry, and with a growing confidence in man's capacity for organizing his society. Our own time has shattered the social foundations of Newtonian thought. Like all the other elements of modern culture, the new science—the universe of quanta and space-time, of relativity and uncertainty—has come to mirror the temper and the conditions of the age, and has done so not because reason led but because history commanded. Even within its own proper limits, scientific reason cannot surmount the inability of the human intellect to transcend itself. "That . . . which is not a circle cannot be the measure of a circle," wrote Nicholas of Cusa at the beginning of the fifteenth century. "Similarly, our intellect, which is not the truth, can never grasp the truth with . . . precision." Such reasonable humility obstructed the search for truth through science. It limited men to the exercise of uncertain and subordinate talents. It was therefore rejected by the new age of limitless ambition. Two centuries later, Galileo argued that since God had given us senses, reason, and intellect, "He would not require us to deny sense and reason in physical matters which are set before our eyes and minds by direct experience or necessary [i.e., mathematical] demonstrations." This was not an exhortation to believe in the senses but an assertion that the conclusions of scientific reason were the truth—final and precise. "This grand

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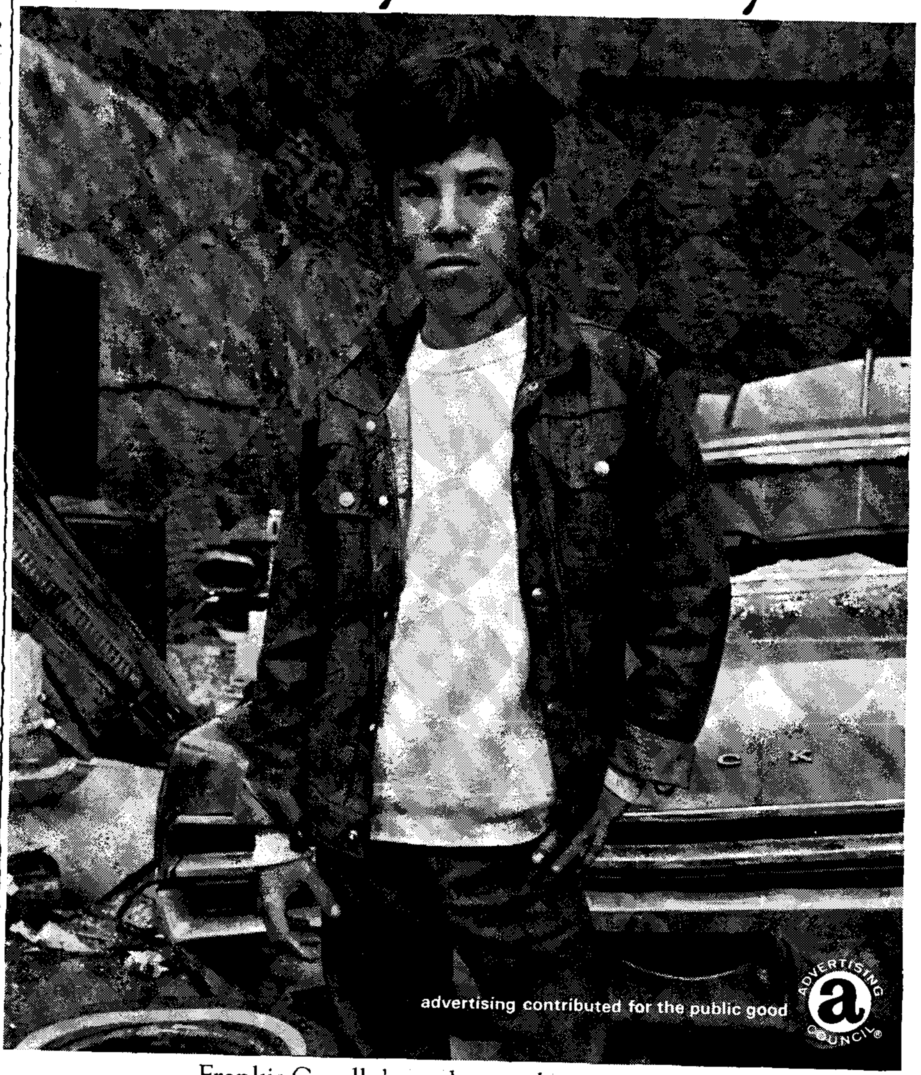
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book"—the universe—"is written in the language of mathematics," Galileo said. The entire history of scientific inquiry from the Renaissance until today has rested on this assumption.

The belief that created scientific reason is itself an assertion of hopeful faith—a mystical premise. True or not, it has been useful for our purposes. That is, it has worked. It has given us theories that make it possible to fit a great number of observed events into a few categories, and, most important of all, it has yielded an extraordinary technology. It is the discovery that launched eight million automobiles and burned the cities of the Orient. The utility of science has obscured its mystical foundation. Once the screen of tangible achievement is removed—that is, once scientific reason is applied to human affairs—that mystical foundation is revealed. Ultimately, it is results that distinguish scientific reason from mysticism—that keep it, indeed, from being pure mysticism. Which is what it is, and must be, when it is applied to society.

An examination of the ways in which we think and the objects of our perception is not just intellectual history but a glimpse of the nature of society. Dominant ways of thought, such as mysticism and scientific reason, are part of the social reality they serve. Our consciousness as it is displayed in our culture tells us of the material world that sustains it. By the nineteenth century, the productive forces and the technological vision had taken on new and formidable dimensions. Business and industry were ready to complete their conquest of landed property and, finally, of the entire social process. The companion ideologies of scientific reason and mysticism were more and more in the ascendancy. The domination of individualism was hugely accelerated. Soon, men would begin to talk about "mass man," "the public," "the mob." The period was also—and consistently—one of growing political and civil liberty. The fact that social relationships or values conform to the needs of material structure is not of itself a condemnation; we can believe in the goodness of St. Francis whatever our view of the medieval structure that produced him. Moreover, the productive forces of the nineteenth century were to make a huge contribution to the possibilities of freedom by reducing the barrier of material necessity.

The consequences of individualism were increasingly perceived not as liberation but as a source of fragmenting decay in the possibilities of human existence. Around the middle of the century, Kierkegaard wrote, "The individual no longer belongs to God, to himself, to his beloved, to his art, or to his science." The Age of Reason had ended. This historical condition was also expressed by thinkers and artists—men such as Kant and Tolstoy—who sought to affirm some form of shared existence as a support for moral authority. Discussing Hindu mysticism, Schopenhauer wrote that the good man "perceives that the distinction between himself and others . . . belongs only to a fleeting, deceptive phenomenon." And he continued, "He recognizes immediately, and *without reasons or arguments* [the italics are mine], that the in-itself of his own phenomenon is also that of others. . . . In fact, he recognizes that this extends even to the animals and to the whole of nature; he will therefore not cause suffering even to an animal." The modern response is that of the seventy-year-old protagonist of Saul Bellow's "Mr. Sammler's Planet," who relates that "Tolstoy says you don't kill another human being with whom you have exchanged . . . a look." He is asked by his listener if he agrees with Tolstoy. "I sympathize deeply," he answers. "I sympathize sadly. When men of genius think about humankind, they are almost forced to believe in this form of psychic unity. I wish it were so."

Like other nineteenth-century thinkers, Karl Marx saw that the establishment of a fulfilling existence—his "realm of freedom"—was possible only within a community. The community that was the goal of Communism could be established only by the destruction of those "relations of production"—the phrase Marx used as a description of the economic process—which were the source of oppression. The destruction required a revolutionary class, but it also depended upon the assumption that the productive forces of industrialism were approaching—or, in some countries, had reached—the limits of their potential growth. At that point, internal decay would begin, weakening the ruling structures and making successful revolution possible. Marx wrote of capital that "as soon as it begins to feel and to be aware that it is itself an obstacle to development, it takes refuge in forms that, although they appear to complete the mastery of capital, are at the same time, by curbing free competition, the heralds of its dissolution, and of the dis-

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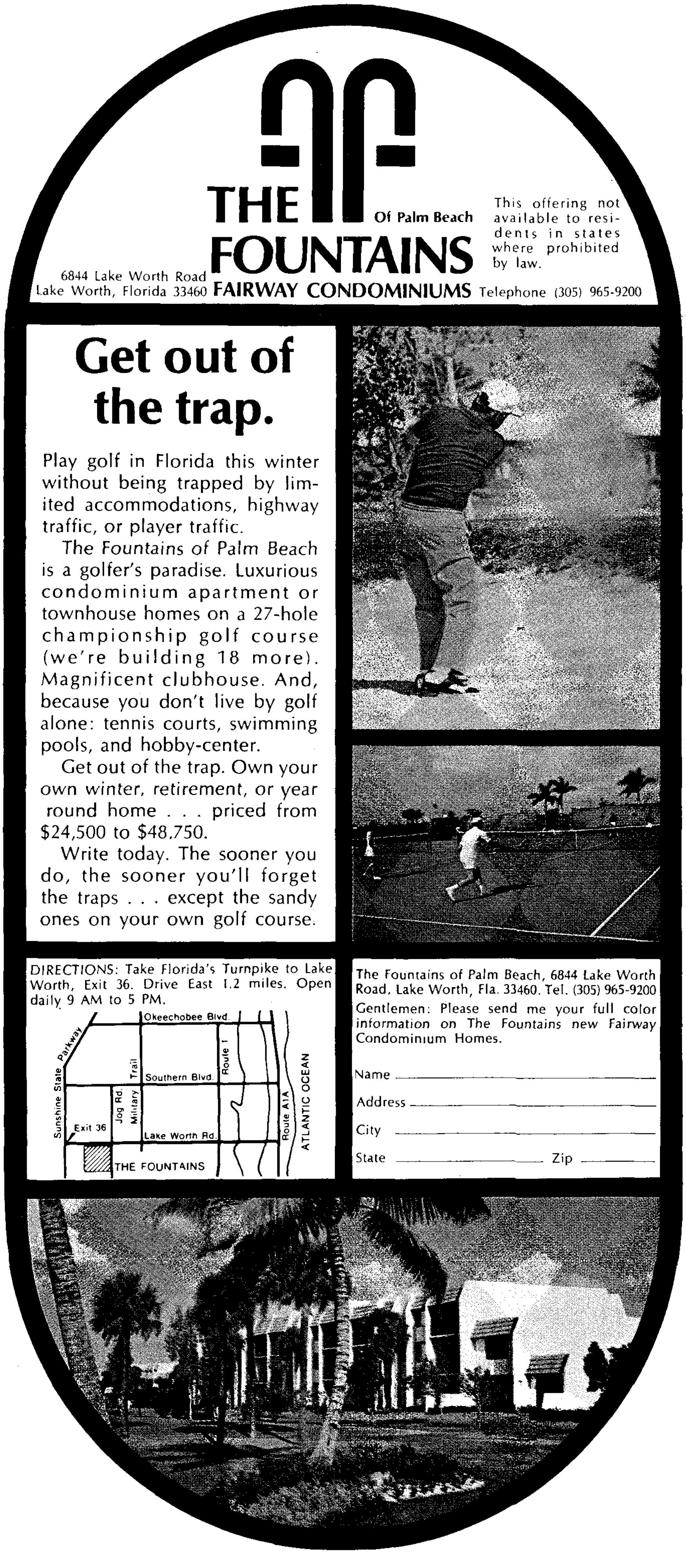
solution of the means of production which are based on it."

Marx's complicated analysis of capitalist weakness has been among the most controversial and widely debated aspects of his work. That exegesis is now largely of historical interest, for the capitalism of the nineteenth century which Marx described has been supplanted by new "relations of production." Indeed, historical capitalism did decline, and, in many respects, as he expected it to—through, for example, "curbing free competition." It is also true that (although these are not terms Marx would have used) whenever any important social process loses its dynamic quality—is not growing or adapting to changed realities—its power is in danger. In retrospect, however, we can see that Marx underestimated the productive potential of the industrial relationships of his time. German economic development, for example, moved ahead swiftly after 1860, and the Junker ruling class came to govern in the interests of the industrial and business bourgeois. Around the same time, the United States was just on the edge of its own industrial development. It was not until after the First World War that capitalist decline and collapse began to be manifest. By that time, the process of social dissolution was so far advanced that the cohesion—the sense of shared purpose—that might have led to the creation of a revolutionary class was unattainable. The isolation of the individual had stripped him of much of his power over social existence. (In fact, in the century since Marx the consciousness of social existence has been so nearly obliterated in the West that the ancient tradition of utopian construction has disappeared, and the word "utopia" has come to connote hopelessly fanciful and millennial imaginings rather than an inquiry into the worthiest goals of human striving. For example, if we perceive Plato's ideal state as an authoritarian monstrosity, it is not because our understanding has been enlarged but because our consciousness has been diminished.) The collapse of the sources of alienation—in this case, the economic relationships of capitalism—did not, by itself, liberate the individual from alienation.

The development of capitalist productive forces had destroyed the conditions for the establishment of Communist society. (Marxism as a historical reality has been successful only in countries where those productive forces have not fully developed.) In many countries, the choice appeared to be between chaos and order, rather than between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forms or goals of order, and there the consequence was frequently the establishment of totalitarian rule. In the United States, however, new forms of social authority were constructed with a minimum of internal turmoil and within the framework of democratic government. We had the advantage of a unique historical context and different political and cultural traditions. (Marx affirmed that the character of British life made possible the peaceful overthrow of capitalism in that country.) We had entered the industrial period later than the nations of Central Europe, and without the hampering vestiges of feudal existence. The productive forces retained more of their dynamic qualities, and we were better prepared to reshape economic relationships. The Second World War resolved the clash between the two forms of response.

A FRIEND reported that when Karl Marx saw an electric locomotive on exhibit in mid-nineteenth-century London, he said, "Now the problem is solved—the consequences are indefinable. In the wake of the economic revolution the political must necessarily follow." In 1867, two years after the Civil War, which marked America's transition from agrarianism to industrialization, he wrote, "Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. . . . The knell of capitalist private property sounds." However, when capitalism did come to an end, the consequence was not the Communism that would bring "the positive abolition of private property, of human self-alienation, and, thus, the real appropriation of human nature, through and for man . . . the definitive resolution of the antagonism between man and Nature, and between man and man." For Marx was also right about the locomotive. It signalled and symbolized an economic revolution—the birth of a technology so dislocating that it sundered labor into unforeseen divisions, creating new "relations of production," classes, and interests.

Marx always contended that technology—man's tools—was at the foundation of economic structure. (There is some debate over whether Marx thought that technology was the foundation or one of its elements. The issue no longer arises in that form.) And, indeed, it was the new technology that kept the increasingly centralized means of production from collapsing; that

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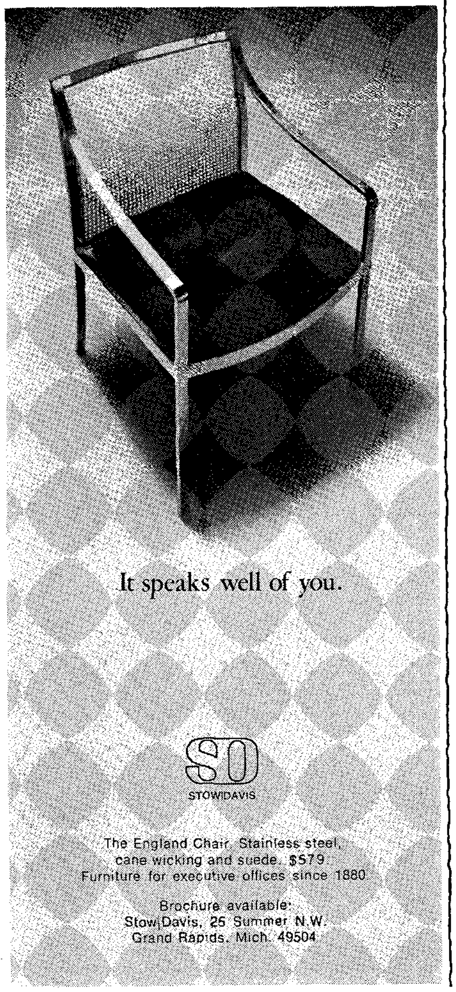

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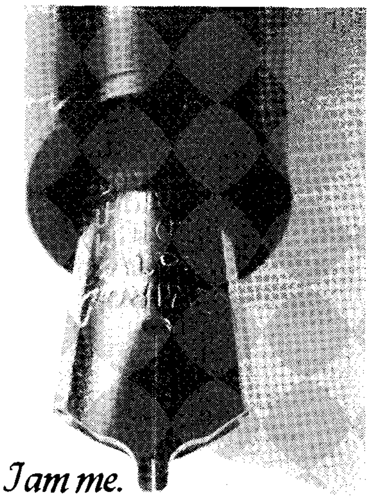
permitted socialized labor to assert an interest distinct from the general welfare; *that separated private power from* general ownership; and that, in creating the modern bureaucratic economy, intensified human alienation. The engines of postwar growth were technological development joined with mass consumption. The technological development thrust aside or bypassed traditional limitations upon resources and productive capacity, and extended the reach and speed of economic transaction; and these technological advances were stimulated and made economic by mass consumption. One does not computerize the production of goods for a handful of the wealthy, or establish a nationwide television network for only five per cent of the population. It is *now* widely recognized that consumption is the foundation of prosperity (or, at least, of higher numbers for the Gross National Product), of income, of taxes, and, if more ambiguously, of employment. However, the prodigious bureaucracies that dominate our present economy did not create these new productive forces. The bureaucracies were consequence more than cause. As the beneficiaries of postwar growth, they were probably inevitable, but they were not essential. No theory of economic efficiency dictates that the needs and demands of an expanding national market can be met most productively by three automobile companies, one computer company, a single telephone corporation, and a handful of jumbo enterprises crowding the other precincts. The modern transaction economy can be served only by sizable organizations, but the extent of the current consolidation exorbitantly exceeds that need. The once fashionable argument about the economies of scale is so obviously unreasonable that it is now rarely voiced. Indeed, some of the largest companies have found it necessary to divide and decentralize their own operations in order to retain some degree of management efficiency and control. Although consolidation was not the catalyst of postwar plenty, it had similar origins in the mature and weakening capitalist structure. The inclination—the almost irresistible impulse—toward concentrations of capital has been observed and admitted, and its consequences debated, since early in the industrial age. Adam Smith, Marx, and Lord Keynes analyzed it from their own platforms, and Lenin and Roosevelt tried different solutions to the problems it created. The new mass-consumption economy fuelled this inherited process with an ever-waxing



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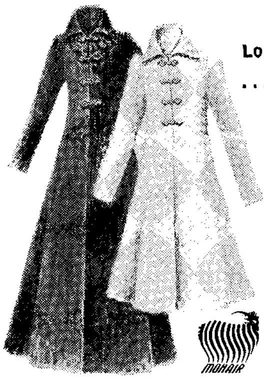

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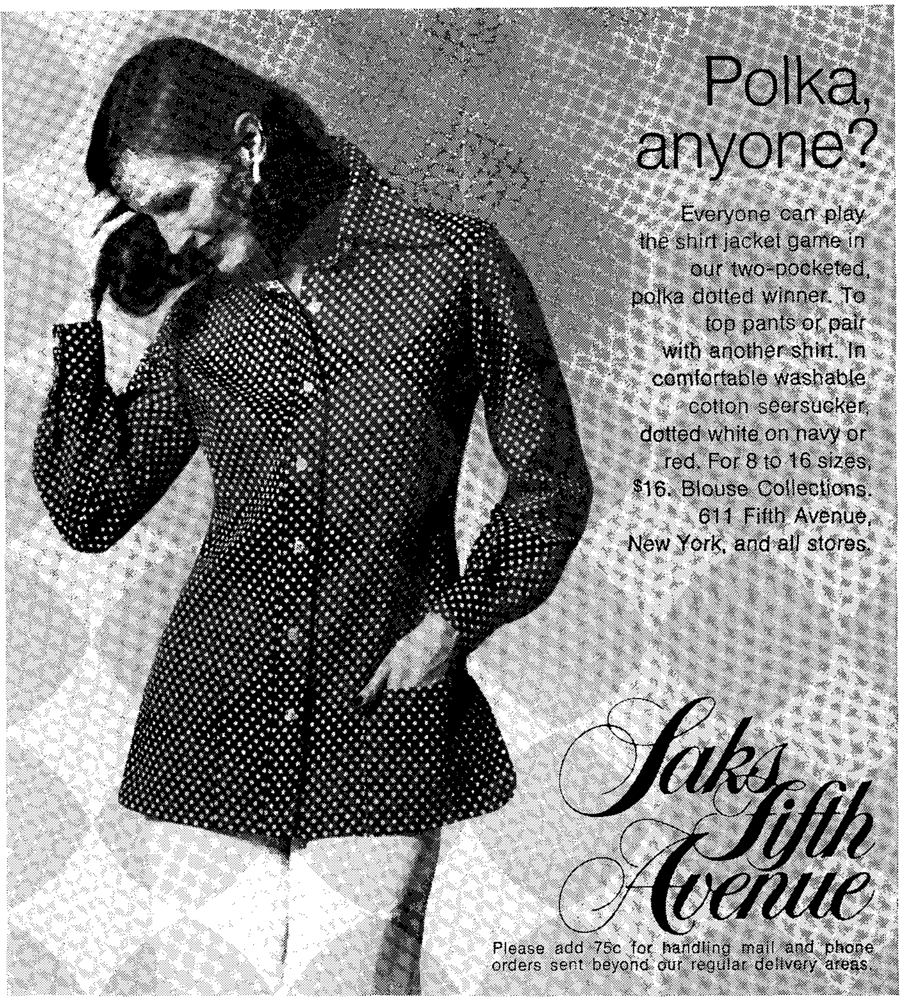
The coercive authority of that bureaucracy is sustained by the social dissolution that has deprived men of the authority to order their own affairs. Some historical societies contained strong elements of both individualism and hierarchy. The incomplete records of Periclean Greece, Renaissance Italy, Elizabethan England, and Revolutionary America show peoples conscious both of individual powers and of participation in an organic community. We citizens of the advanced-industrial, space-age West do not inhabit such a time of relative symmetry and compensation. We live under the domination



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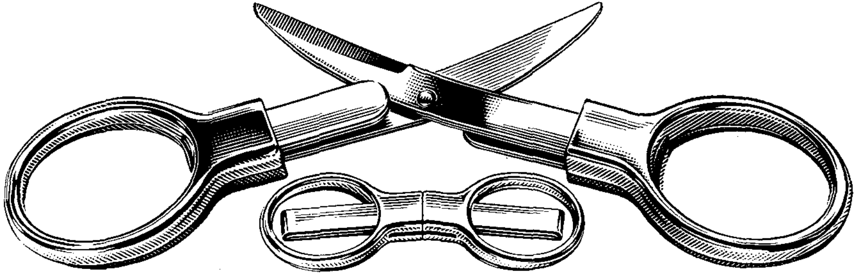

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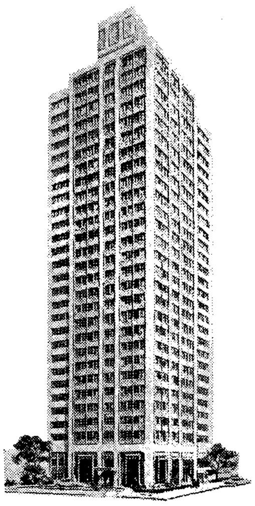

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of an individualism whose conquest has been so thorough that it has torn the thread of individual life from the fabric of humanity: we have been sundered from the wholes that gave us life. And it is far from certain that the process is at an end. For the ideology of individualism is so powerful that we still look on bonds as restraints; on values as opinions or prejudices; on customs as impositions. The remaining structures of shared existence—the ties that make it possible for people to live with and through, and not merely alongside, one another—are assaulted as unjust obstacles in the way of liberty, as impediments to the free assertion of the self. The new consciousness through which the Renaissance attacked the injustices, the stagnation, and the material misery of the Middle Ages now, inevitably, suffocates human freedom.

—RICHARD N. GOODWIN

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Arnett* (*Okla.*) *Ellis County Capital*]

RON MILLERS MAKE TRIP TO EURIPE

Ron and Pat Miller have just returned from a 10 days trip to Paris, France and Berlin, Germany. In Paris they toured King Louis Palace in Versailles. This was quite a lifetime to live.

Then Louis 15th, enjoyed it, and Louis 16 paid for it. They had lunch on the Eiffel Tower and Ron said from the top of the tower 1,000 feet. The people looked like ants on the ground and last but not least the ants on the ground. They toured Notre Dame and Napoleaon's tomb. Last but not least, they visited the Maulin Rouge.

While in Berlin, they visited Potsdam in East Germany and the Brandenburg Gate. One day, they entered East Berlin through Checkpoint Charley, for a tour of East Berlin which was very depressing.

They left Oklahoma City via jet for Paris on Oct. 30th. This trip was made possible through Chevrolet for winning dealers throughout the United State States.

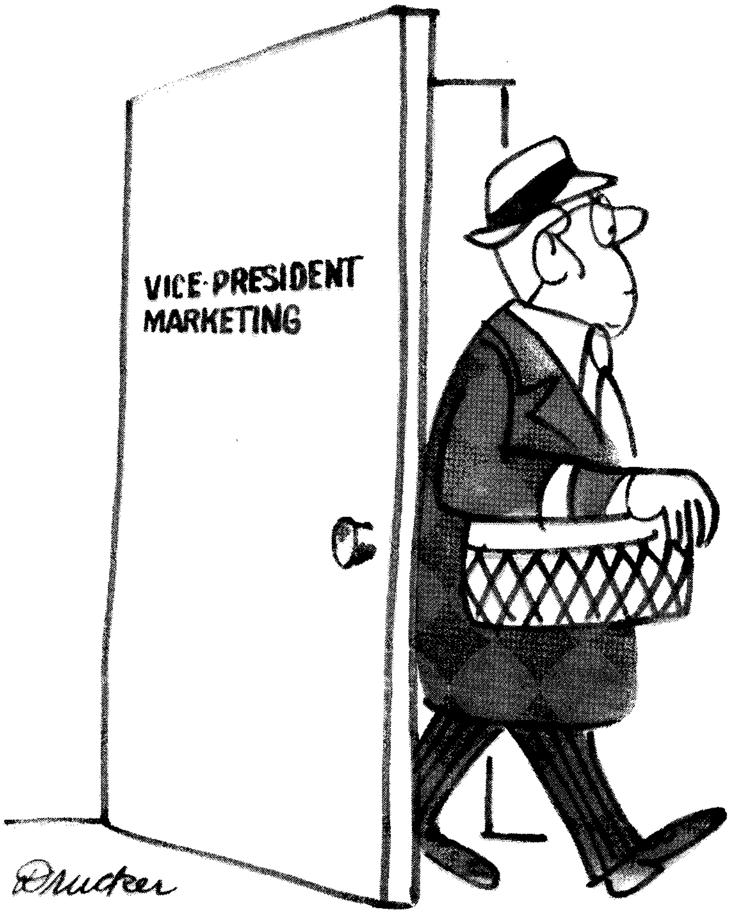
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE set for the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Richard II," which starts off a season of British theatre at the Brooklyn Academy, consists most importantly of a pair of thin stairways (so narrow that they look like escalators), one at each side of the stage, and, between them, a platform that rises and falls with the action. The action, from beginning to end, is highly stylized—at times almost ritualistic—and symbols abound. At the beginning, the whole cast enters; the two leading actors stand before a golden cruciform statue of a king, holding a large folio between them; somebody steps forward and picks one to play Richard and the other Bolingbroke; the two actors beam at each other; there is a "Long live the King!" from everybody onstage; Richard gets into step with Shakespeare with "Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster"—and we're off. The most remarkable aspect of this production is its absolute clarity. Every word rings sharp and clear, and for once in a Shakespeare history, we understand the historical background of the play and the facts of history—the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, for example—that shape the events within it. Two major themes are set forth in performance, the first being politics and rebellion, the loss and gain of power, and the sacrilege of deposing a king, and the other the role of kingship itself (the private man hidden within the public one), which is analogous to that of the actor. This role of kingship is stressed even when it means borrowing from "Henry IV, Part Two." It is certainly startling to hear Bolingbroke, before we have become accustomed to him as Henry, confiding that he has trouble sleeping, and that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," as if "Richard II" alone could not drive home the lesson the director has in mind.

The director is John Barton, and this is very much—too much—his show. Shakespeare's plays are so rich and untidy (and undidactic) that something has to be skimped in every production. Here, it is complexity of character and emotion (which is what I happen to value most) and, along with this, excitement and vitality and the wonderful illusion of freedom on a stage. The Royal Shakespeare Company is a troupe of fine, eloquent, highly trained actors, so accomplished they can turn on a dime, and capable, as they indicate time after time, of every subtlety of technique. Yet they never appear for a moment to be set free—to discover the characters they are assigned or to behave impulsively. Also, the production is too cluttered and hemmed in by visual and aural effects—masks and stilts and echo chambers—for what occasionally appears to be no purpose at all, and what occasionally appears to be all too obvious a purpose. (The frame of the broken looking glass that Richard wears after he has been deposed may well be meant to represent the "hollow crown," although it rounds his neck instead of his mortal temples.) As you must know by now, Ian Richardson and Richard Pasco, as the two leads, switch roles from performance to performance. On opening night, Mr. R. played the posturing, squeamish King and Mr. P. the brusque, tormented Bolingbroke. Both were admirable, but both left me untouched, except for the fresh and beautiful way in which they spoke their beautiful lines. Admirable, too, are Tony Church, as John of Gaunt; Clement McCallin, as the Earl of Northumberland; Janet Chappell, as Richard's pathetic queen; and, above all, Sebastian Shaw, as the fussbudget Duke of York, left in charge of England in revolt, with the King away in Ireland, and faced with decisions, decisions, decisions.

THE action of "Barbary Shore" (at the Public), which Jack Gelber adapted from Norman Mailer's novel of the same title, is set in a rooming house in Brooklyn, presumably back in the fifties. The best of the play, such as it is, is its atmosphere of time—the McCarthy era—and place. At the rooming house are a young writer (and stand-in for Mailer/Gelber); an older man with a heavy brogue, who, we soon learn, was once a revolutionary and is now a window dresser at Abraham & Straus; an extremely talky and nosy fellow who claims to work for a large "organization;" and the landlady, a pretty, sexy, aging woman called Guinevere, who is both tease and wanton. Since "Barbary Shore" is as much a melodramatic thriller as it is anything, I see no point in going into the plot or spoiling what surprises there are, except to say that the first act—which is concerned with who everybody is, and what everybody is up to, and who the landlady is sleeping with, and what is going on—is constantly absorbing, but that the second and third acts, which are mostly concerned with an inquisition of the older man by the nosy one (the "organization" could be the F.B.I. or the C.I.A.),



lack dramatic strength and conviction. Although the ideological content of the older man's speeches may well be interesting on the printed page, the play just seeps away. Line by line, one is always aware there is a writer aboard, but if there is truly a play here I couldn't find it, in spite of my unshakable confidence in Jack Gelber.

The production, under Mr. Gelber's direction, is so expert and ingenious (as is often the case with productions at the Public) that it tends to take one's mind off the leaky vessel. The mood, slowly darkening, is subtly controlled (the first-act curtain—figuratively, for there is no curtain—is a pip), and the actors do well. Rip Torn is very strong as the old revolutionary. (He often looks and sounds like Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer" and in the television production of "Long Day's Journey.") As the garrulous, menacing questioner, Lane Smith uses a flamboyant style that I do not happen to care for much, but it is effective all the same. As the landlady, sexually unsatisfied and at loose ends emotionally, Estelle Parsons also lets us see the innocence of this woman who belongs nowhere and has no place to go. Lenny Baker, as the writer, always present at other people's colloquies and crises (often for no discernible reason), and forced by the nature of his role to spend much of his time just watching and listening and reacting, plays with simplicity and truthfulness. David Mitchell designed the setting and Roger Morgan the lighting. Both are excellent.

—EDITH OLIVER

* * *

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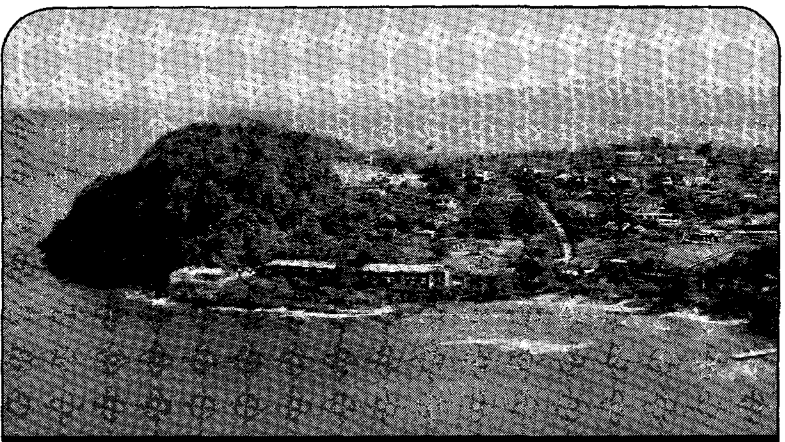

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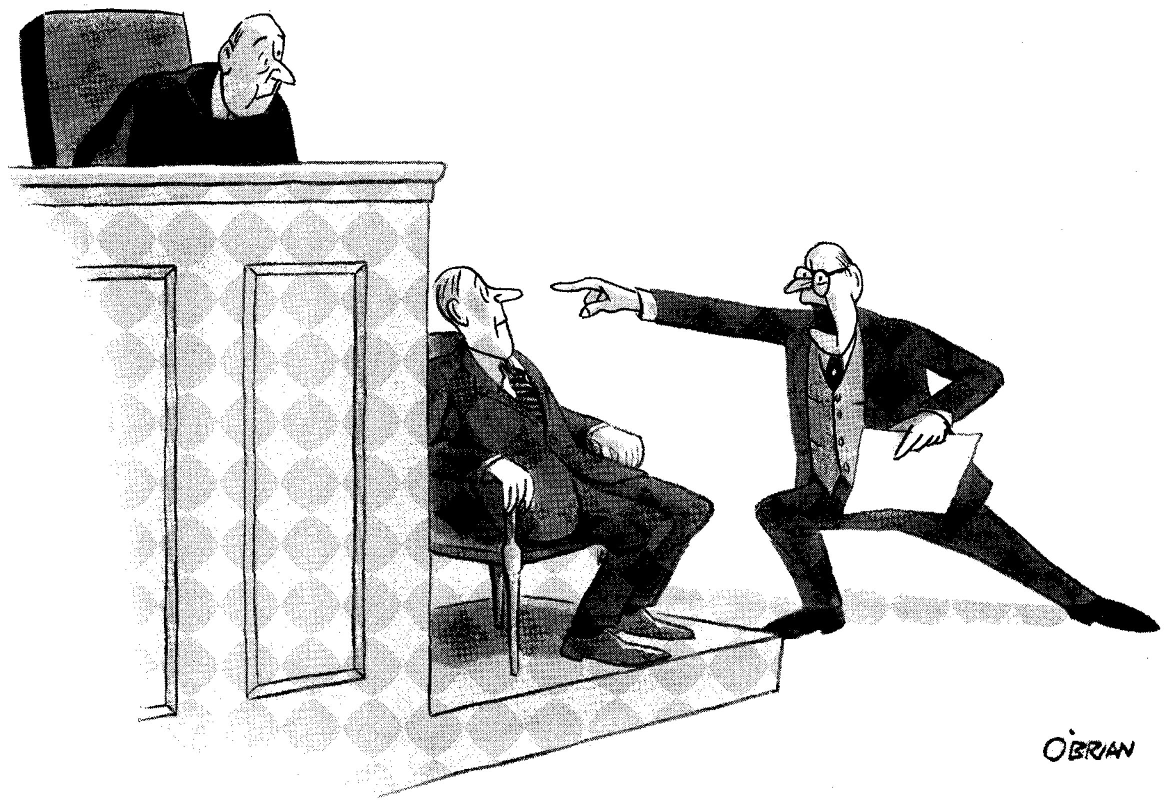
DANCING

Sweetmeats

EXCEPT for the extraordinarily pretty costumes worn by some of the party guests in Act I, nothing new was added to the New York City Ballet's production of "The Nutcracker" this season. There were no débuts in any of the major roles, and no curious events such as Balanchine likes to stage from time to time—his addition last year of white mice to the corps of gray ones in the battle with the toy soldiers, for example, or his rearrangement the year before last of the scene in which the court of the Sugar Plum Fairy masses onstage to greet the children sailing up in their boat. There weren't any white mice this year, but Rouben Ter-Arutunian's frontcloth shows an angel and a comet, and in the season of Kohoutek this perhaps struck some people as a new inspiration. The changes Balanchine keeps making are usually in scenes that need no improvement. He tends to work at imperfections in the production that are invisible to everyone but him, while ignoring imperfections that are visible to the audience. One of the latter imperfections—I hate to call them flaws, since "The Nutcracker," both in conception and in execution, seems to me as nearly flawless a work as the company has ever staged—is apparently ineradicable because it's a kind of negative imprint of one of the imperfections that exist only in Balanchine's mind. This is the imbalance in the grand pas de deux of Sugar Plum and her Cavalier which is brought about by having her dance her famous variation in the aura of the mystical soft radiance that Tchaikovsky creates at the start of the second act, instead of having her do it at the end, where Tchaikovsky placed it. Balanchine's solution—to dispense with the Cavalier's variation when the time comes for him to dance it—not only is unfair to dancers of the stature of Edward Villella and Peter Martins and Helgi Tomasson but doesn't correct the imbalance. Another solution Balanchine once tried, that of dispensing with the Cavalier altogether and having the ballerina supported in her adagio by four men from the divertissement—Sugar Plum's courtiers—was far worse. The drama of the pas de deux is one of a love relationship, and in terms of the symbolism of the ballet the Cavalier corresponds to the little-boy hero just as Sugar Plum corresponds to the little girl.

Balanchine does not lightly violate a composer's structure; when sense surpasses structure he attends to sense. The music for Sugar Plum's variation characterizes her uniquely (Tchaikovsky imported a new instrument from Paris, the celesta, in order to create those mysterious sounds), whereas the music for the Cavalier's variation is a tarantella that characterizes no one in particular and might have been written "in Italian" simply to round out the suite of national dances in the second act (Spanish, Arabian, Chinese, Russian). There is nothing in his music to suggest why the Russians originally chose to name the Cavalier Prince Koklush—Prince Whooping Cough. (What instrument would have had to be imported for *those* mysterious sounds?) It almost seems a logical development of the music that Sugar Plum and her Cavalier are lovers but not coequals. Balanchine's version of the ballet widens the gap between them. He takes advantage of a musical imbalance to justify a structural one, and I think he does justify it. Not only does he give us the Land of Sweets as Sugar Plum's kingdom but he shows her taking possession of it at the start of the second act. And several years ago he heightened her supremacy with one of those embellishments of his—an embellishment no one had foreseen the need of until it was provided. This was the moment in the adagio in which we see the ballerina, with the merest fingertip support from her partner, hold an arabesque as motionless as a statue and yet move across the stage. Balanchine contrived this by moving the floor under her point, and, unlike some of his other novelties, it became a permanent feature—one of a number of magical stage illusions in "The Nutcracker." It may also have been his final solution to the Cavalier problem—a way of implying that if a problem exists it is surely not that the Cavalier's role is too small but that the ballerina's role is. One can almost hear him saying, "Who cares about the Cavalier, anyway? Just look at this great woman!" In his other full-evening ballets, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Don Quixote," he has created superb roles for Titania and Dulcinea and



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given each of them a characterless Cavalier who does nothing more than lend support in the adagio. (But in those instances Balanchine didn't cast a star male dancer—he cast Conrad Ludlow, a Cavalier par excellence.) The audience may wonder who that fellow is, but I think Balanchine means him to be "not there," like a Bunraku puppeteer. No choreographer creates greater roles for women, and it sometimes seems as if Balanchine's vision of perfection consisted of one woman dancing at a peak of classical style for hours, unaided.

This season, the company didn't recover from the effects of its month-long strike in time for its first performance; it didn't really recover until after Christmas. On opening night, there was a dreadful moment when it seemed that Balanchine had decided to drop the coda of the pas de deux, in which the Cavalier gets his only opportunity to dance. But it turned out to have been dropped because Jacques d'Amboise, who was partnering Patricia McBride, had hurt his knee. In this performance, the children were excellent, as they always are—so completely wrapped up in the different things Balanchine has given them to do that they catch the *spirit* of absorption and just live onstage. They have a wonderful bit of business that you can catch if you sit close: when they cup their mouths and call out to Drosselmeier the magician, they actually whisper "Magic! Magic!" With Shaun O'Brien as Drosselmeier, and with Gelsey Kirkland, who was Dewdrop in the Waltz of the Flowers, they gave the performance what glow it had. Kirkland is the most spritelike of Dewdrops, and her combination of clear-mindedness and abandon makes her one of the most exciting young dancers in the world. She isn't as musical as Marnee Morris is, but she doesn't have the mannerisms that spoil Morris. As Sugar Plum, she is not ideally cast (only Allegra Kent is that), but she pours the role full of new love and new learning; you can see how much it means to her just in the way she holds her wand. McBride, whom I saw again on another night, was better but not at her best, giving the kind of nervous, overstimulated, exaggerated performance she often gives when her partner is Jean-Pierre Bonnefous. As for Kent, no other dancer I've ever seen can be so waywardly off her form and still enchant. Her entrance, weaving her way downstage among the ten-year-olds, whom she seemed to gather in lovingly as she went, summed up her enchantment (and it had to, for she

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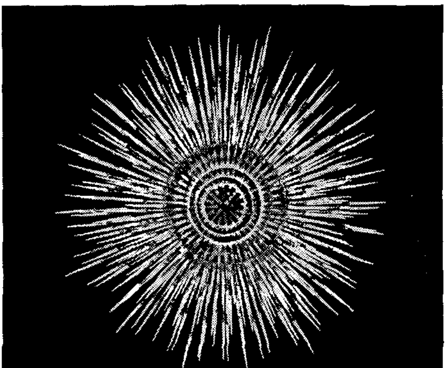

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danced the rest of the performance in a murmur).

THERE were other good performances to be seen in the New York City's production this season—Victor Castelli's as Candy Cane, Jean-Pierre Fröhlich's as the Soldier, Susan Pilarre's as the Marzipan Shepherdess, Christopher d'Amboise's as the Nutcracker—but for too much of the season too many members of the company danced "The Nutcracker" as if they had been sentenced to it, so I went to Philadelphia to see what the Pennsylvania Ballet's production was like. The strong and enthusiastic dancers of this company had impressed me during a four-day season in November at the Brooklyn Academy, where they did a "Raymonda Variations" that surpassed all but the best performances by Balanchine's own company. The Pennsylvania's "Nutcracker" has a second act based on Balanchine's production, and many of the dances are quoted directly, but the company would have done better to take his first act instead. The Pennsylvania's Act I was the work of Osvaldo Riofrancos, who is known as a director of plays and operas but not as a choreographer, and it was so creaky and incoherent, and so appalling in its grotesquerie (at one point several large white plastic rats crept about on a table in a blue light), that in New York it would have passed for avant-garde art. The Snowflake Waltz, which ends the act, and the cantilena passage that precedes the Waltz were choreographed by Robert Rodham for a Snow King and Queen and a large, carefully rehearsed corps de ballet. The dances were not the worst things that could have been presented to an imagination already captured by Balanchine's wandering bed and choreographed blizzard, and the Waltz was enhanced by the singing of the All-Philadelphia Boys Choir, live in red jackets.

It was a pleasure to see the second-act dances done as well as they were—especially by Marcia Darhower, a robust Verdy type with a high, long jump, who was the Shepherdess at the matinée and the Dewdrop in the evening. The grand pas de deux (with the two variations side by side) was given conscientious, well-sculptured performances by Alba Calzada with Keith Martin and Barbara Sandonato with Lawrence Rhodes. But the power I remembered in the Brooklyn "Raymonda Variations" did not rise very far. The great strength of Balanchine's "Nutcracker" is not in his second act, and I think that what Cyril Beaumont wrote about the first London produc-

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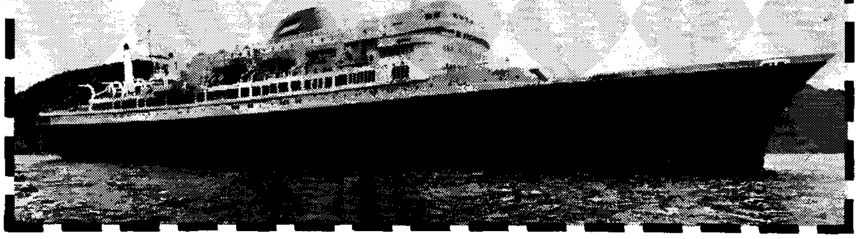

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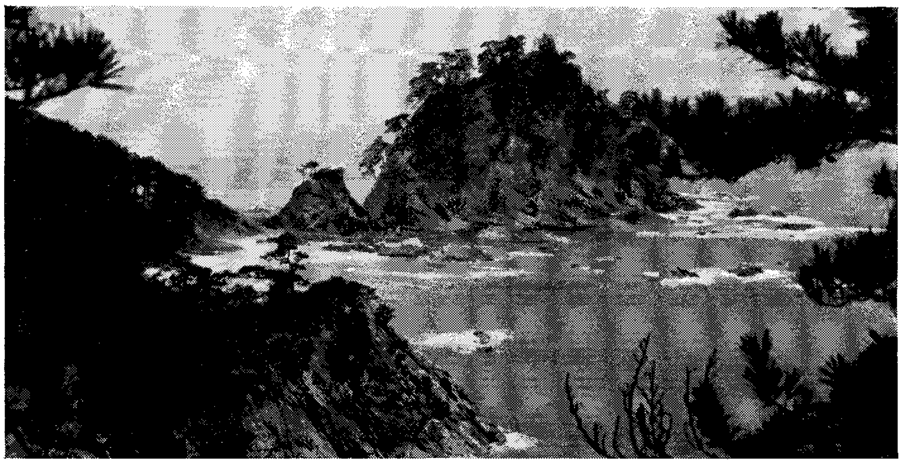

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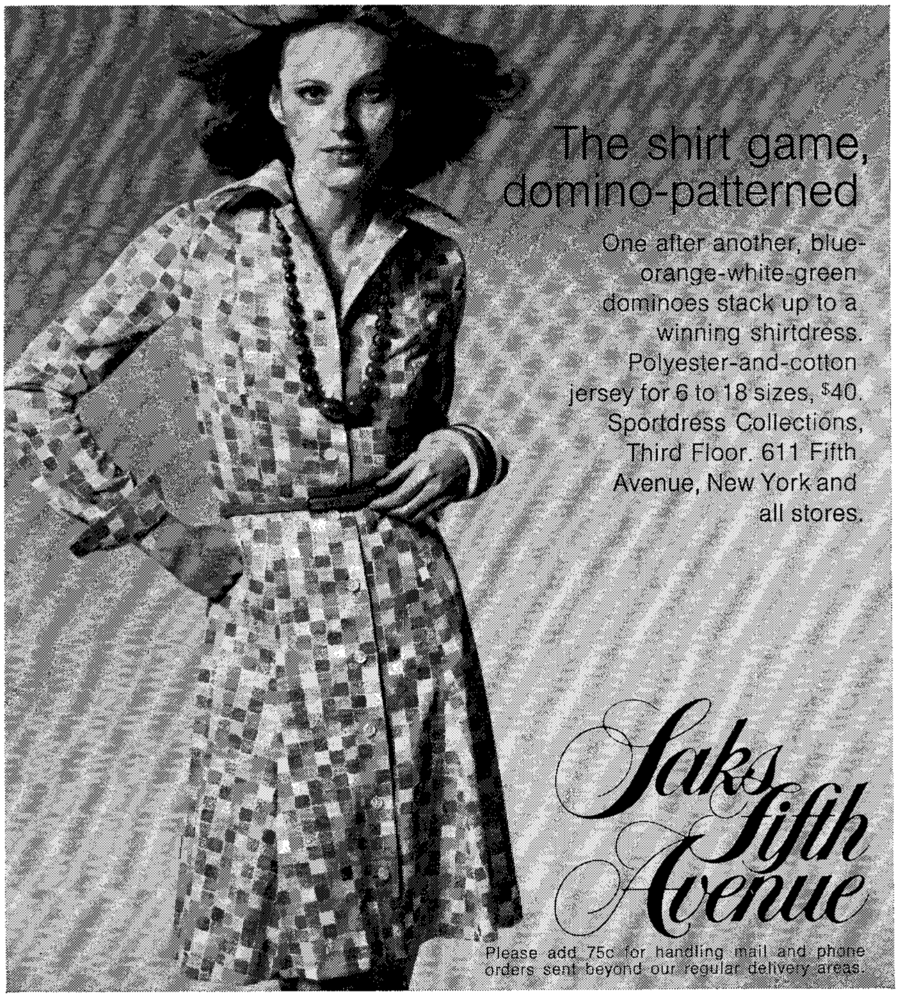

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tion of Ivanov's choreography, in 1934, applies also to Balanchine's (though Beaumont's sense of outrage does not): "It passes the understanding that 'Coffee' should be conveyed by a Stomach Dance in the manner of a dancer of the Ouled-Naïl, and that 'Tea' should be suggested by a couple of ridiculous Chinese whose 'number' seems to have been borrowed from a pantomime version of Aladdin." Balanchine's divertissement dances aren't vulgar, but they are full of stock devices. The Waltz of the Flowers is the great—the very great—exception, so dazzling in the sweep of its imagery and so concentrated in its means that one might analyze it for days without coming to the end of what Balanchine knows about choreography. And one might do the same with the first act, starting with the mystery of that story and then going on to consider the marvellous craft with which that story is told—the sure sense of pace and climax, the brilliant use of the many different kinds of effect that spectacular theatre is capable of, the seductive blend, so typically Balanchinean, of real fantasy and fantastic realism. For years Balanchine's Act I has been taken for granted because it's so simple and "has no dancing." It contains the heart of his genius. When something in it doesn't seem right or has to be faked—like the firing of the candy from the toy cannon that doesn't work, or like the many little-boys' roles that have to be taken by little girls—the discomfort I feel is a testament to how deeply I have fallen under the spell Balanchine casts. When the little white bed that carries the sleeping heroine into the snow forest is making its journey around the stage, I try not to see the forest drops as they are being lowered; the undisguised flux of scenery mars the beauty of the stage picture. And for years I've tried not to think about why Drosselmeier, hearing nine chimes from the orchestra, sets the grandfather's clock at ten to seven or twenty past eight, or why the clock is not reset at midnight during the stage blackout that precedes the dream. And when the curtain rises on Act II, on that mountain of sweetglut that is Ter-Arutunian's idea of the Land of Sweets, I shut my eyes. It is all minor discord in a major theatrical experience.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

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U.S. JOURNAL: BOSTON

PARALLELS

WE are obviously in for a lot of parallelism. A decade after the Civil War Centennial, the parallelism it inspired still rings in my ears ("Then, as now, this nation faced up to the issue of true equality for all of its citizens . . ."). A serious parallelist normally begins with a mild disclaimer that is meant to be disregarded ("Although the parallels are not, of course, exact . . ."), and now, two years before the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, I am beginning to detect that sort of introduction to discussions about the seventeen-seventies in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Which parallel is drawn, of course, depends to some extent on the politics of the parallelist; some Civil War Centennial parallels must have begun, "Then, as now, American states were bent under the yoke of a power-hungry central government . . ." The Bicentennial agency established by Congress, now called the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, has not yet offered much guidance for parallelists—having been occupied in part with defending itself against some of the parallels critics of its political bent have drawn between it and the Committee to Reëlect the President and the parallels critics of its administrative techniques have drawn between it and the South Vietnamese Army. But the A.R.B.A.'s rival celebrator—the Peoples Bicentennial Commission—had clearly established the direction of its parallelism by the time of the country's first major Bicentennial event, a celebration last month of the two-hundredth anniversary of the Boston Tea Party. In staging the first Boston Oil Party, a huge counterdemonstration that overwhelmed the official reënactment of the tea-dumping, the P.B.C. began its ceremony by announcing that "two hundred years ago our ancestors gathered here to stand up against a multinational corporation—the East India Company." At the Oil Party, the P.B.C. indicated through speeches and leaflets and effigies that it considers Richard Nixon a figure parallel to King George III.

I first began to think about Bicentennial celebrations a few months ago, in Madison, Wisconsin, when I happened into a civic argument about whether the local Bicentennial commission, formed under a previous city administration, had acted wisely in celebrating the Revolution by purchasing for the Madison City-County Building a painting of ten white swans on a lake. The commission chairman said the painting was appropriate, since Madison is a city known for its lakes, one of which, Waubesa, takes its name from an Indian word meaning "white swan." (My experience with civic boosters who translate Indian languages into appropriate English words leads me to suspect that "Waubesa" might have been stretched to mean "black drake" if the occasion demanded it.) Some people on the city council saw the swan painting as a small example of the kind of waste the Bicentennial would produce. "Huge sums of money will be spent on extravaganzas," one councilman said. "People are going to wonder if two hundred years has brought us to this point." As it turns out, though, there is a shortage of extravaganza-sized funding—a great disappointment to those Madison city officials who were anti-swan not on the ground of taste or appropriateness but on the theory that the right Bicentennial project might be a way to pay for the kind of civic improvement that would otherwise be impossible now that federal aid to cities through the normal channels seems practically nonexistent. There are undoubtedly grant applications all over the country for projects that were once called malls and are now called Bicentennial malls. But the direct Bicentennial money—most of it so far in block grants to state Bicentennial commissions—would scarcely provide each American city with a decent swan picture. The Bicentennial is now spoken of as being decentralized—a term that, whatever it meant in eighteenth-century governmental circles, is recognized these days as a euphemism for a lack of significant federal funds.

The A.R.B.A. made no direct financial contribution to the Boston Tea Party commemoration, and the weekend reflected what might be considered a Boston rather than a Washington view of how to stage a patriotic celebration. The two principal speakers over the weekend were Tom Wicker and Ramsey Clark. On the day of the Tea Party reënactment, the leaflet passed out as a program by the official Boston Bicentennial agency, Boston 200, mentioned not only the official re-

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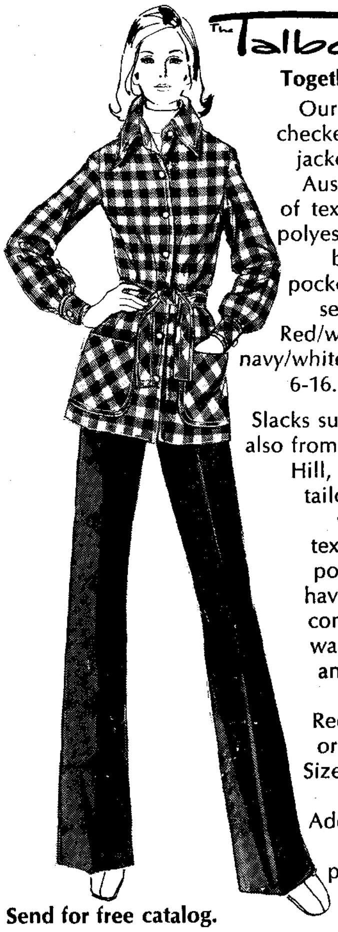
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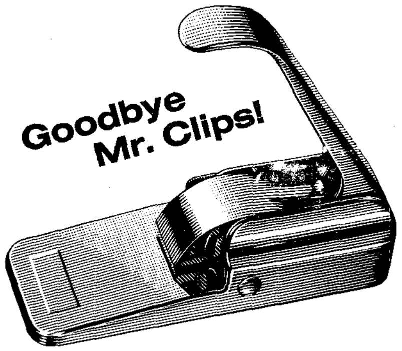
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enactment of the Tea Party but another reënactment by the Disabled American Veterans, the P.B.C.'s Oil Party, and a list of other "participating organizations" (what some other American cities might have referred to as demonstrators), which included the Boston Indian Council, the Sierra Club, and the Society for Individual Liberty. According to the director of Boston 200, a former state representative and McGovern delegate named Katharine D. Kane, the participation began last summer, when the Indian Council made known its hope that the reënactment would not perpetuate any stereotypes of American Indians—the Indian claim being that there is no historic documentation that the original Sons of Liberty disguised themselves with the kind of burlesque feathers and war paint that some modern Boston Tea Party reënacters have affected. The Sierra Club arrived not long after the Indians, urging Boston 200 not to set a bad example by permitting tea crates to be dumped into Boston Harbor. "They weren't as worried about the tea itself," a Boston 200 official said later. "It's biodegradable."

The strongest protest came from members of the Watertown chapter of the Disabled American Veterans, who had previously performed several Tea Party reënactments and were outraged that the task for the two-hundredth-year celebration had been entrusted to some local militias. The D.A.V., which had one year thrown French francs into the harbor because of what it considered an anti-American devaluation by the French government, demanded that it be permitted to stage the reënactment—in feathers and war paint, naturally. The D.A.V. leaders, Anthony F. Aiello and Bob Hagopian, may not have had any ancestors on the original boarding party, but, in the Boston (or is it American?) tradition of pulling whatever longevity rank one has, they were able to refer to Mrs. Kane, a longtime Boston resident who grew up in Indianapolis, as "the lady from Indiana." The Watertown D.A.V. is strong on pageantry. On a day that Mrs. Kane was scheduled to discuss the reënactment situation with some D.A.V. representatives in the afternoon, she was surprised to receive a call from a local television reporter who asked, "What's this about your being tied to the stake at two o'clock?" The veterans showed up for the conference wearing war paint and carrying stake-tying props. "I declined to be tied to the stake," Mrs. Kane recalls, but she did agree that the D.A.V. could stage its own reënactment a couple of hours before the Boston 200 reënactment was scheduled to get under way. That meant that the Beaver II, a replica of one of the Tea Party ships, would be assaulted by three boarding parties—Boston 200, the Disabled American Veterans, and the Peoples Bicentennial Commission—while the Indians demonstrated against the D.A.V., the Society for Individual Liberty protested taxation with or without representation, and the Sierra Club expressed its concern by pouring clean water into the harbor.

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission, having drawn the parallel between the East India Company and the four largest American oil companies, was planning to toss oil barrels rather than tea crates into the harbor. Well before the Tea Party weekend, it became apparent that the other protest demonstrations and the official reënactment itself would seem like four-round preliminaries compared to the huge demonstration being mounted by the P.B.C. In the week before the Tea Party, Boston 200 people began saying that the reënactment was really only one event of a long weekend, and not a terribly important event at that. Although two "V.I.P. boats" were retained to provide an unobstructed view of the festivities for local patrons and Tea Party descendants and visitors from other cities that have had Tea Party commemorations, the hope held out for the reënactment by Boston city officials was not that it be spectacular and impressive but that it be short and peaceful.

The Disabled American Veterans showed up just after noon, and put on a spirited reënactment of the Sons of Liberty dumping tea into Boston Harbor. The real Indians were not on hand to object to the war paint, although later in the day I met some Indians who had decided to object to the entire day's events instead; their signs indicated that the European colonists should have gone into the harbor with the tea. Long before the official reënactment was scheduled to begin, thousands of P.B.C. supporters had lined the waterfront or come into the harbor in boats. A bridgekeeper, in fact, apparently mistook some of the protest boats for the V.I.P. boats he had been expecting, and by the time he had closed the bridge and opened it again for the V.I.P. boats, the official reënactment was over. The V.I.P.s arrived in a harbor clogged with protest boats. Low overhead, bunches of balloons carried signs calling for the impeachment of the President and the oil companies. A banner on the Beaver II said "Heed the People, Tax the Rich, Jail the Tyrant." Along the shore, there were huge banners with phrases like "Put the Heat on the Oil Companies" and "John Hancock Didn't Sell Insurance." Oil drums were bobbing in the harbor. A large cruise boat hired by the Society for Individual Liberty was sailing around under a banner that said "All Taxation Is Theft." Thousands of P.B.C. supporters were chanting about impeaching the President, under the leadership of someone talking over a public-address system that was apparently designed to make certain the chants could be heard in the White House. "The wife of one of the South Carolina dignitaries looked at the scene," a Boston 200 official who was on a V.I.P. boat said later, "and she said it wasn't much like the ceremony they had in Charleston at all."

"IT was the first time a political pageant was made real," Jeremy Rifkin, a coördinator of the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, said a day or two later. "We turned it into something people two hundred years ago would have been proud of." The premise of the P.B.C. is that the Bicentennial year is not a time to create pageants or parks that commemorate the American Revolution but a time to concentrate on "the unfinished business of the American Revolution." It is a premise, of course, that requires a belief that the American Revolution was actually a revolution and its leaders real revolutionaries. The obliteration of racism, for instance, is not part of the unfinished business of the American Revolution if the American Revolution was merely an adjustment with the mother country which white settlers had to make before they could pursue their conquest of land that belonged to the Indians. (The white settlers in Rhodesia compared themselves to eighteenth-century American patriots when Rhodesia unilaterally declared independence from Great Britain, in 1965, rather than accede to pressure for progress toward rule by the African majority.) If one believed that the American Revolution was really just a matter of New England businessmen liberating themselves from Old World bureaucracy in order to practice unfettered free enterprise, it would hardly be appropriate for the P.B.C. to

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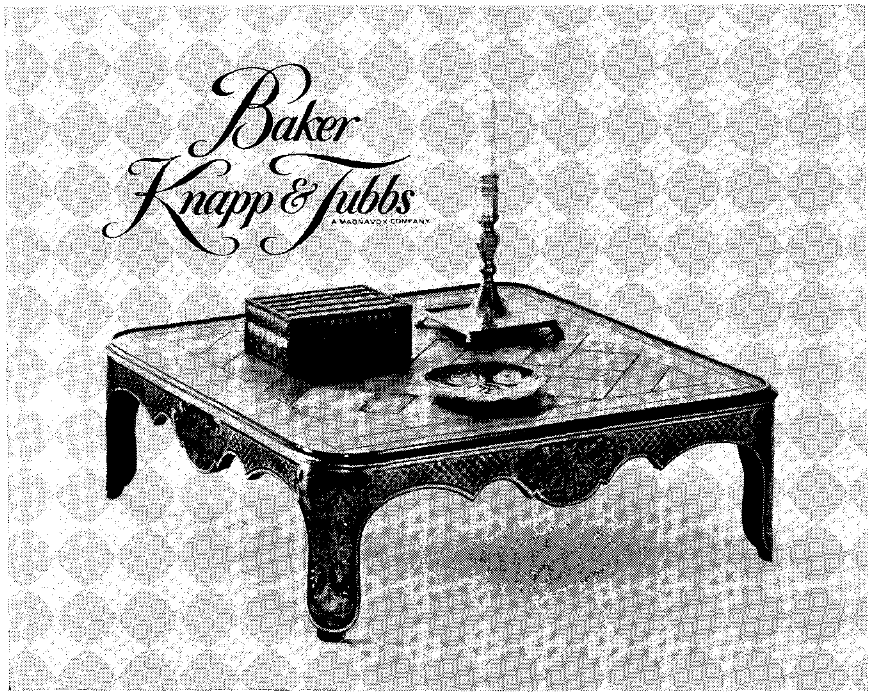

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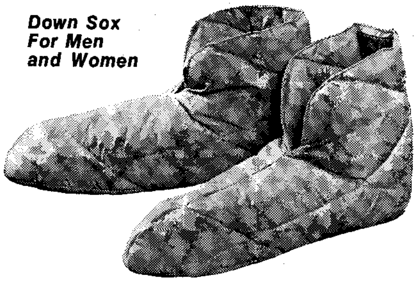

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criticize Boston 200 for accepting a Visitors' Center from the Prudential Insurance Company or to criticize the national Bicentennial agency for encouraging companies to paint their trucks red-white-and-blue and create ice cream called Betsy Ross Twirl. The A.R.B.A. has not yet officially endorsed any products, but it appears to consider normal profit-taking and fast promotions and even junk souvenirs an inevitable part of a national celebration in a free-enterprise economy. "Maybe you could legislate against it," the A.R.B.A. director of communications said recently, "but then you're legislating against what we're celebrating."

Rifkin is aware that the legitimacy of the P.B.C. approach is dependent on which version of eighteenth-century American history is accepted. P.B.C. literature is heavy with accounts of revolutionary fervor in the seventeen-seventies. The quotations it uses from the leading New England patriots would not be out of place at a rally for the Abbie Hoffman defense fund. It distributes quotations from Thomas Jefferson on corporations which would horrify those Southern conservatives who like to describe themselves as Jeffersonians. The Jefferson quotation used for posters near the scene of the Boston Oil Party was "Banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies." Rifkin, a former anti-war activist, sees the Bicentennial as a way to form a movement with "a revolutionary philosophy that comes out of the American soil." He speaks of young American "radical democrats" carrying the works of Tom Paine rather than the quotations of Chairman Mao and flying the "Don't Tread on Me" flag rather than the flag of the National Liberation Front. What keeps people in power, he says, is the claim that they are legitimate heirs to the country's founding principles, and the P.B.C.'s view of 1776 is that the founding principles would call for breaking up Exxon rather than encouraging it. The P.B.C. does not call Nixon a reactionary, it calls him a Tory—a traitor to the Revolution. The main chant at the Oil Party was "Nixxon, Exxon, I.T.T.—throw the tyrants in the sea!" According to a headline of a piece on the Bicentennial in the underground Boston *Phoenix*, the conflict between the P.B.C. and the official Bicentennial organization is "THE BATTLE FOR CONTROL OF THE AMERICAN MYTH."

As I was talking with Rifkin about his hopes for a truly American revolutionary movement, I kept thinking I

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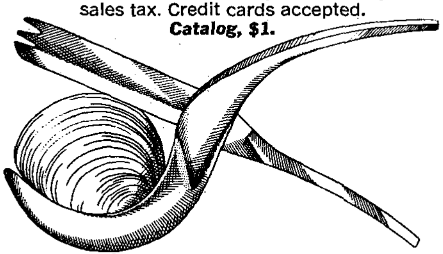

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had been in the same conversation once before. I finally realized what I was reminded of—a conversation with Mario Savio, a leader of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. It was in 1965, at the beginning of what came to be called the New Left. Like the Free Speech Movement, the P.B.C. is proud of having some support from conservatives. (Rifkin often mentions a column by conservative James J. Kilpatrick, who wrote that even though a lot of the ideas of the P.B.C. amounted to "sophomoric twaddle," it came "a lot closer to the true Spirit of '76 than the promoters, politicians, and P.R. men" in charge of the official national commission.) Rifkin says that a new American revolutionary movement wouldn't become trapped in the irrelevant ideological arguments that divided the New Left—just as the New Left, in 1965, was saying that it would not become trapped in the irrelevant ideological arguments of the Old Left. All that American young people wanted, Savio and the other Berkeley leaders used to say, was for America to end the disparity between its ideals and its practices. Rifkin says the same thing. Could it be, I wondered, that we have now reached the point at which it takes only nine years to make a parallel?

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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A READER

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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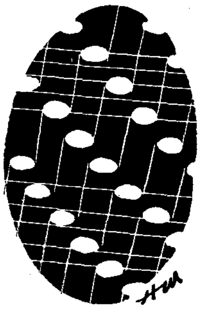
MUSICAL EVENTS

Union of Opposites



IN the long interchange of Eastern and Western culture, there is no more curious monument than Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." Most musicians agree that the work is a masterpiece, and we therefore rejoice at the fact that Hans Bethge's slim volume of translations from the Chinese should have been so cleverly and opportunely put into Mahler's hands just when the sensuous hedonism and melancholy of the poems would make the deepest impression on him, and when he was emotionally ready to do justice to them in his fashion. But how far removed is that fashion from the tone of his chosen poets! What would a Chinese man of letters, however receptive to Western music, or a Sinologue like the late Arthur Waley, make of the composer's treatment of these delicate verses? Bethge called his book by an appropriately modest name—"The Chinese Flute"—and in Mahler's work it has released, besides a few touches of conventional chinoiserie, a flood of music that demands a Wagnerian orchestra to express the composer's violence, anguish, and despair. Our Oriental, or Orientalist, might throw up his hands in dismay at a spectacle so unseemly and so misplaced.

But artistic questions are not so easily disposed of, and there are comparable incongruities of tone in many of the works that we prize most highly. Think of the tasteless literary conceits (the lashes on Christ's back compared to the rainbow, and so forth) that drew from J. S. Bach some of his noblest music, or of the nineteenth-century Viennese waltzes artfully embedded in the eighteenth-century "Rosenkavalier," or of the many naïve anachronisms in Shakespeare and Renaissance art. The marriage of East and West in "The Song of the Earth," however strange and even shocking it may seem at a first encounter, is no less valid and artistically satisfying than, say, Gauguin's vision of Tahiti. All the same, interpreters of the work do well to keep at the back of their minds some notion of Chinese reticence to balance the composer's Austrian-Jewish insistence, his eager, anxious plucking at the listener's sleeve, his perpetual cries of "See! Is it not beautiful, is it not tragic, is it not . . . unutterable?"

In a recent performance of the work at Avery Fisher Hall, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought to this complex and subtle score a rare precision of detail and beauty of sound—and an interpretation so discreet as to verge on the cool. Mahler is so often overplayed that it came as a relief to hear his music, for once, somewhat understated. The soloists were Janet Baker and John Alexander, and the value of Ormandy's restraint became evident at once, in the opening number, "The Drinking Song of Earth's Sorrow," in which it is notoriously difficult for the tenor to make himself heard through the orchestral hubbub.

At some sacrifice of the legato demanded by the recurrent refrain "Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod," Mr. Alexander sent his forthright tones spinning through the large hall clearly enough; he effectively conveyed, too, the wild frenzy of this number, but he was less happy in the more restrained and poetic sentiments of the tenor's two later songs. Miss Baker, a justly admired Mahler interpreter, sang all her music admirably. During the fourth song, "Of Beauty," after the episode of the handsome boys on their neighing steeds who canter past the little group of lotus-picking girls and disturb their serenity (and it was typical of Ormandy that he refrained from the common fault of turning this passage into something more like the arrival of Genghis Khan and his hordes), Miss Baker suddenly and thrillingly transported us into a still more intense and meaningful sphere in the big, curving phrase "Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung" ("Her haughty mien is only pretense"), after which her singing of the last, yearning lines of the song and the orchestra's exquisite handling of the long postlude held us all in a state of rapt attention.

This was the emotional climax of the evening. In the final number, "The Farewell," which is nearly as long as all the rest put together, the intertwining of Miss Baker's cool, poised tones with those of the solo flute and solo oboe was of dreamlike perfection, but in this song, for the first time, I felt that the conductor had gone a shade too far in the direction of objectivity and reserve—so that the resulting performance, while exemplary in the smooth molding of line and balancing of timbre against timbre, was by no means the most moving that I had heard.

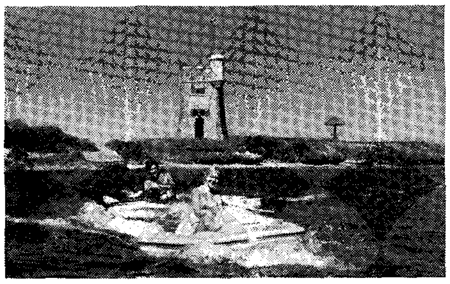
The lengthy Mahler work was prefaced by Messiaen's four symphonic meditations, called "L'Ascension," a score completed in 1933 and already quite thoroughly typical of the French composer's sensuous, ecstatic, corybantic style but relatively brief and modest in scale, and for that reason more persuasive (to me) than some of his overblown later music. The orchestration, which derives from that of Debussy's "La Mer," contains some very delicate woodwind interplay, in which the Philadelphia players revelled, and the tingling brilliance of the orchestra's brass choir and the rich (though not lush) tone of its divided strings in the closing pages disinfected the music, so to speak, of that tinge of vulgarity from which Messiaen is seldom entirely free. His juxtaposition with Mahler in this splendid concert made the latter seem as pure and classical as Mendelssohn.

A CHEERFUL fact about New York musical life, to judge by reports from several informants, is the vast amount of amateur chamber-music-making that goes on all the time. Whatever the reasons behind this healthy state of affairs (I daresay the strong Central European element in the city's population may have something to do with it), there are few activities more likely to promote human contentment and none more certain to develop a real inside knowledge of the art. Naturally, all these domestic string quartets and chamber groups are no business of the professional critic, but their existence affects public events that come his way. For example, it helps to explain the profusion and high level of quartet and chamber-music concerts in New York, and the big, appreciative audiences they draw—audiences that seem more alert and intelligent (and silent) than those of the opera house or symphony concert.

Thus, Avery Fisher Hall, a surprising place in which to hear a string quartet, was very nearly full on a recent Sunday afternoon when the Guarneri Quartet played a program of early Haydn, early Hindemith, and fairly late Dvořák. This program, though highly attractive to me, was not composed of popular favorites. No Beethoven, no Mozart, no Schubert, no Brahms. Haydn's D-Major Quartet from the Opus 20 set (which the Guarneri had also included in its Metropolitan Museum of Art program two days before) is certainly a superb example, among many, of the inventive craft of that delightful composer—and how gloriously the Guarneri's cellist seized his opportunity in the second variation of its slow movement! But Hindemith is still under the cloud of suspicion which awaits the composer who writes too much, with too little regard for consistent quality; and not many music lovers would, perhaps, have known in advance that the third of his six quartets, with its serenely melodious and widely modulating slow movement, is one of his true masterpieces. Dvořák's chamber music, on the other hand, voluminous as it is, maintains a generally high level, and the Piano Quartet in E Flat Major, Opus 87, in which the Guarneri players enjoyed the assistance of the fine Czech pianist Rudolf Firkusny, is typical alike of his inspiration and of his workmanship. There is a Schubertian ease in the best of Dvořák that I find captivating; indeed, another of his chamber works, the A-Major Piano Quintet, could fairly be called the most Schubertian piece ever written by someone who was not Schubert.

All this music was played by the Guarneri with its customary smoothness and silken finish—and it was a surprise, incidentally, to hear how good a string quartet can sound from about halfway back in so large a hall. Its playing was unfailingly civilized; but sometimes (especially during the late Beethoven C-Sharp-Minor, which was included in the Museum concert) I felt that more energy was wanted, and a more definite profile in the work of the leader. It is possible to purchase smoothness and elegance at too high a price in vitality.

In this respect, the Guarneri offers a contrast to the Juilliard Quartet, which played at the top of its form at the Metropolitan Museum a few nights later. The Juilliard style is robust and sinewy, and I admit that I like a quartet that is not afraid, on occasion, to dig into the strings. Among the qualities that show the Quartet's profound musicianship are its strong rhythm and keen response to modulation. The latter is something easily diminished or lost among modern performers, especially those who play (as the Juilliard does) a good deal of modern music, with its weakened or rejected tonality. In the slow movement of the late Haydn C-Major Quartet (Opus 74, No. 1), there is a point at which the music drifts within eight measures from G major to C sharp minor, and here



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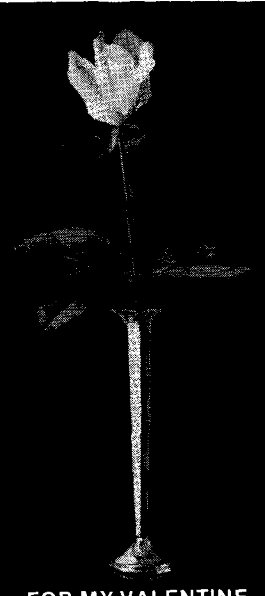
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the listener was made to share the players' sense of wonderment at finding themselves suddenly so far afield—an effect achieved not by artful little hesitations but by subtle pressure on the notes that affect the harmonic sequence. In the early Schubert G-Minor Quartet (written when he was eighteen), there is an intensely characteristic passage in the course of the slow movement with a repeated figure of rising octaves for the first violin, which moves within six measures from a pianissimo F minor toward a sparkling breakthrough into the clear air of a D-major forte; here again the Juilliard men felt it all, meant it all. Their concert, which also included one of the Bartók quartets (the last), in which they have long specialized, was one of the pleasantest events of the season.

AT Hunter College Playhouse, the Bronx Opera Company, under the direction of its founder, Michael Spierman, gave two performances of Britten's "Albert Herring," of which I saw the first. Like much operatic comedy, it proved very enjoyable when the words could be heard, and rather irritating (though with musical compensations) when they could not. Inaudibility was sometimes the composer's fault (in this score he does not always sense what will come through), more often that of the singers. Among those who best projected both words and tone were Harris Poor as a majestically booming Superintendent Budd, Lucille Jonason as a charming Nancy, and Peter Schroeder as an unctuous Vicar—strangely coiffed in a biretta about which Lady Billows might have had much to say! Hedy Barnsley made a very positive and definite figure out of Lady Billows but too readily allowed her strong soprano to become strident. As the prim and demure Schoolmistress, an exquisitely written role, Kate Hurney sang well but had been absurdly overdressed by the costume designer (Dona Granata) and encouraged by the director (Louis Galterio) to take an affected, and quite misguided, view of the character. Neil Rosenshein clearly had to act against the grain of an engaging, forthcoming personality in the title role of the shy mother's-boy who goes off the rails and finds his independence; his singing and enunciation were excellent, however, and he has a natural way with an audience. The director put the humor across well but, curiously, provided full daylight for the dark shop of the second scene of Act II. A good evening, in which the realization of Britten's chamber score by a group of young performers seemed to provide further illustration of the point I have been making above.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CONCERT RECORDS

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A GREAT many recordings of operas in their entirety have lately been issued. The most impressive, in point of enterprise, is Angel's release of Rossini's "William Tell," for the first time in the complete original French version (SEL-3793; stereo, ten sides), with a skillfully chosen cast that includes Montserrat Caballé, Mady Mesplé, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, Kolos Kovacs, Gwynne Howell, Nicolas Christou, and Jocelyné Taillon. The Ambrosian Opera Chorus and the Royal Philharmonic, under Lamberto Gardelli, perform with special virility. This is Rossini's last, most complex, and most stirring opera, and the role of Tell, performed with heroic éclat by Gedda, is famous for its difficulty, since it ranges from the baritone register to stratospheric heights.

Beverly Sills has completed her Donizetti Elizabethan trilogy with "Anna Bolena" (ABC/ATS-20015/4; stereo, eight sides). Shirley Verrett, Stuart Burrows, and Paul Plishka do other roles; the London Symphony, under Julius Rudel, is the orchestra. Miss Sills, who is probably the greatest actress among today's coloraturas, sings unforgettably.

Rimski-Korsakov's "The Tsar's Bride" (Melodiya/Angel SRCL-4122; stereo, six sides) offers a glimpse of the rich and worthwhile operatic repertoire, seldom heard in the West, that deals with medieval Russia—in this case the period of Ivan the Terrible. The singing, in Russian, by Galina Vishnevskaya, Vladimir Valaitis, and the great Bolshoi Chorus, and the playing of the Bolshoi Orchestra, under Fuat Mansurov, are magnificent.

Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" has been issued anew by Seraphim (SIC-6074; stereo, six sides). The role of Minnie is taken by Birgit Nilsson, who sings it with such authority and such splendid tone that this issue is an absolute requirement for both Puccini and Nilsson enthusiasts. João Gibin and Andrea Mongelli are among the other principal singers, and the orchestra and chorus are those of La Scala, under Lovro von Matačić.

Rossini's comic opera "La Pietra del Paragone" has been delightfully recorded by Beverly Wolff, Elaine Bonazzi, Anne Elgar, John Reardon, José Carreras, and Justino Díaz for Vanguard (VSD-71183/4/5; stereo, six sides), with the Clarion Concerts Chorus and Orchestra, Newell Jenkins conducting. The cast has a thorough knowledge of the Rossini style, and the music generally sparkles, though the orchestral playing is not quite as smooth as it might be.

Handel's "Semele" (1744) has been issued by Vanguard in a scrupulous performance by Justino Díaz, Mark Deller, Sheila Armstrong, Helen Watts, Robert Tear, and Edgar Fleet, along with the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Johannes Somary (VSD-71180/1/2; stereo, six sides). This is a stately and noble eighteenth-century evocation of ancient Greek myth, sung in the original English.

It is amusing to find that, despite the enthusiastic denunciations of Wagner and the prophecies that his music would soon be forgotten—denunciations and prophecies that were very vocal and positive a generation ago (Stravinsky, Cocteau, and many others)—there are no fewer than five complete recordings of his gigantic epic "The Ring of the Nibelungen" currently on the market, including the great, tradition-honoring one by Furtwängler, which is of course monophonic. The latest to arrive is a recording of a performance at the Bayreuth Festspielhaus conducted by Karl Böhm (Philips 6747037; stereo, thirty-two sides). Like all live performances, it follows a not entirely predictable path; occasionally there is a cough in the audience or the sound of a backstage adjustment of scenery, and it lacks the slickness of recordings made in a studio. The cast is generally splendid—Theo Adam as Wotan, Gustav Neidlinger as Alberich, Erwin Wohlfahrt as Mime, Kurt Böhme as Fafner, Martti Talvela as Fasolt, Wolfgang Windgassen as Loge and later as Siegfried, Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde, Gerd Nienstedt as Donner and later as the Hunding of "Die Walküre," Annealies Burmeister as Fricka, James King as Siegmund, Leonie Rysanek as Sieglinde, Thomas Stewart as Gunther, Josef Greindl as the Hagan of "Götterdämmerung," Vera Soukupova as Erda, and such distinguished singers as Ludmilla Dvořáková, Martha Mödl, Hermin Esser, Erika Köth, Helga Dernesch, Anja Silja, and Gertraud Hopf in lesser roles. Windgassen is not really a heldentenor (his voice sounds powerful enough, however, in the small Festspielhaus auditorium); Miss Rysanek's Sieglinde is now and then a slightly hollow affair. James King's Siegmund, on the other hand, is one

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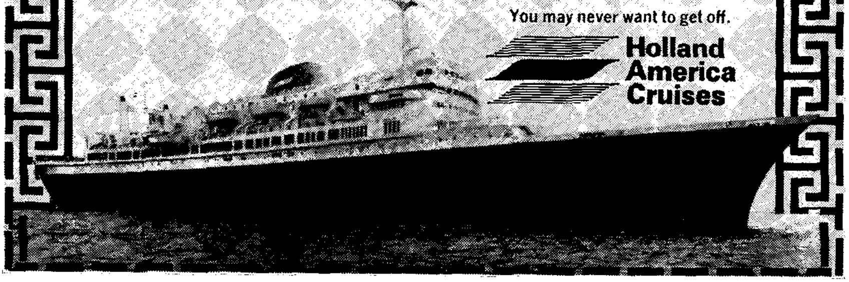

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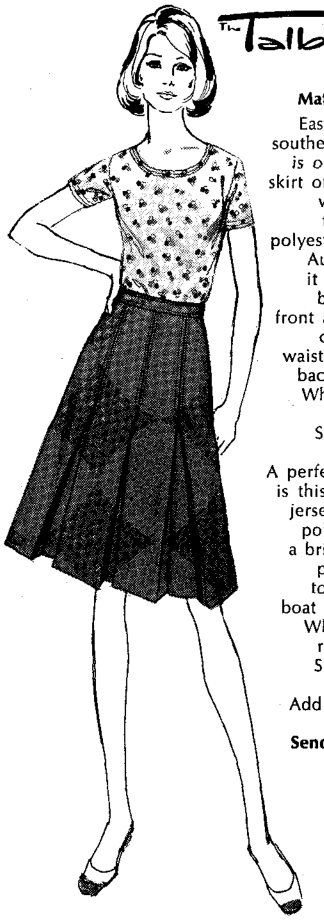

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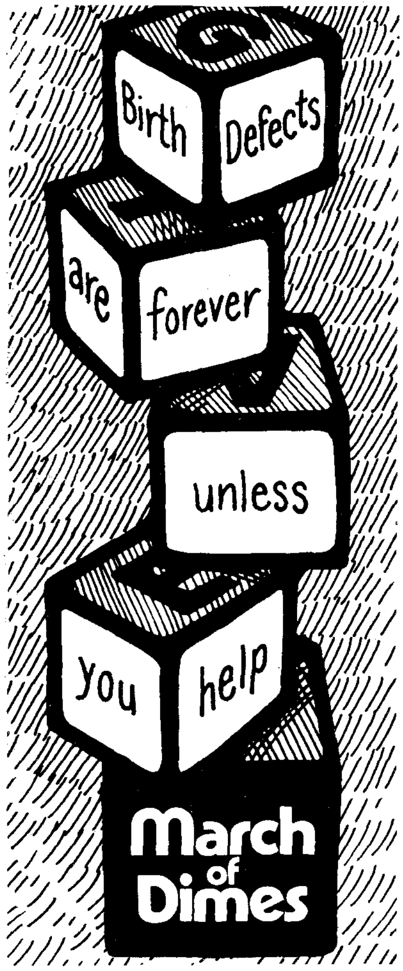
of the great interpretations of the production. Possibly because of the depressed and out-of-sight pit in the Festspielhaus, the orchestra for "Das Rheingold" is unduly subdued. But in the succeeding operas this fault is corrected. All the current "Ring" recordings have their virtues and their defects; this one offers the excitement of an actual performance in the theatre that Wagner himself designed for the production of his works. It is important both as a fine performance and as a document.

LET us now move on to a less expensive area. "The Music of Jan Hanus" is the title of two recordings (Volumes I and II) of the work of a middle-aged Czech who has a wonderfully ingratiating style founded partly, at least, on folk music. Volume I is devoted to "The Czech Year," Opus 24, for Chorus of Treble Voices and Small Orchestra, performed by the Jan Kühn Children's Choir, Antonin Šidlo (piano), the Chamber Ensemble of the Czech Philharmonic, and the Prague Radio Symphony, conducted by Jan Kühn. Volume II is devoted to the Hanus Symphony No. 2, performed by the Czech Philharmonic, under Karel Ančerl (Serenus SRS-12046 and 12047; stereo). For me, at any rate, Mr. Hanus is a discovery. His music is purely tonal, and it represents a continuation of the great tradition of Dvořák and Janáček. "The Czech Year" here and there recalls the freshness of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana." The symphony is more complex and not quite as coherent, but it is no less lovely.

"The Music of William Grant Still" is the title of two records issued by Orion (ORS-7152 and 7278; stereo) containing the Suite for Violin and Piano, "Songs of Separation," "Danzas of Panama," "Ennanga," and some shorter pieces by America's pioneer black symphonic composer, done by various combinations involving Louis Kaufman (violin), Annette Kaufman (piano), Claudine Carlson (mezzo-soprano), Lois Adele Craft (harp), and a few others. The music is notable for its sincerity, and some of it—particularly the "Songs of Separation"—is of considerable originality and nobility.

"Milena," Alberto Ginastera's "Dramatic Cantata for Soprano and Orchestra" (Desto DC 7171; stereo), based on letters from Franz Kafka to a ladylove, will not appeal to everyone. But it is a work by the most skilled of contemporary twelve-tone composers, and it is magnificently sung by Phyllis



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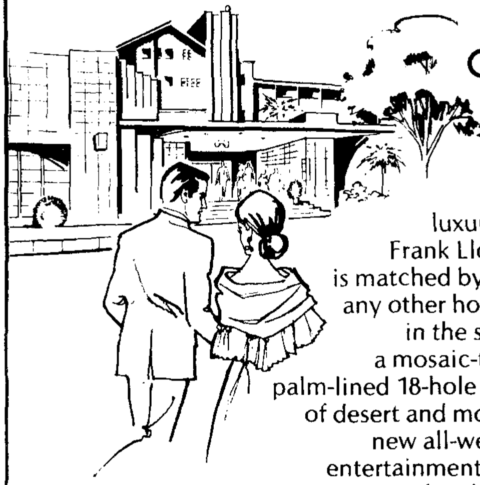
When a composer of atonal music decides to turn back to the language of tonality and write in the idiom of the masters, he runs a considerable risk. Atonal music is an anonymous art; except in the hands of geniuses like Berg and Ginastera, it usually sounds much the same. It presents little scope for personal expression. The risk the composer who leaves it for more traditional means of expression takes is that he is for the first time baring his heart; he is beginning to express his own personality, and that personality may or may not be an interesting one. George Rochberg, for many years a relentless atonalist, has now produced String Quartet No. 3, recorded by the Concord String Quartet (Nonesuch H-71283; stereo, two sides), which, apart from a few scratchy episodes that remind one of his earlier work, may be said to derive from the idioms of Brahms and Mahler. The effect is surprising. Its Brahmsian and Mahleresque sections even invite the old-fashioned adjective "beautiful." Indeed, the Mahleresque sections might have been written by Mahler himself. Dedicated avant-gardists will deplore this, but I feel that Mr. Rochberg has written a work of some nobility, and that, unlike many who have gone the same way, he has proved himself a composer with an interesting personality. The performance by the Concord Quartet is immaculate.

Josef Rheinberger, a nineteenth-century composer born in Liechtenstein and resident for most of his life in Munich, has almost been lost sight of—and quite undeservedly. He was one of the great Romantics, and his music has power and magic. Columbia has released—in both stereo and quadraphonic (M-32297)—his Concertos for Organ and Orchestra (No. 1 in F Major and No. 2 in G Minor), played with exquisite lightness and deep musical understanding by E. Power Biggs on the organ of St. George's Episcopal Church, to the accompaniment of the Columbia Symphony, under Maurice Peress. This is a first recording of these works, and they are supremely eloquent.

Mozart's so-called "Great" Mass in C Minor, K. 427, a work that its composer did not finish, has been reconstructed by several succeeding scholars—most recently by H. C. Robbins



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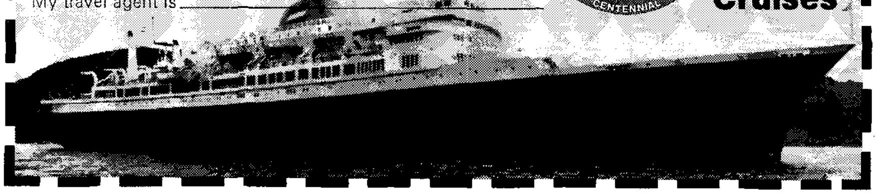

Landon, whose version is recorded by Helen Donath, Heather Harper, Ryland Davies, and Stafford Dean, with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, as well as John Constable, organist, Colin Davis conducting (Philips 6500-235; stereo, two sides). This work is rather operatic for a Mass, and the soprano parts are florid. It is, nevertheless, a perfectly lovely work, and it is scrupulously performed.

Bruckner's last and greatest Mass, the one in F Minor, has been recorded by Heather Harper, Anna Reynolds, Robert Tear, and Marius Rintzler with the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim conducting (Angel S-36921; stereo, two sides). I have never felt that Bruckner's church music is as fascinating as his symphonies, and, to be sure, his Masses are all early works, written before his First Symphony. But this composition is already in the mature Bruckner style, and the Sanctus and Benedictus are particularly evocative. The performance is excellent.

Seraphim is performing a good deed by making available again a number of recordings by giants of the good old days. Though these pressings are monophonic, the sound is remarkably good, and nostalgiacs can glow over them; younger people will surely be impressed. One is a disc recorded between 1953 and 1956, on which Walter Gieseking plays a great deal of Debussy, some Ravel, and some Grieg with understated brilliance and an inimitable command of delicate dynamic shadings (60210; mono, two sides). Another, "The Lauritz Melchior Album," contains magnificent excerpts from "Die Walküre" (in which he is unforgettably partnered by Lotte Lehmann), "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde" (with Frida Leider), "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "L'Africaine," "Otello," and "Pagliacci," with a variety of orchestras and conductors, all distinguished. Of all the recordings of this unique heldentenor's singing, this is the best I have heard (1B 6086; mono, four sides). Still another (60211; mono, two sides) is devoted to Feodor Chaliapin ("Great Scenes from 'Boris Godunov' and Other Russian Operas," recorded between 1925 and 1931). Inevitably, the sound here is not quite as good as it is in the Gieseking and Melchior recordings, but there is enough to give an idea of the great basso's thrilling vocalism. The accompanying orchestras and conductors are various and excellent.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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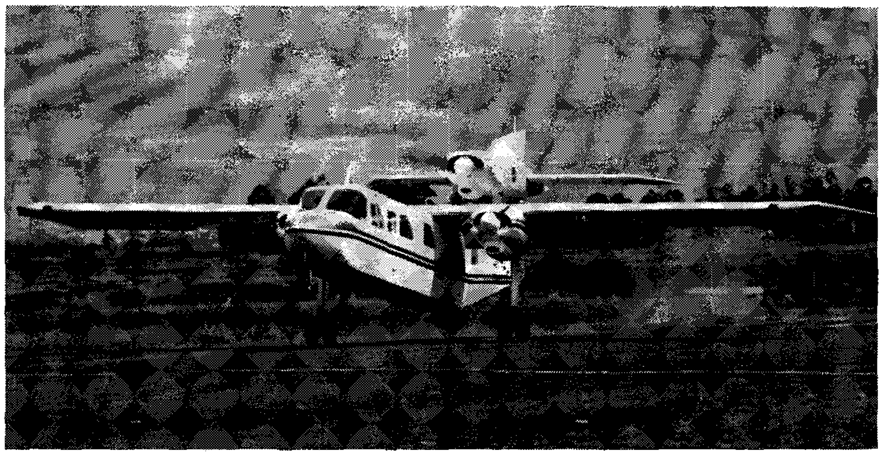

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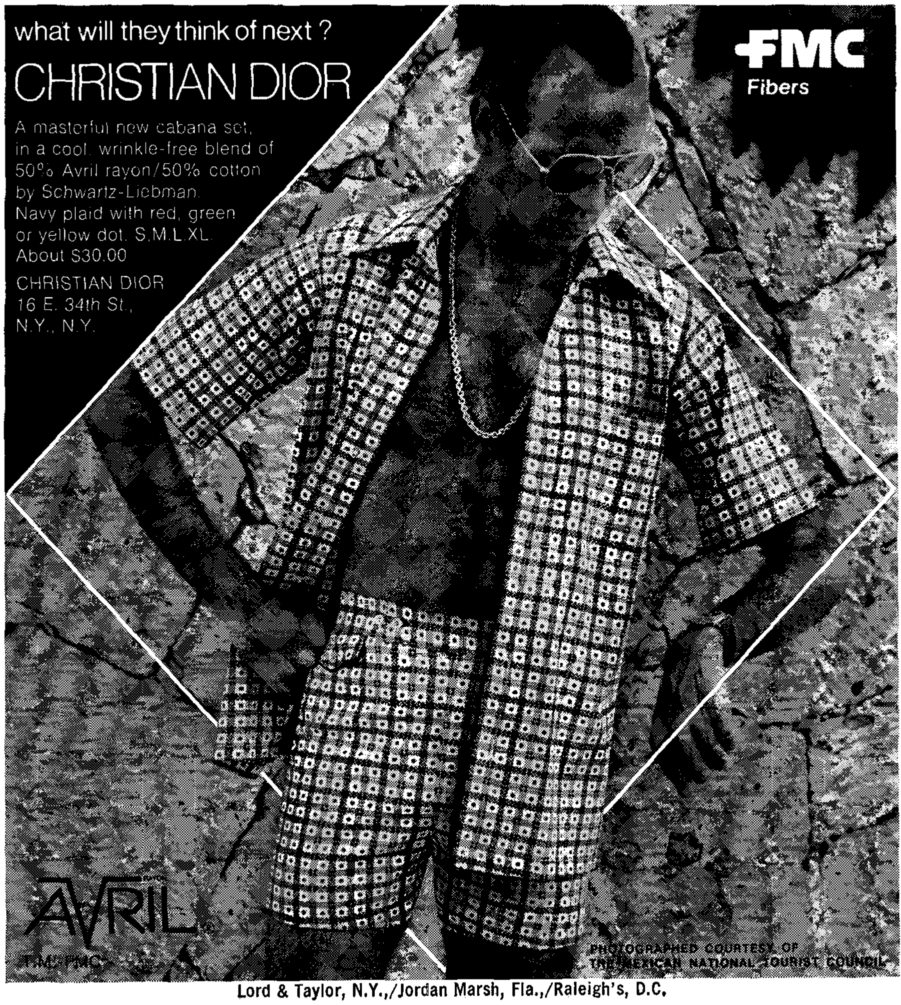

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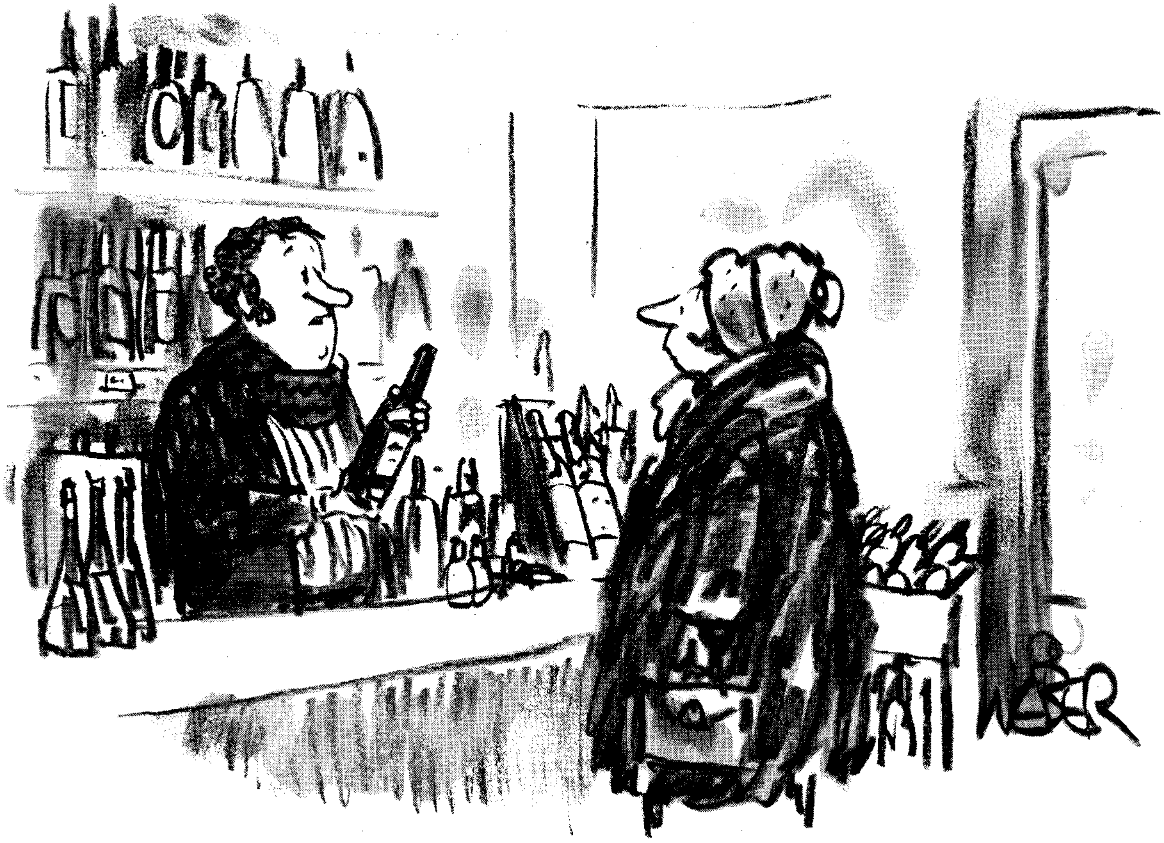
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A New Voice for Hoffman

Dustin Hoffman mimics a shy young Italian bank clerk in the Italian comedy "Alfredo Alfredo" while a fluent, mellifluous Italian voice speaks for him; in general, dubbing is an abomination, but the stranger's voice does wonders for Hoffman—it brings him out. In American movies, he's the perennial urban weakling-adolescent, doomed to swallow spit forever, but here, rid of the frightened, choked-up voice that constricts his characters, he gives a softer-edged, more relaxed performance. Maybe the director, Pietro Germi, put him at his ease; Alfredo, Hoffman's bank clerk, is warm and friendly and likable. Hoffman's face has never been very expressive (sometimes his rabbit stare makes me think that the great Maureen Stapleton has spawned an emotionally retarded son), but he has always been able to get our empathy. We feel exactly what he wants us to, and in "Alfredo Alfredo" his flickering anxieties are very ingratiating. Perhaps the idea of playing an Italian in an actual Italian movie was like a complete disguise to him, and so he lost that self-conscious worry—"Who am I and what am I meant to be thinking right this minute?"—that makes him so tense an actor. Hoffman's acting along to the sound of someone else's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. I remember thinking, some years back, that in a few scenes the dubbing of the witches added to the humor of the Francesco Rosi fairy-tale fantasy "More Than a Miracle." (It starred Sophia Loren and Omar Sharif, and had some of the silly sweetness of "The Thief of Bagdad.") Hoffman has scored a lot of points with his nasality, but the novelty of seeing him without that strangling trademark gives this rather conventional comedy an extra dimension. As it turns out, the picture, which begins promisingly high, sags under a load of uninspired, forced gaiety, and Hoffman himself doesn't have enough comic eccentricity to sustain his stunt. (A Mastroianni might have dipped into himself and come up with more.) Still, the first half hour or so is probably the most pleasing and the least self-conscious screen acting Hoffman has yet done.

Pietro Germi's method pits individuals—heaping collections of foibles—against the rigid Italian legal system, with its irrational laws governing marriage, divorce, and cohabitation. The comic tone is a bit used: almost everything Germi does here he has done before, and better. He overplays his hand this time. He knows how to make comedy move, and knows just the right length for individual scenes, but you get twice too much of everybody, as in the title (which is easy to remember but sounds like a new Italian restaurant). Stefania Sandrelli (the young second wife in Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," the seduced young girl in his "Seduced and Abandoned," and Trintignant's wife in Bertolucci's "The Conformist") is that rare creature a beautiful, sexy comedienne. She has one of the great walks in movies, a way of moving that doesn't have to be photographed from the rear: this girl comes right at you, and her delicate forward lurch is pure provocation. Her Mariarosa is the beneficiary of the sly trick of nature that gives girls with exquisite features an illusion of mystery; she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Mariarosa is an extravagantly romantic dictator—a maniacal caricature of the dizzy-dame princesses brought up in the fantasy that the man on whom they confer their bodies should live in thrall forever. The early scenes of her imperiousness and her enslavement of the deliriously impressed Alfredo are high slapstick; but perhaps Sandrelli the comedienne should be taken only in short stretches. Since her comedy style here is all based on one gag—that Mariarosa's beauty is empty and her romantic and sexual demands are insatiable—Mariarosa becomes as wearying to us as to her exhausted Alfredo. Once we get the idea, Germi fails to move on to something new, and his attempt to provide a contrast in a modern, independent working woman, played by Carla Gravina (she was the victim with the pained, melancholy eyes in "Without Apparent Motive"), isn't developed comically. He uses Gravina as a straight woman to the possessive, flighty Sandrelli, and so she has nothing to do but be efficient, and un-



"When they recommend serving it at room temperature, they're referring, of course, to the rooms of yesteryear."

demandingly pleasant to Hoffman, and Hoffman gets nothing to react to.

Sandrelli is the domestic tyrant of the bourgeois past, Gravina the career woman who liberates Hoffman. But the movie misses out by failing to show the dangers in the sexual freedom Gravina represents, and by failing to explore what the liberated Gravina sees in the shy, inexperienced bank clerk. In the conception of the timid, naïvely obliging Alfredo were the moviemakers perhaps saying something about the relation of the sexes? Hoffman is no more aggressive with one woman than with the other, but if Alfredo is the helpless prey of Gravina, as he was of Sandrelli, this isn't something the movie wants to get into. It retreats to old, safe ground. Still, Germi has his moments, especially in the courtship of Alfredo and Mariarosa, and when, on the first night of their honeymoon trip by rail, he finally makes it in, and she pulls the danger cord and stops the train, the joke is worthy of Freud.

Mark Rydell's films are nothing if not commercial, and "Cinderella Liberty" isn't commercial. Rydell has one foot in forties movies and the other in a Gucci; neither is on the ground. In "The Cowboys," he made a Western about John Wayne and a bunch of kids on a cattle drive—and people who go to Westerns don't want to watch a bunch of runny-nosed kids learning how to become men. In "Cinderella Liberty," which Darryl Ponicsan adapted from his own novel, Rydell has a Baptist sailor (James Caan) take up with a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), and mixes their messy affair with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) And where's the audience for that? It's too sordid for kids and too familiarly "touching"—and insultingly "universal"—for adults. Caan acts and looks like Gene Hackman here, but he does nobly, considering that his sailor is supposed to be simple and decent; he's the sort of fellow who takes a kid fishing and plays basketball with him—just what nobody wants to watch. Rydell shows some taste in handling the performers, but his taste is unrewarding; they don't overact (except for the freakily incorrigible Eli Wallach), but they have no excitement, either. And he doesn't know how to play his emotional ace. He tries to milk too much poignancy from Marsha Mason's big eyes and toothy grin, and our awareness of what we're meant to feel keeps us from feeling anything. Rydell wants to jerk tears, and he follows all the tear-jerking models, and yet he can't get the moisture going. He uses Vilmos Zsigmond as cinematographer and Leon Ericksen as production designer (the movie was shot in Seattle), but their work for him isn't like their work for Robert Altman; it's merely craftsmanship—it isn't infused with a director's spirit. Rydell has nothing new to offer, and in movies the old isn't gone, it's still around, and it has an innocence and a conviction that Rydell can't simulate; it also has superior manipulative skills. If he'd brought "Cinderella Liberty" off, I still wouldn't like it, but maybe I'd have had to fight a lump in the throat. When you aspire as low as Rydell does—all he wants is that universal lump—and fail, you're nowhere. (It's obvious that this movie was directed by a man. The slatternly, boozing whore, who can't bother to feed her son or take him to the dentist, trots off to the hospital to have another baby, and breathes perfectly for a natural childbirth.)

No actor can triumph over a bad toupee. That's as close to a general proposition as one is likely to arrive at from watching movies. Didn't Walter Matthau learn anything from seeing himself decked out in those terrible wigs in "Plaza Suite"? There isn't much acting honor to be had from "The Laughing Policeman," but Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. In his earlier days, Matthau would have played Dern's role; now he looks like Al Capp and tries to be the young hero. His hair shrivels his stature, the way John Wayne's embarrassing autumnal crop does; I had loved the way Wayne looked in "True Grit" (he was like Finlay Currie in "Great Expectations"), and he had seemed beyond foolish vanity. Matthau used to be a strategic scene-stealer: he used to putter around looking rumpled and sleepy while dropping zingers. This time, he's as square as the squarest of actors; he does the ancient obvious, while Dern's contentious but muffled manner—the way he puts cobwebs on his lines so there's an instant's delay before you quite get the joke—is the latest in fey, ruminative one-upmanship. Dern's performance is the only virgin element in this standard imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt," adapted from the popular Stockholm-set novel by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö and moved to San Francisco. Directed by Stuart Rosen-

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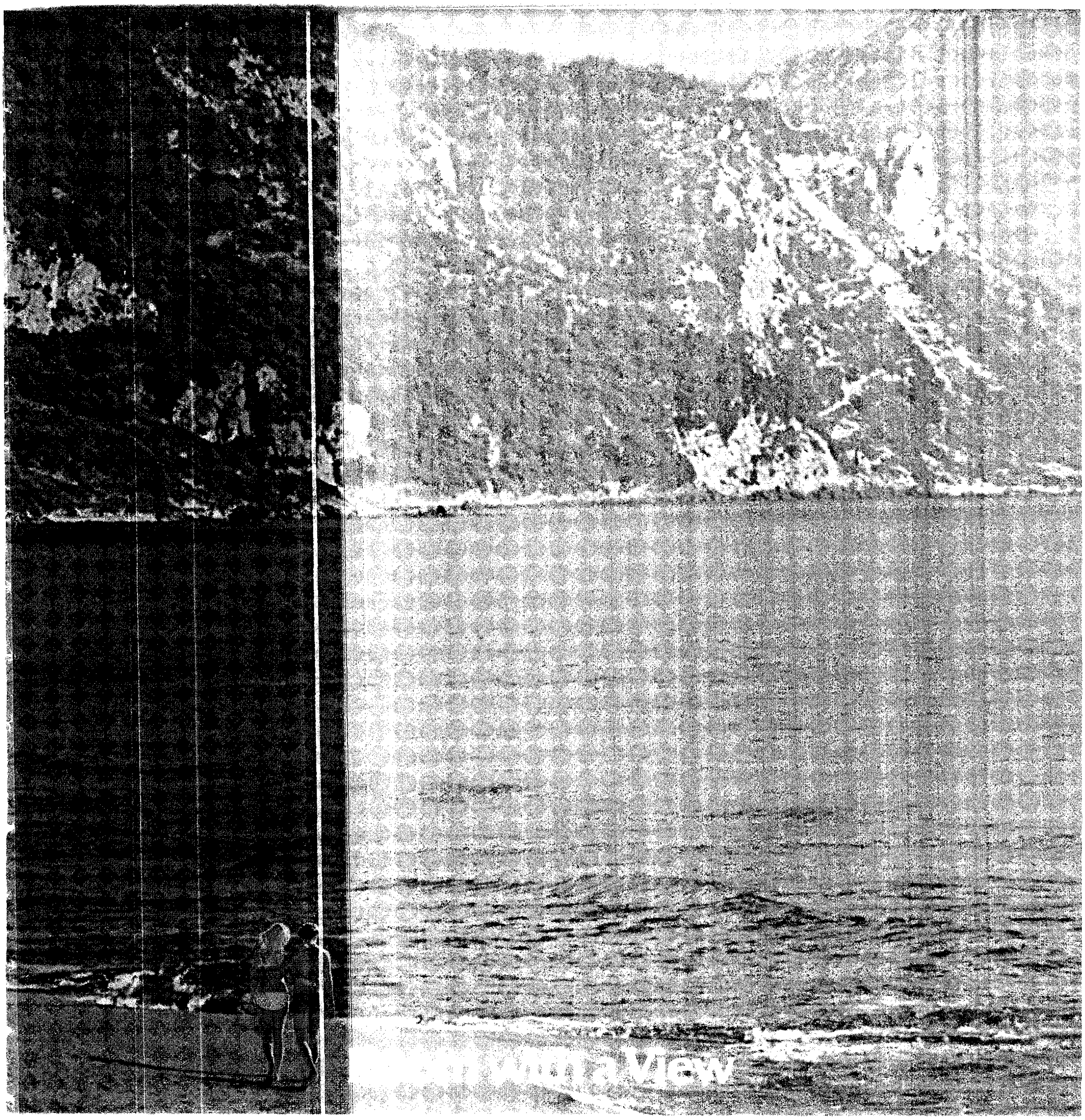

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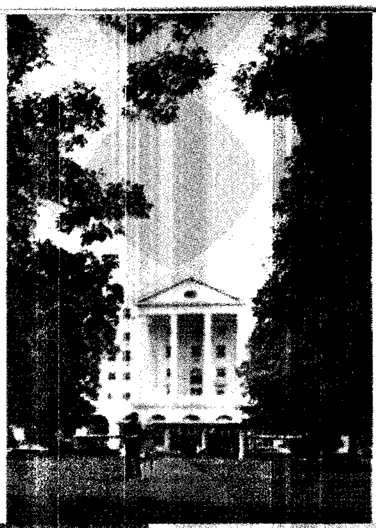

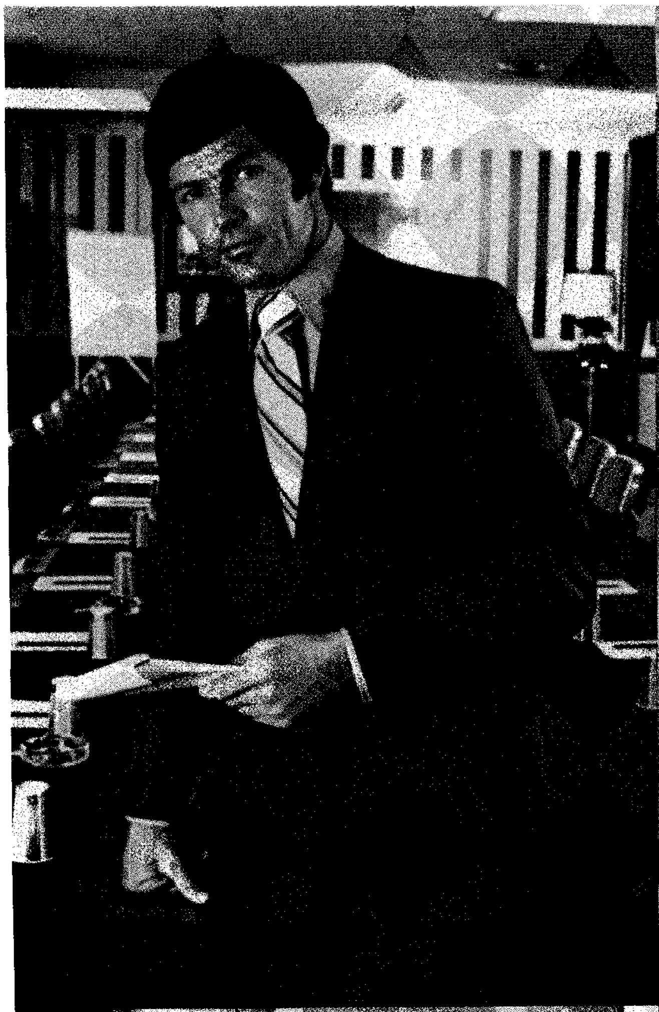

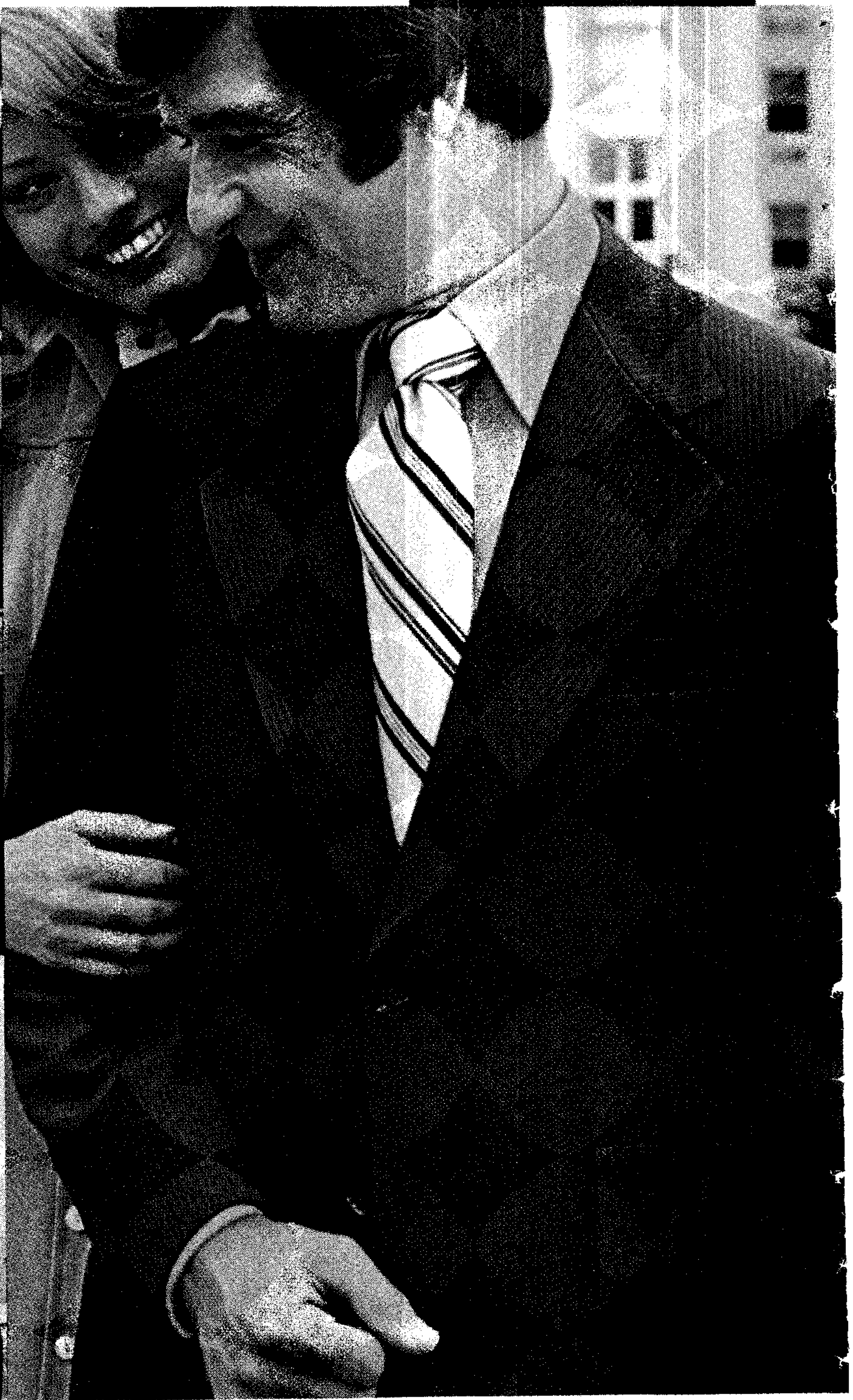

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berg, the choppy film makes practically no sense (once again the mad mass murderer is some implausible sort of fancy homosexual), but it has been set up to be a ghoul's delight. Cadavers are examined, bloody wounds are inspected. It's best not to take chances with Rosenberg. I wouldn't invite him to a funeral.

EVERY now and then, a film turns up that I think is so excruciatingly awful I can't believe anybody is going to open it. Invariably, it not only plays but gets some good reviews. The last of this ilk was "The All-American Boy," featuring Jon Voight as an alienated boxer; the new one is called "Bone," and its four principal characters jeer at and taunt each other with what are meant to be hideous truths. Yaphet Kotto is Bone, the symbolic black who cuts through the white man's lies. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Larry Cohen, who has mated the lurid exploitation film with a high-pitched attack on hypocrisy and American values. We can tell from the noise that Cohen thinks he's saying something important. He keeps changing his assaulting camera angles and throwing in big Off Off Broadway scenes, kidding himself that hysteria and hyperbole are Expressionism. He's a fourth-rate Hans Richter, and Richter strains patience. The setting is L. A.; Yaphet Kotto threatens rich-bitch Joyce Van Patten with rape on a pool table, and weirdo Jeannie Berlin ("Bone" was made before "The Heartbreak Kid") seduces Van Patten's husband, Andrew Duggan, while she pretends they're at the movies and feeds him popcorn and candy (Black Crows). There's also a variation of the Stuart Rosenberg car masturbation scene from "Cool Hand Luke," and the antenna rises for a chortle. According to one reviewer quoted in the ads, "Cohen manages to have much fun impaling the fraudulence of sour materialistic Wasps, but his signal achievement is in showing how the stereotypes we have of each other cripple our relationships." Another critic says, "If you are tough enough to laugh at the kind of story that makes you wince 'Bone' is your kind of movie. I'm that tough—I did laugh." I didn't laugh, but I winced, repeatedly, at the shrillness, at the overbright color, and at all that stale taunting. Who in the movie audience would still wince at a Wasp cleanly impaled? It's when the arrows are wide of their mark that one winces. It is not enough to be against the status quo; you must have talent.

—PAULINE KAEL

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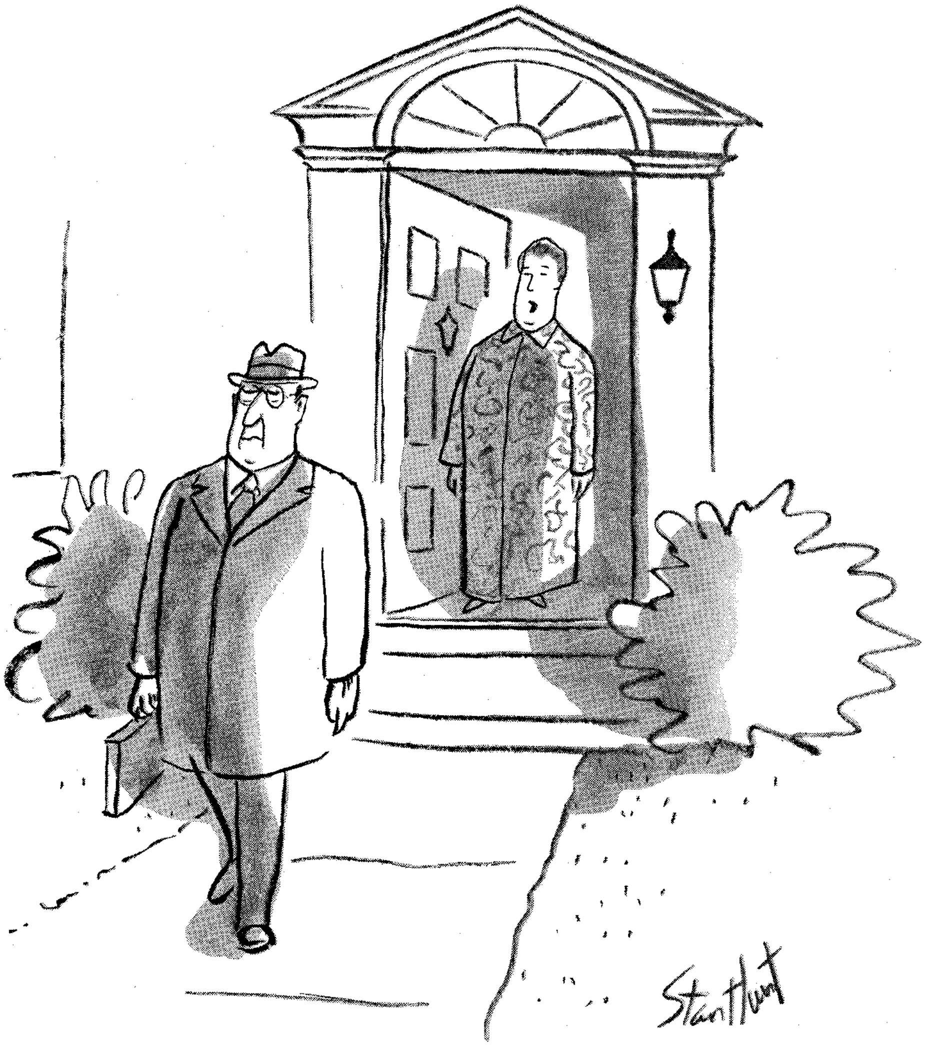
BOOKS

Shades of Black

THREE novels from Africa, all now published in the United States, suggest, without being especially long or ambitious, that certain artistic advantages reside with the writers of that continent, in comparison with their overpublicized and overprogrammed counterparts in the West. "The Great Ponds," by Elechi Amadi (John Day), not only gives a Homeric nobility to the tiny war between two Nigerian villages but recovers, in its acceptance of magic as a fact, the power the Greek dramatists had—of making mental acts seem momentous. "In the Fog of the Season's End," by the exiled South African Alex La Guma (the Third Press), delivers, through its portrait of a few hunted blacks attempting to subvert the brutal regime of apartheid, a social protest reminiscent, in its closely detailed texture and level indignation, of Dreiser and Zola. And "Agatha Moudio's Son," by the Cameroonian Francis Bebey (Lawrence Hill; translated from the French by Joyce A. Hutchinson), gracefully propounds an all but forgotten equation—that between the spirit of comedy and the spirit of forgiveness.

THE black African moved to literary expression confronts choices a Westerner need not make. First, he must choose his language—the European language, with its alien tradition and colonial associations, or the tribal language, with its oral tradition and minuscule reading audience. Unless his mother and father came from different tribes and used a European tongue as the lingua franca of the home, his heart first learned to listen in the tribal language, which will forever then be more pungent and *nuancée;* but English and French command the far broader audience, across Africa and throughout the world. So he must choose his audience: foreigners and the minority of his countrymen educated in white ways, or the majority of his fellow-tribesmen, who can be spoken to only through recited poetry and theatrical performance. Television, of course, somewhat widens this latter possibility, and a good deal of the intellectual energy of Ghana goes into it, publication in this impoverished, politically edgy country being practically limited to Nkrumah's bound works. In all of equatorial Africa, only the market towns of Nigeria and Ghana provide enough audience for written English to engender a popular literature—Christian melodramas and self-help fables not much different from the penny dreadfuls consumed by the urban masses of London and New York a century ago. The sales of a classic like Chinua Achebe's "Things Fall Apart" lean preponderantly on the schools, which use it as a text for the teaching of English. And these texts arrive by way of English publishing houses, whose editors and readers can scarcely help prizing an "Africanness" of exotic primitivism and docile quaintness. Hence, in reaction, the aggressive sophistication and anti-"Negritude" of brilliant black expatriates like Yambo Ouologuem and Wole Soyinka. The African writer must consciously choose not only his language, audience, and tone but his reality. A village-born, mission-taught, Oxford-anointed African has lived a synopsis of human history. He has outgrown prehistory so quickly that nothing has had time to die; the village gods, the Christian God, and the modern absence of God coexist in him, along with the several languages and the madly multiplied number of styles, truths, slants, and stances that the global compression brings tangent to an alert mind. What is truth? At a symposium in Lagos a year ago, I heard a dazzling variety of literary tactics enunciated by a dozen Nigerian writers and critics. Elechi Amadi (addressed as "Captain Amadi," in deference to the Army years of his varied career) put forward with an arresting earnestness the opinion that supernatural reality should play its part in a narrative whose characters believe in magic. The first question from the audience challenged this notion, or, rather, asked that it be clarified to mean that such belief should be shown to be subjectively influencing the characters. Captain Amadi, a slender, gracious, and handsome figure in a white robe, appeared to consent to the modification, there in the spookproof setting



"Steady as she goes, Higby."

of the university auditorium, amid the steel chairs and the flex-necked microphones and the beaming pink faces of U.S.I.S. officials, with the metropolis of Lagos clattering beyond the windows. But it seemed to me that Captain Amadi did not in fact mean anything quite so reasonable as the proposition that believers believe but something more supernatural, and his novel confirms my impression.

"The Great Ponds" tells, in a fine quick style airy with unadorned dialogue, of the contest between two villages, Chiolu and Aliakoro, over fishing rights in the Great Ponds, particularly the very rich Pond of Wagaba. The last of a series of wars evidently settled the ownership in favor of Chiolu, but Aliakoro maintains that it possesses a still older claim, and for years its men have poached unchallenged. Now a party of poachers is ambushed, and several of them are held for ransom. In retaliation, Aliakoro kidnaps several Chiolu women, and the conflict escalates to total predation and terror on both sides:

> Death lurked behind every bush. At night the pale moonlight cast dubious shadows which none but the brave dared investigate. When there was no moon the curtain of charcoal-black darkness instilled as much fear into people's minds as if it was one vast insubstantial ubiquitous enemy ready to slay any who left the security of the closely guarded houses.
>
> Even animals began to feel the effects of the deadly conflict. No longer was the arena strewn with white drowsy sheep lured by the moonlight. . . . Every path was watched by men whose one desire was to kill. . . . There were no children playing anywhere. Reception halls, the haunts of old men, were deserted; the empty three-legged chairs in them seemed to stare back . . . in protest.

The ceremonious parleys and judicious assemblies whereby this disastrous condition is achieved are related with humorous care and an eye, certainly, on the global wars of the century. Timeless is the mechanism whereby honorable men acting measuredly in what they construe to be self-defense perpetrate ruin. The warfare, performed with arrows and with machetes that behead an enemy at a stroke, is described as in the old chronicles, with a simplicity that leaves the sufferers some dignity without excusing us from fear and pity:

> Sparks flew from their knives as they parried each other's blows. Ikechi did not seem to care much for his safety. The possibility of dying did not occur to him. He fought relentlessly with the singleness of purpose of a child. He ex-

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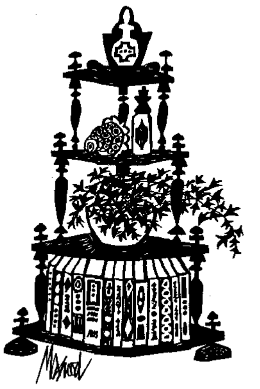
> hibited the carelessness of inexperience too, now and then leaving openings which might have been fatal if his opponent had been strong enough to exploit them. But he was not. He was a middle-aged man and he weakened under the remorseless attacks of his much younger assailant. His knees began to wobble, his eyes grew dim as he panted. Now there was a plea in his eyes, but he had no breath to translate this plea into words.
>
> Ikechi, unseeing in his mad fury, did not heed this plea as his able hands worked his machet this way and that. Parrying a particularly heavy blow the man sank to his knees. Before he could recover it was all over with him.

There are no bad men in this story, only men. Though the reader is placed nearer in sympathy to the village of Chiolu, Aliakoro is visited, and its *eze* (chief), its *dibia* (medicine man), and its foremost warrior are characterized as interestingly as their opposite numbers in Chiolu. Indeed, Wago "the leopard-killer," the Aliakoro warrior who is fanatical about the ponds, and Igwu the reluctant magic-worker, who is indifferent about the ponds but who is pushed by his villagers into the most demonic kind of sorcery, are rather *more* interesting than their Chiolu counterparts, Olumba and Achichi. Captain Amadi has Homer's gift of making the Trojans loom in a way that the Greeks do not; his dozens of characters are all distinct. As the war between the two villages becomes devastating, the book's microcosm expands, and an intercessory force is revealed: the entire Erekwi clan, whose villages are now threatened by the breach of peace. All the *ezes* meet in splendid panoply and put the dispute up to the gods; a representative from one warring village is to "swear." Olumba of Chiolu volunteers, and the elders of Aliakoro nominate the god Ogbunabali, the god of night. The "swearing" is a simple rite; Olumba recites:



> "I swear by Ogbunabali the god of the night that the Pond of Wagaba belongs to Chiolu.
>
> "If this is not true let me die within six months;
>
> "If true, let me live and prosper."

The novel then shifts from the social realm to the psychological; Olumba, the strongest man of his village, struggles with the invisible. Though elaborate precautions hem in his activity, he impulsively climbs a palm tree, is stung by wasps, falls, and nearly dies. The event is revealed to be the result of a spell Igwu has cast in Aliakoro; a counter-spell, cast by the consulting *dibia* Anwuanwu, saves his life. But as the weeks of his six months drag by, the impalpable weight of the god Ogbunabali preys on the warrior's mind and wastes him to apathy:

> He was like a man swimming against a strong current. By frantic efforts he could gain short distances, but invariably the current swept him back, draining energy and confidence out of him. . . . Olumba was a shadow of his former self. Emaciated and haggard he shuffled about with hunched shoulders. His hollow eye-sockets could hold a cup of water each. Looking at him people feared he would collapse any moment and die.

The suspense of Olumba's struggle not to die is frightful. The motions of his morale feel immense. We see life as pre-scientific man saw it—as a spiritual liquid easily spilled. The invisible forces pressing upon Olumba are totally plausible. The novel treats magic respectfully, as something that usually works. The recipes of witchery are matter-of-factly detailed, as are the fevers and divinations they inarguably produce. But Olumba's heroic battle is against a force deeper than magic—the death wish itself, the urge toward osmotic reabsorption into the encircling ocean of darkness wherein life is a precarious, thin-walled epiphenomenon. Ogbunabali has no shrine in Chiolu; he is "therefore non-directional, distant, menacing, ubiquitous." His silence and neutrality are uncanny and invincible. Ogbunabali is not evil, or even especially concerned; "the gods would rather have fun than run after us." He is simply Ogbunabali.

As Olumba is about to succumb, a second intercession occurs: others in the village begin mysteriously to die. Olumba's fighting spirit returns: "His private fears vanished in the face of the village-wide consternation." *Wonjo*, the coughing sickness, carries off one of his wives and imperils his only son. Nevertheless, as the sixth new moon shines down upon the decimated village, Olumba still lives. And yet, in this defeat, Wago the leopard-killer finds a way to deprive Chiolu of the Pond of Wagaba; the war is carried to a fiendish end, though Aliakoro, too, has been ravaged by *wonjo*. Is *wonjo* the wrath of Ogbunabali, taking vengeance for the impiety of war? The villagers think so, but Captain Amadi tells us,

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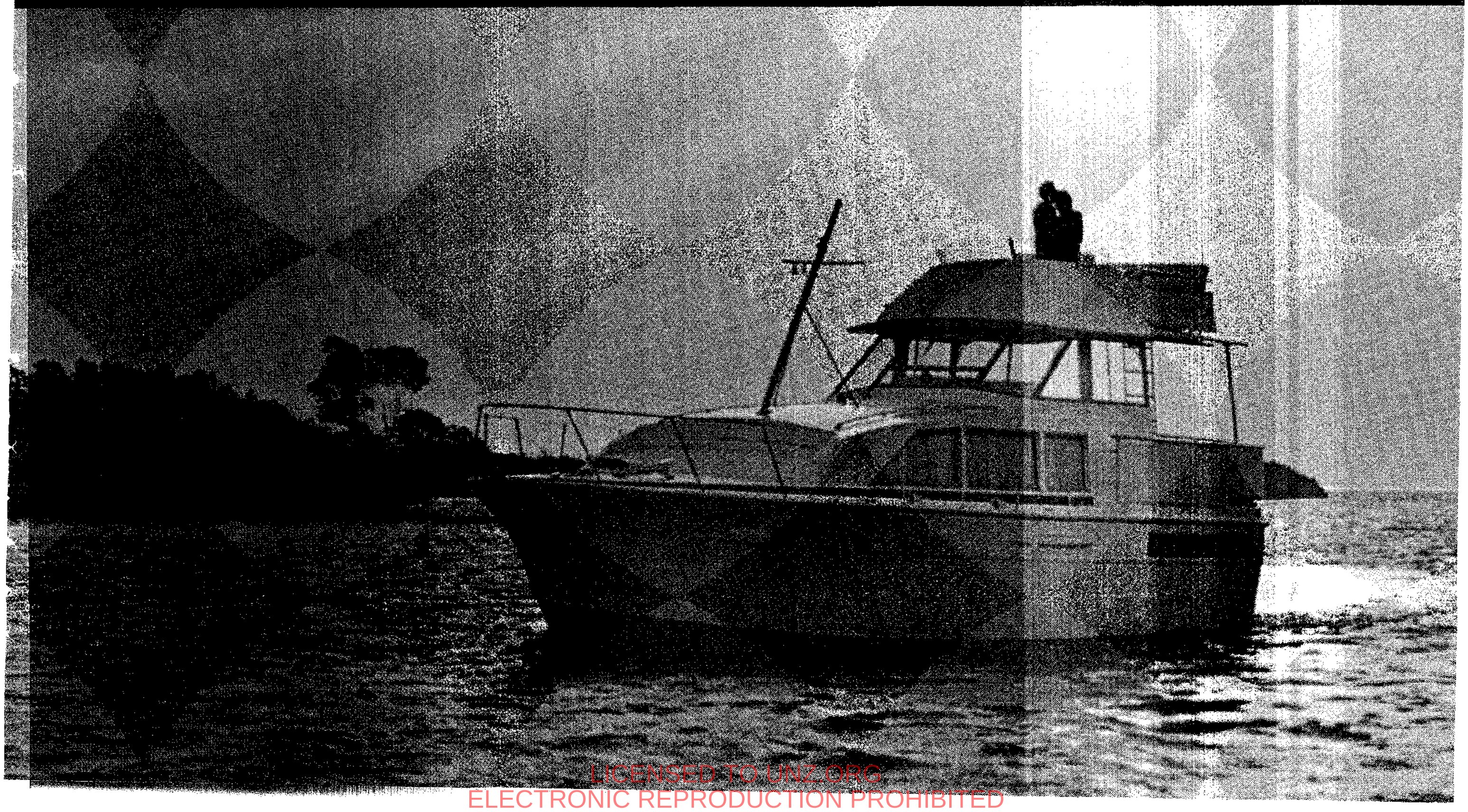

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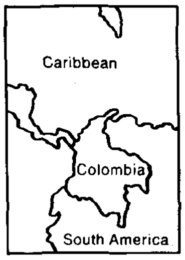

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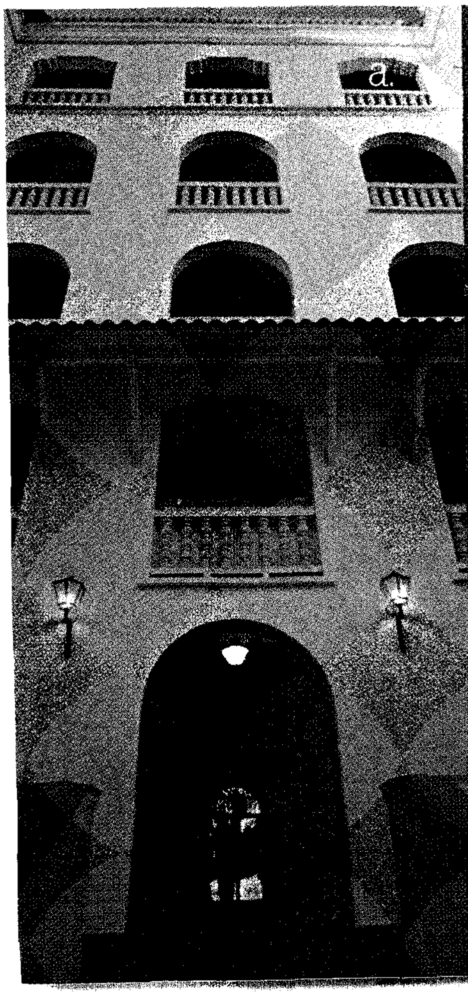
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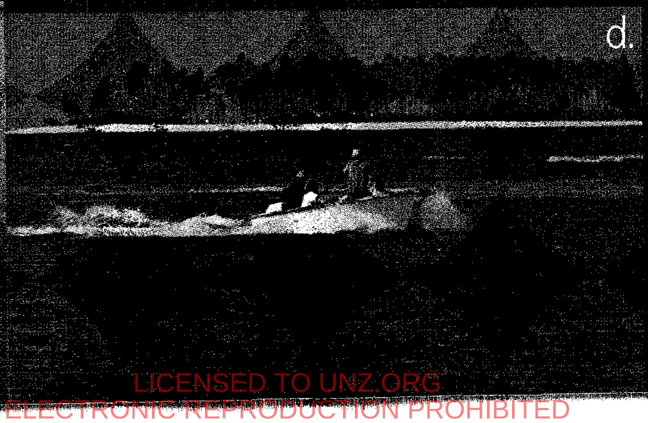
d.

e.

> in a last sentence like the lifting of a vast curtain, that
>
> *Wonjo*, as the villagers called the Great Influenza of 1918, was to claim a grand total of some twenty million lives all over the world.

One world indeed. Until this sentence, the apparent isolation of the Erekwi villages has been total and pure; this novel, so revelatory of the human condition both inward and outward, contains no trace of the world of white men save a few old Portuguese swords worn as adornment.

IN Alex La Guma's novel of South Africa, white men are everywhere, "pink and smooth as strawberry jelly." They function as bosses, owners, policemen, and torturers. "In the Fog of the Season's End" has a setting as thoroughly urban as that of "The Great Ponds" is rural:

> The suburbs passed quickly and the city skimmed into sight: a serrated horizon of office blocks with rows of parking meters like regiments of armless robots in front of them.

There is cosmopolitan glitter for whites:

> the clink of glasses; a woman's voice saying nasally, ". . . must come to Los Angeles some day . . ." soft music from the dim futuristic cocktail lounge where the Indian stewards moved skillfully among the tables

and ghetto squalor for blacks:

> On the narrow, torrid staircase the smell of urine and old cooking hung on the stale, thick, groping air that touched exposed skin with a hot caress.

Through this crowded, active, bipartite cityscape (Cape Town, though not named as such) moves our hero, Beukes, "a brown man in a brown suit." He works for "the movement," and in the course of the novel goes about distributing incendiary leaflets, meeting varieties of coöperation and distrust among his fellow black Africans, catching odd hours of sleep in borrowed rooms, reminiscing about his life and his love, Frances, whom we never meet. At the end, the Security Police surround a tin shack where he is conferring with Elias Tekwane, an older revolutionary; Beukes escapes, but Tekwane is captured and tortured to death. The last scene shows three young blacks being smuggled north to join the army of freedom fighters while Beukes stands in the brightening sunlight and thinks, "They have gone to war in the name of a suffering people. . . . What we see now is only the tip of an iceberg of resentment against

Marjono. Age 6. Family income about $4.83 a month.

Father farmer, must also sell wood. Mother illiterate. 48¢ a month keeps children in school. Rest is for food; cassava root, some vegetables, occasionally rice. Animals kept in family's bamboo hut. No windows or ceiling, dirt floor. House damp, unhealthy. Three children do not have enough to eat.

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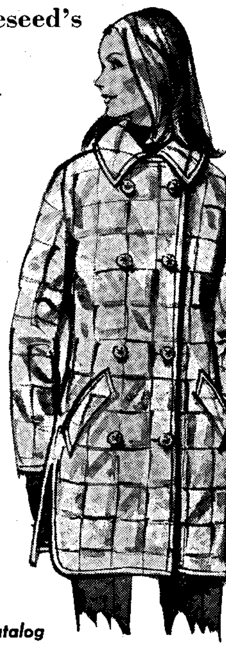

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an ignoble regime, the tortured victims of hatred and humiliation."

Mr. La Guma is not, then, one to let his message slip by unnoticed, nor is his descriptive prose shy of insistence. Similes proliferate; at their best they quicken their referent:

> She was small and fine-boned and pretty as a garden snake.

> . . . the dark-skinned children staring out over fences like shabby glove-puppets . . .

and at their worse smother it beneath a clumsy muchness:

> Here and there tiny cafés clung to precarious business with the fingernails of hope, like the foxholes of a last-ditch stand, dust gathering on the stale menu cards.

Faces especially excite the author to a viscous overflow of imagery:

> The Sergeant had a flabby, wrinkled face over hard bone, as if a loose, flexible rubber mask had been hastily dropped over a smaller wig-stand.

> . . . a woman with tired, bleached hair and the face of a painted wax doll accidentally left near a fire, then hastily retrieved . . .

> . . . a squat man with a face like a badly formed and stale cheese . . .

> . . . a small man with bad teeth and a big smile that split his face like a blotched melon.

The writing does, however, convey a jumbled, sweaty sensation not inappropriate to the subject—the human jungle the white man has imposed upon the South African black. And when La Guma's prose connects directly to outrage—as when Tekwane is tortured by two tweedy policemen, or when the maze of permits the police state has created is dramatized—the fuzz of overwriting burns away. As a thriller, "In the Fog of the Season's End" suffers not only from its chosen interweave of flashbacks but from a certain languid futility in its basic mission; the risk Beukes runs in distributing the leaflets seems far greater than any possible effect they can have. As political description, the book is less strident than its metaphors. The black population Beukes moves through is represented, in what appear to be fair proportions, as amused, threatened, or inspired by him and his cause. Personal friendship among these oppressed counts for more than political commitment. We are aware how far we have come from the villages of "The Great Ponds" when a character responds, "Strangers? I dunno. I reckon there's always strangers hanging about like. People you don' know." In Chiolu and Aliakoro, there are no people you don't know. In a modern state, strangers are the rule, and Beukes more than once reminds himself of the uncomfortable, comforting fact that he is anonymous while, with his carton of pamphlets addressed to the faceless masses, he dodges from one island of acquaintanceship to another. I have heard it observed that among black Africans South African exiles invariably stand out as the most dynamic. Perhaps "dynamic" should be read as "best able to deal with strangers." The people in La Guma's world are fighting for identity; Amadi's villagers have had theirs bestowed upon them—in their kinship, in their nicknames, in their hierarchical roles. Dragging its captive blacks in the ruck, the South African state has nevertheless dragged them into modernity, into the post-tribal impersonality that makes it necessary for the narrative artist to particularize every face. The need to describe, excessively felt in "In the Fog of the Season's End," arises when teller and listener no longer share a reality.

As protest, La Guma's cry from this particular underworld has a value that transcends its artistic faults—a special value, it may be, to Americans. For at this distance it is easy to be complacent or forgetful about South Africa, which sends us only its admirable white athletes and, with less publicity, its pleasant investment dividends. Perhaps one has to visit black Africa to realize how automatically is assumed the complicity of the United States in the continued white rule of that continent's rich southern third. The Portuguese supposedly fight with weapons we supply them through NATO; the Afrikanders buttress their tyranny with our capital; our new Vietnam will (supposedly) come here. "In the Fog of the Season's End" contains only the occasional overheard invitation to Los Angeles, the glimpsed Coca-Cola billboard. But the glistening white world that hangs above the black townships like a forbidden paradise does have a familiar air.

"AGATHA MOUDIO'S SON" takes place in an agreeable intermediate climate: its Cameroonian fishing village is intact but not untouched. White power has planted a public fountain in the center of the village and run a paved highway through it. A party of hunters comes on Sundays to shoot monkeys in the forest—an intrusion considered "picturesque." They are admired as exotic creatures:

> There were three white men and their two white women. . . . The two ladies al-

ways wore trousers: what kind of woman was this. . . ? One of the men was very rich, at least we thought so every time he opened his mouth to speak, for he had replaced the two rows of ivory that Heaven must surely have given him at birth with two sparkling rows of gold. He was tall and strong and ugly. . . . The children were looking at these men and these women with curiosity and admiration, especially the man with the gold-filled mouth, in spite of his strange ugliness. But why on earth weren't they black, like us?

Even more admired, however, is the striding Scotsman on the whiskey bottle—"blessed be thou, oh bottle manufactured by the whites." Another bracing import is law and order, which sends almost all the male villagers to jail for four years. Unlike Beukes, they accept fatalistically these strangers "who rule us, you, me, all the villagers, just as they rule our forest, our stream, our river, and all the animals and fish that live in them." They are puzzled only by how their first set of white masters, the Germans, who drank from mugs, could have been defeated by the French, who drink from "dolls' glasses."

Francis Bebey writes with the lightness and irreverence and affectionate thoughtfulness that the patterns of acculturation have bestowed upon the literature of Francophone Africa. Magic, so deadly in Amadi's Nigerian fastness, is here playful and amorous: a woman throws salt on a fire to bring on a rainstorm that will protect her and her lover from interruption; in the figure of Mother Evil-Eye the witch and midwife merge. The frightful silence of Ogbunabali becomes the kindly silence of the dead, giving assent to the living:

> We waited a few seconds for a possible manifestation. It did not come; nothing moved in the room, neither the door, nor the single window with its scanty light, which was covered by a little rectangular mat of woven raffia; we heard nothing, not even a step on the freshly beaten earth of the floor. Nothing: my father was giving us a free hand.

Even when ritual turns lethal and heaps rocks upon a culprit's head, his neck by a droll miracle refuses to break. The elaborate parleys, which in "The Great Ponds" present a worthy analogue to the discourse of nations, are here portrayed satirically; venerable formulae mask haggling greed as a bride price is agreed upon. Religion has ebbed, leaving a fertile wash of credulity. Little myths sprout into instant being; a stray frog hiding in a sleeve becomes in the telling a devil,

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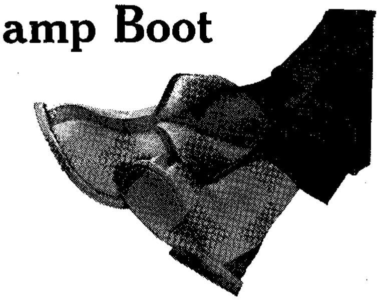

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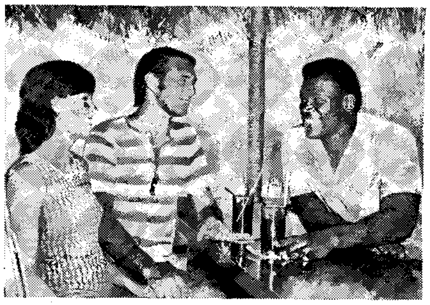
and a young wrestler feels himself "in the process of gradually becoming a legend." Darkness, a death-concealing curtain in Chiolu, in this Cameroonian village panders to lovers, covering their comings and goings and even permitting the whispering visits of a white man on a bicycle.

The hero of "The Great Ponds," Olumba, agonizes between life and death; Mbenda, the hero of "Agatha Moudio's Son," vacillates between two women and solves his problem, in the way of his ancestors, by marrying them both. Though both present him with illegitimate children, the triangle is essentially amiable—Fanny, the wife whom the village has chosen for him, urges him to marry as well Agatha, the woman his heart has chosen, though she is a white man's tart and with time his desire for her has so cooled that she seems "very little different from any other woman." The novel brims with the village's most precious gift—its bestowal of value upon every life within it. An illegitimate child, far from unwelcome, "prospered and was the sun of our village." Uncle Big-Heart, upon whose head the stones are heaped, is deplored because he "had not acted in a brotherly way" toward his fellow-villagers: "After all, just because Uncle Big-Heart could read and write and talk to foreigners, he had no right to neglect his brothers." And eventually he comes to repentance, appearing at a wedding and announcing, "I was born in this village. I shall stay here all my life, and I don't intend to be ignored at moments as important as this one." All forgive him his cheating them, and he forgives their trying to break his neck, and the men imprisoned because of this escapade forgive him their term in jail.

Mbenda, as he narrates these events in a sidling, unpredictable manner, seems ambiguously situated both within and outside the village. He is a fisherman in love with the fisherman's life, with the "fraternity, solidarity, the sky, the sea, men, men lost in this overwhelming natural setting, simple men living to sea's rhythm" and solidly of the village. Yet he looks back upon it from a mysterious distance: "Happy life, what would I give to return to you again." He alludes to intervening experiences not described within the novel's compass: "Today, time and mixing with people who 'know about life' have given my arguments a certain measure of 'civilization.'" The reader expects, then, a scene of severance from this village seen through a shimmer of nostalgia. It never comes;



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Mbenda never leaves. The author, however, the jacket tells us, after being born in Douala, Cameroon, studied at the Sorbonne and has been a "composer, guitarist, broadcaster, and journalist," and has given recitals "throughout Africa, in Paris, and New York." The awkwardly obtrusive narrator consciousness, with its unresolved double focus, is the only stammer in this confidently relaxed novel, and is probably symptomatic of an African unease with the device, so natural to the West, of confession, of the narrator as hero. I recall—to be personal once more—a student in Nairobi explaining her aversion to reading novels by saying they were "too much showing off." Mbenda, in one of his philosophical asides, analyzes his own distrust of books: a book is, "fundamentally, the most indiscreet of friends. . . . In our society, we had preserved the ancestral custom of communicating things only to those we loved, and with the certainty that they would make good use of our information."

"Agatha Moudio's Son" culminates, as the title foretells, in the birth of her boy. He is born oddly pale, with straight hair. Mbenda tells himself, "Most black children are born white, and only take on . . . local colour a few days after coming into the world." He waits. "You will understand why this child, neither flesh nor fowl, which had just been born, made me so thoughtful, when I tell you the truth: the colour of my own skin is like the deepest shades of ebony. . . . As for Agatha Moudio, very pretty as you know, she too was quite black, from head to foot. . . . I kept on hoping for a whole month after the birth of the little boy, but his milk-chocolate complexion barely changed, or so little as to be hardly noticeable." At last, Mother Evil-Eye announces the obvious truth:

> "Perhaps," she said, "perhaps this child will one day have a mouthful of gold, like its father. . . ."
>
> I rushed to a mirror, on hearing this, and bared my teeth: two rows of ivory, clean and white beyond reproach.

But this, too, is in time forgiven—forgiven Agatha, and forgiven her white son, who as he grows and plays in the village with the other children "looks like a child come from afar." Mbenda, abruptly older, meditates, "When all's said and done, Agatha's son expects from me not the wicked and stupid sneer of a man deceived by fate but the paternal advice which will bring him happiness in the strange adventure of life as a man." And he remembers

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Mother Evil-Eye's predicting to him, of Agatha, "She'll lead you a fine dance till you can't tell black from white." Speed the day.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NICKEL MOUNTAIN, by John Gardner (Knopf). A dreamlike pastoral novel, rich in religious allegory, about a fat, saintly man who runs a diner in upstate New York; the strong young local girl who loves and marries him (though she is pregnant by someone else); and their plainspoken, hardworking friends, relations, and neighbors. Although the fairly straightforward telling of Henry Soames' courtship, marriage, and fatherhood is often moving, and although the character of Soames (a "blubbering Holy Jesus") is certainly bigger, in every sense, and more believable than any other character Mr. Gardner has created thus far, one still senses a tremendous and disturbing distance between the author and the people he writes about. The difference here is that, instead of writing about monsters with feelings, as he has previously, he is writing about the working class—a romanticized, mythologized working class—but in the same vein. Mr. Gardner does not exactly suggest that his characters are noble savages, but he does imply that they are at least better, and less dishonest, for being poor. He could not have taken on more "universally human" themes than he does here: love, marriage, religious faith, death (three characters are killed in freak accidents; Henry has a bad heart and death always seems to be hovering at his shoulder). But though Mr. Gardner makes us see the diner down to the last sugar dispenser and the moral qualities of Henry down to his last martyr's thorn, he fails to give any of his characters real depth, and subsequently fails (like the book's phonily old-fashioned illustrations) to ever fully capture the reader's imagination.

GENERAL

THE OTHER DE GAULLE: DIARIES 1944-54, by Claude Mauriac, translated from the French by Moura Budberg and Gordon Latta (John Day). We cannot be sure if this book is as good as it is because de Gaulle was as great as Mauriac believes or because Mauriac is such a

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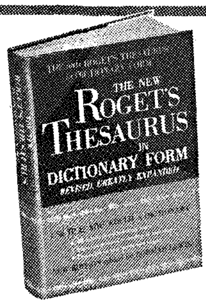

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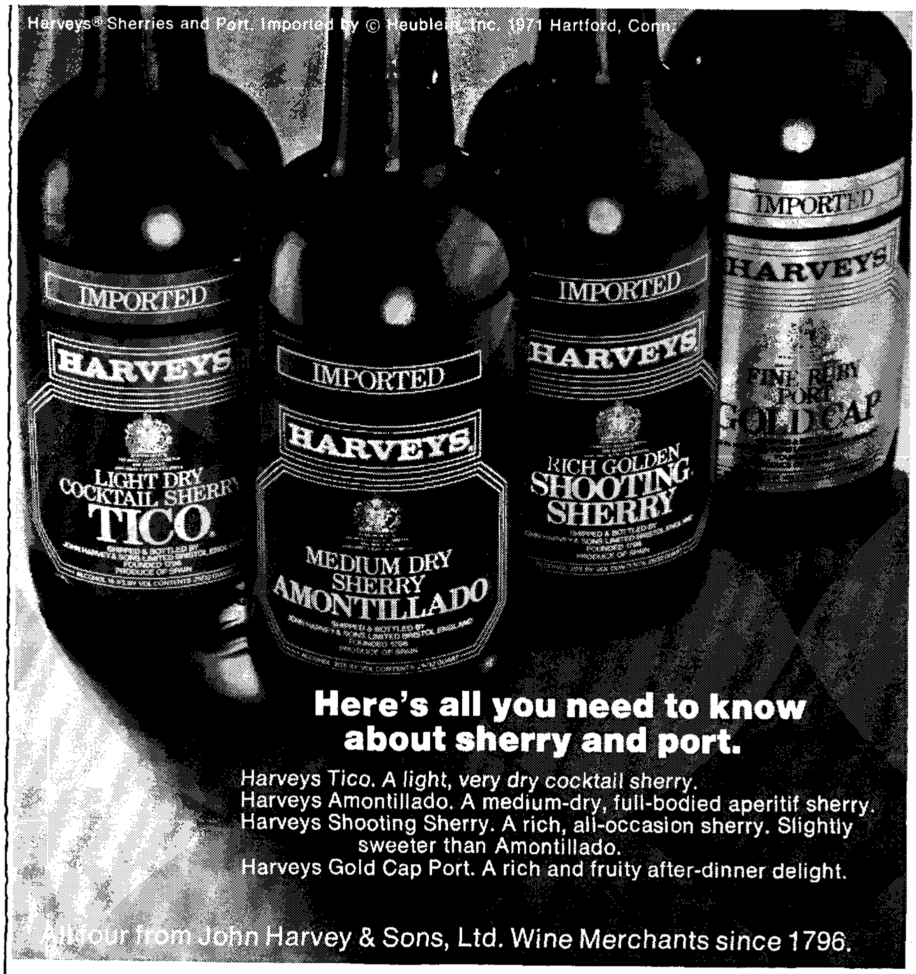
talented writer. The book begins in a Paris still echoing with gunfire, where, amid the haphazards of war, de Gaulle is attempting to organize a provisional government. A friend introduces Mauriac to the General, and young Claude, still known mainly as a critic and as the promising son of the famous François, puts himself unreservedly at the disposal of the national hero. Then the book takes us across years in which both the author and France change, but not the General: Mauriac realizes that he cares more for the arts than for politics, and the governments of France pursue policies of which the General disapproves, but de Gaulle remains a passionate nationalist with an idolatrous love for France. All de Gaulle's faults are here, and so are the author's own disagreements and disappointments as well as his admiration.

THE NOVEL AS FAITH: THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JAMES, HARDY, CONRAD, JOYCE, LAWRENCE, AND VIRGINIA WOOLF, by John Paterson (Gambit). Probably no other art form but opera has taken such a verbal shellacking over the years as the novel, which is supposed to be dead nowadays (although "new" every other year), and in the nineteenth century was ranked as something less than art—inferior to poetry, drama, philosophy, history, theology, or anything else the pen might produce. Mr. Paterson's urbane, intellectually sophisticated work describes what six important novelists imagined the novel could do aesthetically, and where its dignity might be found. Each writer had a different concept, but Mr. Paterson descries several underlying agreements: that the "ordinary world" was worth representing; that the goal of the novel was "truth in the exact and exacting sense of science;" and that "to be faithful-to-life in the representational sense was to be faithful to it in the moral sense." In short—though Mr. Paterson does not say so—the purpose of the modern novel is to help the common reader (or the common man) take himself seriously.

SO SHORT A TIME, by Barbara Gelb (Norton). The brief and brightly lit love story of John Reed and Louise Bryant seems to have every possible folkish, mythic, and Byronic ingredient—he was tall, handsome, wellborn, a foreign correspondent famous for his reporting of wars and revolutions, and an intimate of great history-makers; she was a dark beau-



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ty, something of a wanton, a poet, a world-travelling journalist, who braved hardship and danger to be with her lover and was left, bereft and fainting, at his bier. The author of this dual biography tells their story *competently and dispassionately, with* the focus, properly, more on Louise Bryant than on Reed. After his death, of typhus, in Moscow in 1920, she wrote that she hoped "Fate will be kind to me and not make my life long." Fate was not kind; *in the fifteen years left to her,* Louise slid down to almost total degradation.

THE PORTRAIT GAME, edited, and translated from the French and German, by Marion Mainwaring (Horizon). This is not only a delightful, and even stimulating, book but one that may set a new fashion in intellectual parlor games. It is a record, or sampler, of a parlor game invented by Ivan Turgenev for the amusement of himself and a group of friends (French, German, English, Russian) sojourning at the Seine-et-Marne château of Pauline (the celebrated opera singer) and Louis Viardot in the autumn of 1856. The procedure was this: Turgenev, a talented amateur artist, would draw at the top of a sheet of paper an imaginary face in profile, and then each player in turn would write below a short character sketch based on the evidence of the features and the expression. Miss Mainwaring has recovered from various sources some sixty drawings and their related sketches. The writing is at once clever, imaginative, and perceptive, and Turgenev is not always the most inspired player.

•

Dr. Howard Appledorf, 32, a University of Florida instructor, said he has completed a two-year study of the food sold by fast-food franchises and concluded that a child gets "pretty good nutrition" at the 'burger stand.

"If you give a child 8-to-10-year-old hamburger, french fries and a milkshake, believe me he'll eat it," said Appledorf.
—*Tampa Tribune.*

And believe us he'll regret it.

•

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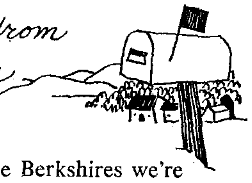
—*Letter received by a dealer in bonds.*

Not at all. Incorrect.



Letter from Stockbridge

Hello!

Up here in the Berkshires we're watching chickadees and cardinals at the feeder and enjoying lots of cross-country skiing. We've brightened the short daylight hours with colorful double impatiens and winter jasmin. Some of us are out in the woods cutting wood for fireplaces and wood burning stoves. It reminds me of earlier times written about in **The Berkshire Traveller Journal** (1.95).

The gasoline shortage apparently has not stifled the vacation enthusiasm for winter holidays, either cold or warm. Our new book: **Very Special Resorts** (3.50) points out that cars are not needed at over 70 of the 84 resorts described. This includes the snowy ones as well as the sunshiny ones in Florida, California and Hawaii. Most of the winter skiing inns that we write about in **Country Inns and Back Roads** (3.50) are accessible by bus or even Amtrak.

Two of our new books that provide good indoor winter fun are **Shop Drawings of Shaker Furniture** (3.00) which has measured drawings of 80 Shaker pieces, and **Treasured Recipes of Country Inns** (2.50) which has some really tasty regional dishes. All of these are available at bookstores, or order directly from us.

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